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REPORTS & COMMENT

WASHINGTON

1. "Are You Now . . ."

The departure of Richard Nixon from Washington has changed the national political landscape, and it has had some curious effects on the mood of the capital city itself. One such effect is an intensified reconsideration of the events and forces that helped bring Nixon to center stage twenty-five years ago, the anticommunist hysteria of what became known as "the McCarthy Era." It is, in a sense, a matter of purging the city's soul of the spirit of witch-hunting in its recent past just in time for the Bicentennial. That can be clumsy and awkward at times, and the impulse toward revisionist history is strong enough to permit many people, in the government and the press and elsewhere, to ignore their own roles in that old, unhappy, now embarrassing interlude.

To be sure, most of the abuses and excesses of the McCarthy-early Nixon period have long since been renounced and repudiated. It has been years since anyone seriously fretted about communists in the State Department or patrolled the scientific and entertainment worlds in search of subversion. But as long as Nixon was alive politically and doing so well, and especially while he was President, there were echoes of those episodes. The Subversive Activities Control Board and the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department were gone, but only this year did Congress actually get around to abolishing the House Un-American Activities Committee (which had been existing for the past few years under the more respectable alias of the House Internal

Security Committee). Only now does a President, and a Republican at that, Gerald Ford, invite Linus Pauling to the White House, ignoring the old controversy over Pauling's let's-not-be-beastly-to-the-Russians politics and honoring him with the Medal of Science "for the extraordinary scope and power of his imagination, which has led to basic contributions in such diverse fields as structural chemistry and the nature of chemical bonding, molecular biology, immunology and the nature of genetic diseases."

This fall, after years of prison and disgrace, Alger Hiss popped up in the city for an appearance before the Washington Press Club. He had finally managed to pry loose FBI files on the perjury case involving his confrontation with Whittaker Chambers (and Richard Nixon), and had been readmitted to the Massachusetts Bar as well; he looked and sounded like a man who was confident of eventual vindication. Hiss said little about the substance of his case—he seemed to assume that everybody accepted the justice of his cause, and the reporters in the audience were not disposed to challenge him—yet he crowed about the beneficial effect of the Watergate scandals: the downfall of his old adversary.

But perhaps the most poignant evidence of this new mood in Washington was the recent five-week run at Ford's Theatre—scene of Abraham Lincoln's assassination and now a government-supported institution—of *Are You Now or Have You Ever Been*, a documentary drama. The play is based on the transcripts of the HUAC investigations into communist influence in the film industry between 1947 and 1958, investigations in which Nixon played a featured role.

Are You Now . . . was written by Eric Bentley and was acted and directed by some of the same people who starred last October in *Fear on Trial*, the CBS drama about that network's own bow to witch-hunting in the late fifties in its dealings with radio celebrity John Henry Faulk. *Are You Now . . .* was a chilling retrospective of how an official government body had encouraged and stimulated the practice of blacklisting in the entertainment world. The Ford's Theatre audience chortled at scenes in which Abe Burrows and actor Lionel Stander made fools of the committee members and their dogged investigator, but watched in horror as actor Larry Parks, his career in ruins, pleaded with the ideological watchdogs not to "make me choose whether to be in contempt of this committee or crawl through the mud for no purpose." (Questioned relentlessly, and promised only that his testimony in closed session would not be published until the committee deemed it "expedient" to do so, Parks crawled.) As depicted in the play, the congressmen were happy—and unctuously so—only when witnesses came before them sheepishly to "name names" or to give stock speeches on the evils of communism. "Could I ask whether this is legal?" a defiant Paul Robeson says from the witness stand. The answer, from the chairman, is classic: "This is not only legal but usual."

Are You Now . . . had enjoyed a particular kind of success during a six-month run in Hollywood, primarily because the show-business figures being portrayed and persecuted in the play were familiar household names, while the process in which they were caught up seemed bizarre and foreign. In Washington, however, the reverse was true. The audience laughed, but in dif-

One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

The Bell System didn't just happen. It was planned, right from the start.

Thanks to Alexander Graham Bell, all nations have telephones. Thanks to Theodore Newton Vail, the United States has the world's best telephone system.



Alexander Graham Bell

Theodore Newton Vail was the first General Manager of the Bell Telephone Company. He was hired in 1878, when the telephone was two years old, and 10,755 sets were in service, most of them in the Northeast. His vision of what the new invention could become equaled Bell's own.

Both men saw that the success of the infant telephone industry depended on offering customers an integrated nationwide telephone system. The goal, as Vail later phrased it, was "one policy, one system, universal service." "The strength of the Bell System," he wrote, "lies in this universality."

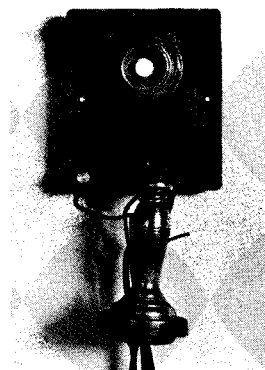
Vail's economic insight was remarkable for his day. He was managing a new kind of enterprise, one of the first of what we now call technological industries. He saw that technology gave birth to the telephone, and that technology also imposed new requirements on the managers of the business. Manufacturing telephones required a large commitment



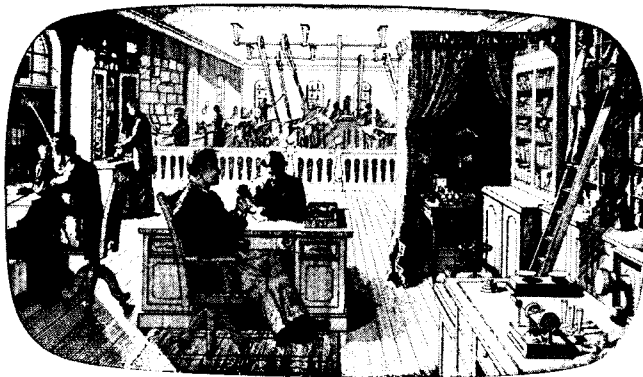
Theodore Newton Vail

of capital, for specialized factories. Improving the telephone required coordination of research efforts, plus more capital for laboratories. Marketing the telephone successfully required reasonable assurance that supply and demand would keep pace with each other. Vail realized that the only way those requirements could be met was for management to plan every step of the enterprise, from sources of supply to customer orders.

Contrast the case of the manager of a simpler business—a small bakery, for instance. The manager has great freedom. If cake doesn't sell, he can bake bread. If white bread doesn't sell, he can bake rye. There is no need to commit large sums of capital, since the same ovens serve for all three products. No research effort is required, since the recipes are well known. If the price of flour goes up, the manager can raise the price of bread immediately. If demand varies, he can bake more bread or



Vail's ability to plan turned Bell's invention into the best telephone system in the world.



*The predecessor of Bell Telephone Laboratories:
the Bell company's Mechanical Department in the 1880's.*

less. The technological industry, by its very nature, lacks such flexibility.

The first telephones were made in a Boston machine shop. Demand soon outstripped capacity, and firms in several cities were licensed to make sets under the Bell patents. Vail wanted closer integration of manufacture, to assure the company's service objectives. In 1881, the Bell company acquired controlling interest in the Western Electric Company of Chicago, and in 1882, made that company the manufacturer of Bell equipment.

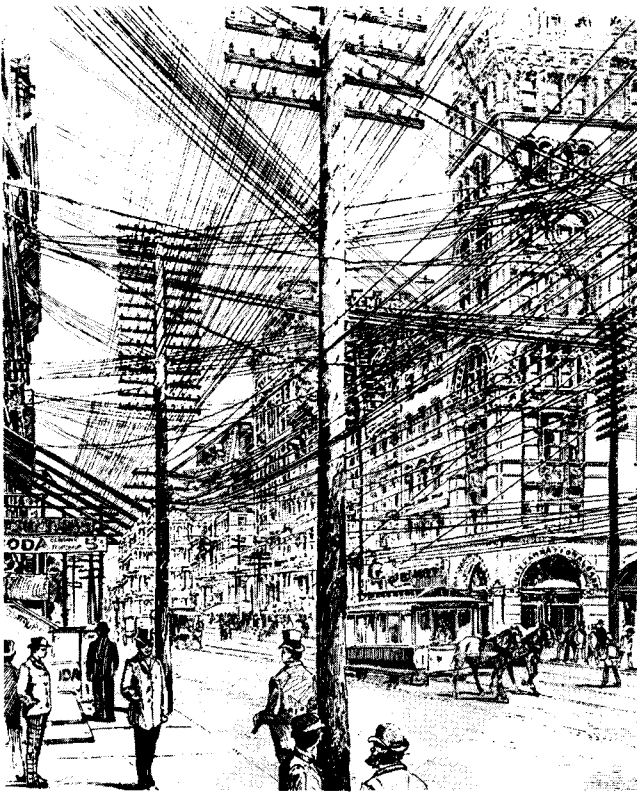
This arrangement was desirable for a number of technical reasons: quality, reliability, standardization. Vail also had a strong managerial reason. The Bell company's business was providing telephone *service*. Success depended on having a dependable supply of quality equipment needed for the service, at a reasonable cost. By integrating manufacturing within the Bell company, Vail took a long step toward that goal.

At this point the groundwork was laid for a nationwide network. In 1884 the first Boston to New York line proved that commercial long distance telephony was possible—and profitable. Vail and his associates organized an additional com-

pany, whose corporate charter put Vail's dream in black and white. Its business was to be "constructing, buying, owning, leasing or otherwise obtaining, lines...and equipment, using, operating or otherwise maintaining, the same....The lines of this association...will connect one or more points in each and every city, town or place, in...the United States, Canada and Mexico, and also by cable and other appropriate means with the rest of the known world...."

Despite all the progress made, Vail saw a basic threat to the industry. Although it was growing, the quality of the service it provided was deteriorating. Some of the earliest equipment needed to be replaced. Rapid expansion was causing growing pains. Vail knew these service problems must be dealt with. But the Boston financiers who determined company policy felt their primary duty was to maximize profit for investors. The financiers represented the thinking of the day; once again Vail's ideas were decades ahead of his time. In 1887, Vail felt compelled to resign. For the next twenty years, he followed telephone developments as an interested outsider.

In 1893 and 1894, the Bell telephone patents expired. New telephone companies sprang up almost overnight, many of them in cities already served by Bell companies. Since the wires of the new companies did not connect with Bell wires, their subscribers could not talk with Bell subscribers. In order to be in touch with all the telephones in town, stores and offices had to have two telephones. That meant two directories, two sets of wires—and two bills. Nevertheless, demand for all telephones was soaring.



*Broadway and John Street, New York City, 1890.
Vail succeeded in getting the city's wires put underground.*

The new companies grew, the Bell affiliated companies grew, the confusion grew.

Growth brought financial problems. Earnings, handsome as they were, were insufficient to finance such rapid expansion. (The telephone industry is a capital intensive industry.) Bell management borrowed more and more money from big banks. By 1907, lenders were getting hard to find. Then came the Panic of 1907. To protect their interests, the bankers demanded that telephone management invite Vail back to run things. Vail accepted the invitation. That year there were 3,132,000 Bell telephones in service.

Vail's return to command restored the financial community's confidence in the Bell company, so towering was the reputation he had built. Improving the quality of the service was his first concern. He made sure that concern was understood by Bell people throughout the land. Thanks to

their efforts, and investment in needed equipment, service improved.

Further improvement depended on improving telephone technology. Research was going on in various parts of the company, in various cities. To encourage better planning and coordination, Vail unified the research effort. And he directed the researchers to examine at once a new device, the audion tube invented by Dr. Lee De Forest. Working with De Forest, telephone researchers developed the vacuum tube electronic amplifier, which greatly extended the range of long distance service, and led in time to commercial radio and television.

Duplicate telephone companies in various towns were incompatible with good service. Waterworks and electric companies were recognized as "public utilities," granted exclusive franchises for geographical areas. Vail believed that same reasoning applied to the telephone industry. He set out to eliminate the duplication by buying out the rival companies where that was possible, or selling out to them in some towns if that was the only way. In 1913, as a step toward universal service, he agreed to allow the independent (non-Bell) companies to use the Bell long distance lines.

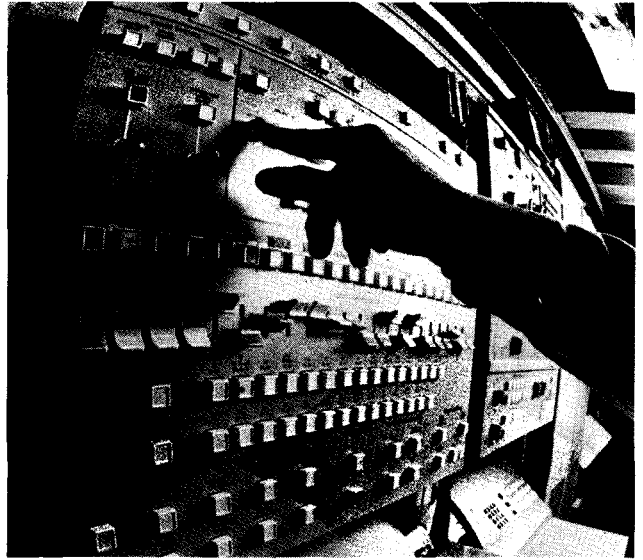
Now Vail could speak confidently of a *telephone system* rather than a large number of isolated, unconnected telephone companies. He was the first to use the phrase "Bell System." He could look to the day when telephone service would be well within the means of the average American. And that gave him the final element in his planning: he could make long-range estimates of the needs of his customers.

The chain was complete: research and development, an efficient source of supply in the Western Electric Company and total responsibility for installation, maintenance and repair in the local companies.

Because Vail could plan in this way, the company could invest the necessary millions in equipment for current needs, and in research for predictable future growth.

The Bell System continues today in the pattern Vail set. Not as a matter of tradition, but because the concept works. We are planning today American telephone service for the 21st Century. Western Electric and the associated Bell Companies are installing new electronic switching systems nationwide, which make possible many additional telephone services. Scientists and engineers at Bell Laboratories, birthplace of the first electrical digital computer and the transistor, are working now on new technology to transmit telephone calls on a beam of light, to handle calling volumes expected by the year 2000.

Research, manufacturing, operations—one Bell System, a planned approach that works. Efficiency and productivity are well ahead of the average for all other



Electronic switching systems, a thousand times faster than the equipment they replace, are now being installed across the nation.

industries, the system is the best in the world. There are two tests you can make yourself to see if the Bell System really works: Compare telephone prices to the price of almost anything else over the past twenty-five years. Long distance service is one of the few things that have hardly gone up at all. Other telephone services have gone up far less than the price of almost anything else you buy. The economics of a planned telephone system have surely been to the customer's benefit. What about the service? Well, just pick up your telephone. Call any number in the United States.

The best telephone system in the world didn't just happen. It was planned that way.

One Bell System. It works.



Bell System

WASHINGTON

ferent ways, because the witnesses were strangers though the system being portrayed was very familiar indeed.

"We would not have done this play, say, three years ago" (while Nixon was still in the White House), says Frankie Hewitt, executive producer at Ford's Theatre. "It would have seemed like a polemic then, and might have been misunderstood. . . . It might have seemed directed against a single person, rather than a whole system . . . and besides, it was still with us; one of the main characters was still in power." Although *Are You Now* . . . was booked into Ford's almost by accident (Ms. Hewitt happened to be in Los Angeles and saw it there), it eventually came to be billed as the first entry in the theatre's Bicentennial season. Ms. Hewitt decided that "it is almost essential to re-examine this part of our history now, with him"—Nixon—"gone." Initially, her lawyers and friends were hesitant to encourage her, warning that Ford's might be inviting political trouble by scheduling such a hot item; but she argued that the political climate favored just such a production. "We're not going to get into trouble with the FBI and the CIA. They're in trouble now; they're the ones being investigated."

Are You Now . . . drew good audiences, including a few curious congressmen, almost every night. But there was a troubling mystery on opening night when, after the guest list of dignitaries expected from Capitol Hill had been published, quite a few phoned at the last moment to say that something had come up and they had to cancel out. Surely it was just the rain that kept them away.

2. Re-enter Humphrey, Bayh

"Right now, it looks like the beginning of a steeplechase. There are a lot of horses at the line, but after a few jumps, there won't be as many," says Senator Hubert Humphrey, Democrat of Minnesota, with the self-assurance of one who should know about Democratic presidential races. Humphrey is in the peculiar position of being both the elder statesman to whom people come for advice and observations and, all of a sudden, the man whom a growing body of other advisers and observers believe to be the one who could unite the party and run a creditable race

against Gerald Ford in 1976. When he is in town, Humphrey's office is a mecca for those seeking authoritative political chat. But often he is on the road these days, presiding at field hearings of the Joint Economic Committee of Congress, speaking on behalf of up-and-coming members of the party, or moderating at forums on the issues of the day. Humphrey discerns "more interest in me now than at any time in my career—and just when I least want it." But does he like it? "You bet I do. I'm having a good time."

Diplomat and hedger-of-bets that he is, Humphrey will not express even the mildest of preferences or estimate the odds among the Democrats already in the race for the nomination. He can find something good to say about everyone. Senator Henry M. ("Scoop") Jackson of Washington has "an exemplary record" on domestic issues. Governor Milton Shapp of Pennsylvania "knows how to use the media." The way Humphrey sees it, even more people may come in before long—"my good friend" Senator Frank Church of Idaho; Governor Jerry Brown of California ("He'd be different, he would get a tremendous amount of attention"); Mayor Kevin White of Boston ("although that busing thing has hurt"); perhaps Senator Adlai E. Stevenson III of Illinois, as "a regional favorite son." A horde of candidates "is not injurious now," he insists. On the contrary, it may be "the only way to compete with an incumbent—have a number of people out, and you benefit from their combined cannonading. Otherwise, it's just Ford on TV . . ." Even the risk that the profusion of candidates "will make us look flaky and fuzzy till the convention" is worth it, in his view.

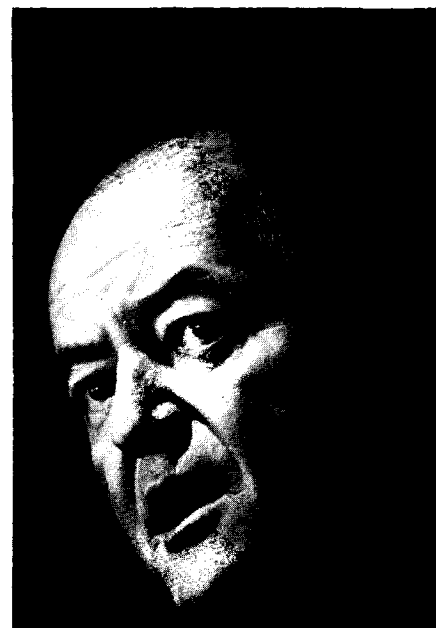
Humphrey's simple strategy for a Democratic victory in 1976 goes like this: Forget foreign policy, because the Administration has the upper hand in that area, and more of the public supports the policy of détente with the Soviet Union than is commonly supposed by some of the other candidates. Keep the party out of "left field" and away from the "extraneous issues." The voters are interested in their jobs, their homes, a decent income, good schools, health care, and the crime problem; "not gay rights, legalized marijuana, and all of this bunk" from the 1972 campaign. If slogans are needed, Humphrey has a few ready. The Ford Administration's economic policies, he suggests, are upside down: "I always knew

they stood on their heads, these Republicans, but I thought it was only for exercise." Ford's aides "are some inflation-fighters—I think when they reached for the firehose, they picked up the gas hose instead!"

Ultimately, any conversation with Humphrey these days comes around to what his press secretary calls "the presidential thing." It is an intriguing thing, a great irony, a phenomenon based on Humphrey's current image as a new man with the same old bounce, a politician who is realistic now, at age sixty-four, about his own strengths and weaknesses. The press secretary produces a thick envelope of recent press clippings: praise for his remarkable performance since returning to the Senate in 1971 as the junior man from Minnesota, chronicles of his astuteness and indefatigability, predictions and endorsements, of a sort, of his candidacy by everyone from the *Phoenix Gazette* to the *Village Voice*.

"It is much better to be sought after than to seek," says the Senator, who asserts smugly that he is doing no seeking of his own and will not. But as he tells it, colleagues in the Senate (he will not say which) have been approaching him to say "you're the one," and members of the public whom he has never met before stop him on the street and collar him with the message that "you're going to have to run for President." The Democrats in North Dakota have already gone to the trouble of nominating him as their own candidate.

"I don't think a man in my position should start making contingency plans,"



Hubert Humphrey

WASHINGTON

Humphrey insists, though he acknowledges quickly that he would accept a draft from a deadlocked convention. Just challenge him on a point or two, and he will respond like a man whose proverbial hat is in the ring. Does he still have the fight in him for a national campaign? Could he be as tough as he might have to be? "You ought to try me for size sometime and see. . . . I didn't beat the Republicans in Minnesota for the first time in a hundred years by being a cookie; I didn't build up a party in the state by being a softie. . . . I believe in the power of prayer, but I believe in hard work, too." He warns that Gerald Ford, who reportedly would welcome a Humphrey candidacy, will be no "pushover," but he seems confident that he could beat Ford to capture the presidency. It would be his fourth try. But then Humphrey, famous for getting caught up in his own rhetoric, stops himself short. He doubts that the scenario-writers who already have him slated for the nomination are right. He thinks that "a very cool breeze will come my way and put a little frost on the flower." Or does he?

But if not Humphrey, then who? ask the pundits, the kingmakers, and the mentioners. Surely not Sargent Shriver, who has more pizzazz than substance. Or Fred Harris, whose grass-roots organization may now be the best but who, for that and other reasons, reminds the politicians and forecasters of George McGovern. Frank Church, after spend-

ing the better part of his adulthood in the Senate, could not have a more strategic vantage point on the major issues of the day than the one the seniority system has provided him: he is chairman of a Foreign Relations subcommittee studying multinational corporations, an Interior subcommittee on energy research, the special Senate committee on the problems of the aging, and, now, the select committee investigating the CIA and the FBI. But who outside Washington knows him? Can he turn on a crowd east of Boise?

Increasingly, the second name on many of the lists of Democratic nominees, no matter who is first, is Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana. And that is exactly what Bayh is hoping for: in addition to building a core of people who prefer him above others, he aims to be second to Humphrey in the hearts of organized labor, second only to Representative Morris ("Mo") Udall of Arizona for the affection of the practical liberals (as distinguished from Fred Harris' romantics), and the consolation choice of minorities and women who would like a genuine Kennedy to vote for. Just enough of everything to be an ideal compromise candidate who can attract support from a broad spectrum of the Democratic party.

"Can you be an acceptable alternative to everyone?" Bayh wonders aloud before setting off on a hectic ten-day cross-country trip in search of money and endorsements from respected political figures. "Or would people prefer that you be 80 percent pure, so they always know where you stand?" The only Democratic candidate invited this season to address both the regional forums organized by the liberal wing of the party and the AFL-CIO convention in San Francisco, he planned to sound the same themes to each: They are being "ripped off" by the oil companies; the rich are paying virtually no taxes; and there is the "whole business of reordering priorities."

Once held to be a lightweight by some of his colleagues, and by no means considered a deep thinker, Bayh has nonetheless built a reputation for seriousness of purpose and accomplishments within the system. He is one of the few liberals who managed to be close to both the Kennedy and the Johnson factions of the Democratic party when they were at war, without alienating either. He led the successful fights against two controversial Nixon appointees to the Supreme Court, and

is an author of the Equal Rights Amendment, Title Nine of the Education Act of 1972 (which prohibits sex discrimination by any institution or program receiving federal funds), and the Twenty-fifth Amendment, which resulted in the orderly selection of Gerald Ford as Vice President and his elevation to the presidency. (The last achievement, Bayh jokes, gives him a "special responsibility" to unseat Ford.) When a flurry of proposals for constitutional amendments to prohibit abortion piled up like so many time bombs before a Judiciary subcommittee he heads, he defused emotions by letting everyone have a say but sending none of the bills to the Senate floor.

Many also-rans for the 1972 nomination are thought to be figures who have tired the public. Bayh, by contrast, won sympathy when he dropped his candidacy early that year because of his wife Marvella's encounter with cancer.

One area in which Bayh's partisans think he can match or better the President is his common touch. He looks perfectly natural working with his sleeves rolled up, speaking from the back of a flatbed truck, toting a shotgun (although he is also a longtime proponent of basic gun-control laws), and—instead of playing golf—pitching horseshoes. Bayh comes across as what Ford would like to be, one of the boys. "One thing I'm going to try to do" in this campaign, he promises, is to "be myself." Being second on those lists of prospects, he may have to try harder.

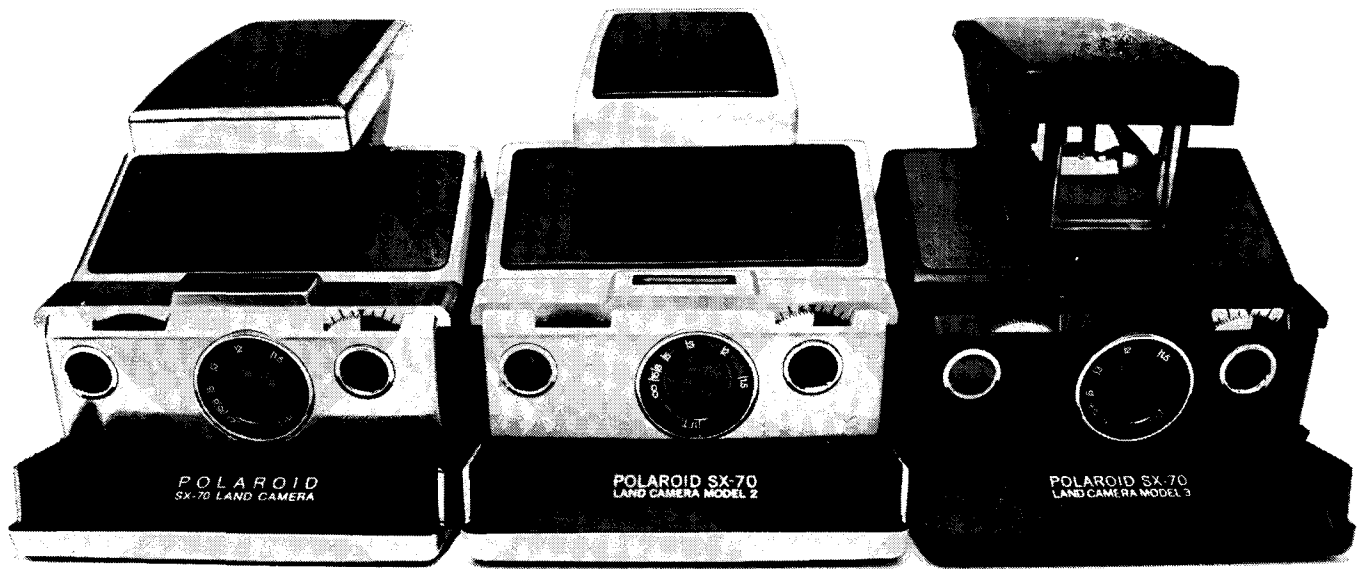
3. Reform on trial

The scene is anything but grand or awe-inspiring. Deep in a suite of offices notable primarily for its chaos and sloppiness, the commissioners gather around a small conference table in a stuffy, smoke-choked little room for their twice-weekly meetings. At what seems like regular intervals, a toilet flushes on the other side of the wall, momentarily drowning out all voices. When the proceedings can be heard, they are none too lively, and before long many of the people who are crammed into the chairs along the sides of the room, with the exception of several very alert representatives of candidates' campaign committees and public-interest groups, begin to suffer the telltale nodding and bobbing head of someone whose need for an afternoon siesta is overcoming him.

It is in these inelegant surroundings



Birch Bayh

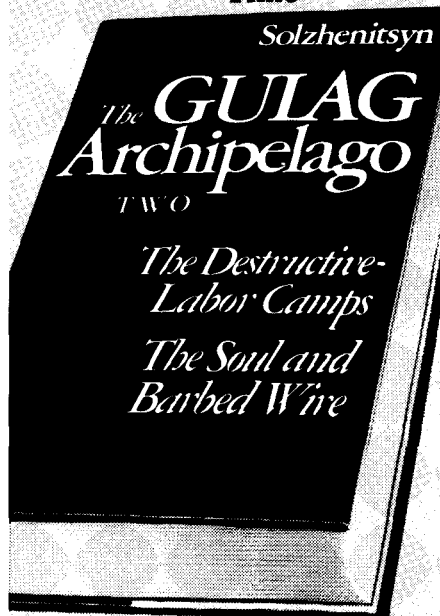


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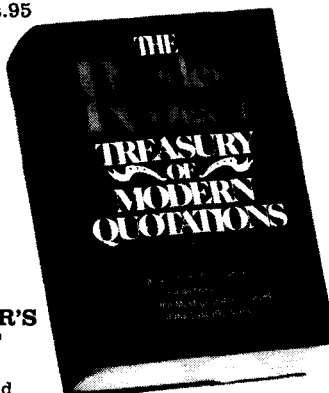
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WASHINGTON

that the Federal Election Commission, the six-member regulatory body established by the Federal Election Campaign Act Amendments of 1974, has begun a task that could amount to a virtual rewriting of the basic rules of American politics, a revision so profound that if it is successful, money will be a less decisive factor in elections than it has become, and campaign cleverness will require more than finding loopholes in the law. The idea, as commission chairman Thomas B. Curtis likes to put it, is to create a body of rules simple and rational enough to encourage widespread "voluntary compliance" without resort to the courts—in short, a political system in which there are no more Watergates and no need for a Special Prosecutor.

This is, to be sure, a bold and ambitious experiment, and not an easy one to carry off. Already there have been charges and countercharges, all relatively easy to document in the record, that the new law and the commission's work favor business over labor, labor over business, incumbents over challengers, challengers over incumbents, and so on. Former Senator Eugene J. McCarthy of Minnesota, now running for the presidency from outside the two-party system, and Senator James L. Buckley, Conservative of New York, among others, argue that the law is a misguided reform which really has the effect of abridging freedom of speech and political action; their lawsuit to overturn it and shut down the commission has failed in federal court so far, but before the rules governing the 1976 election are final, the Supreme Court will have a say in the matter.

Simplifying the rules is probably the most elusive of the commission's goals. Take the gross-net controversy, for example. Should a candidate count the total amount of money collected in a fund-raising effort even if, as in direct-mail solicitation, a substantial percentage of it goes toward paying for additional fund-raising expenses? What about a benefit concert for a candidate, where the performers charge nothing for their appearance and the tickets are sold at a very low price to attract a large crowd: should the market value of the performance be considered a campaign contribution? Should the "donations" for the tickets count fully as money raised by the candidate?

In general, the gross approach favors

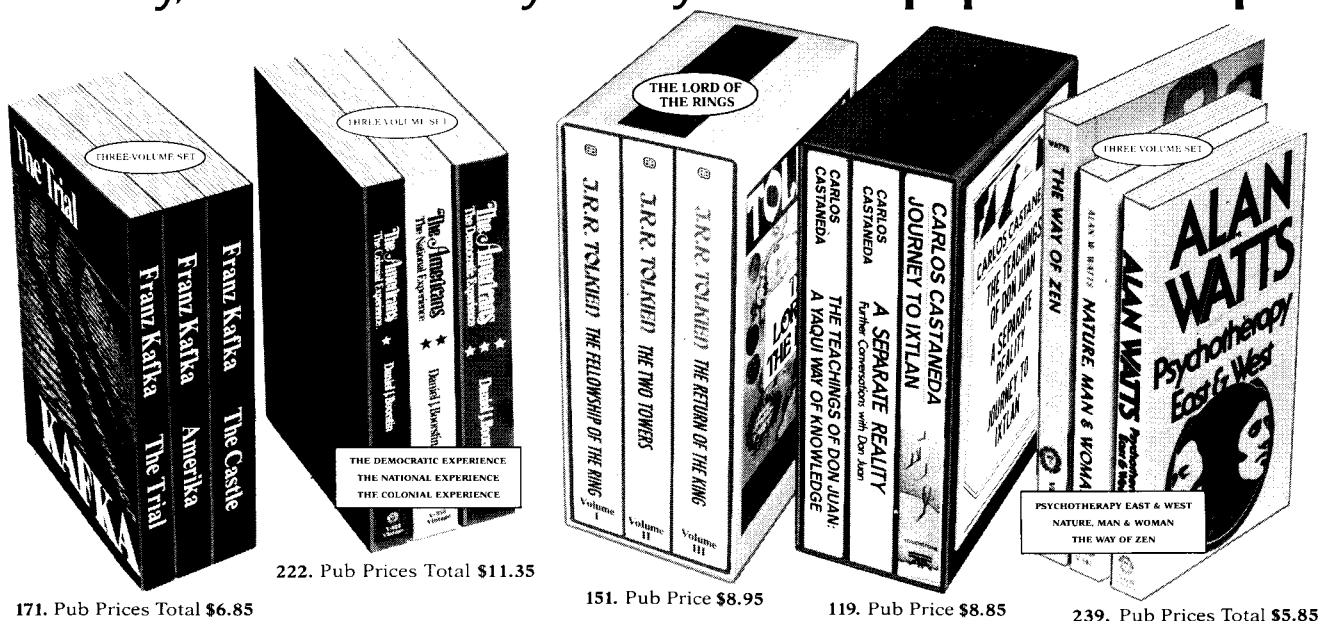
candidates when they are at the stage of trying to raise the \$100,000 necessary to demonstrate a national base of support (\$5000 in each of any twenty states, to be composed of individual contributions of \$250 or less) and qualify for federal matching funds. But later, in the general election, when they are up against the spending ceiling in the new law (\$20 million for a presidential candidate, twelve cents per eligible voter for a senatorial candidate, and \$70,000 for most candidates for the House), the net calculations could give them more latitude.

Other questions arise. What about Gerald Ford's trips? Wouldn't it be unfair to him to charge the cost of all of his forays in 1975 to the next year's campaign spending limit? On the other hand, is it equitable to allow the Republican National Committee to foot the bill for his early efforts on behalf of his party, and thus give Ford a whole separate fund that he can draw upon, outside the rules governing presidential campaign expenses? And so it goes, with the law itself answering few of the detailed questions and the commission struggling to fill in the gaps with its advisory opinions and regulations. (One loophole, recently discovered and currently under debate, would have permitted a person running for convention delegate to spend an unlimited amount of money; candidates could thus have channeled campaign funds above and beyond the reach of the new law through delegate races.)

The 1974 law called for a commission whose members possess "maturity, experience, integrity, impartiality, and good judgment," an equal number of Democrats and Republicans, four of them named by the congressional leadership and two by the President. As it evolved, it includes four ex-congressmen, Republicans Vernon W. Thomson of Wisconsin and Chairman Curtis of Missouri, and Democrats Robert O. Tiernan of Rhode Island and Neil Staebler of Michigan—all but Staebler recently defeated in a bid for re-election or for the Senate—plus a longtime counsel to the AFL-CIO, Thomas E. Harris, a Democrat, and a public relations executive, Joan D. Aikens, who has long been active in Pennsylvania Republican politics. Proud of their partisan backgrounds, they nonetheless avoided dividing along party lines on any of the issues they confronted in their first several months of operation. Although they have been involved in

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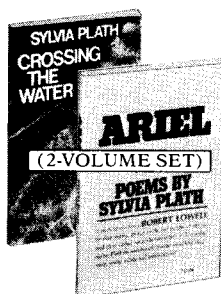
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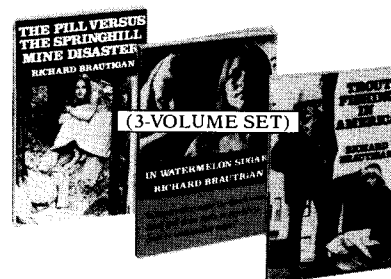
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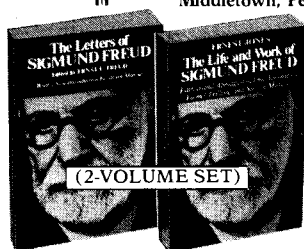
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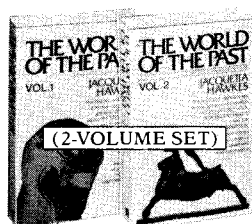
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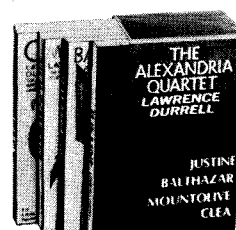
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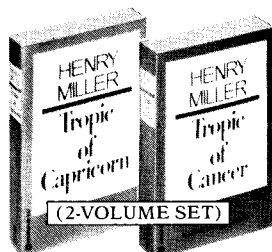
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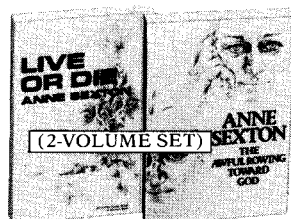
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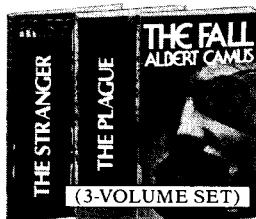
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WASHINGTON

plenty of secret political deals over the years, they resolved, after an initial flap, to hold virtually all of their meetings in public.

Despite its members' experience on Capitol Hill, the commission has had peculiarly bad luck in its attempts to establish a good working relationship with, and at the same time independence from, Congress. First there was a furor over its appropriations, with the commission behaving as if it had the freedom of an executive agency, and the House Administration and Senate Rules committees treating it like just another congressional panel looking for its annual rations. The fact is that Congress, in passing the 1974 law, reserved itself a veto power over all commission regulations, and already members of both the House and the Senate are complaining that their creation is "over-regulating." The House flatly refused to go along with the assertion that the commission is the "point of entry" for anyone who wants to run for Congress; the commission is welcome to a copy of any filing statement, said the congressmen, but the original should continue to be filed with, and remain in the custody of, the clerk of the House.

The commission touched the most sensitive nerve of all when it moved to assert authority over congressional office accounts—otherwise known as "slush funds"—which are used to pay for anything from Christmas cards to airplane tickets, and have never been accounted for to anyone else. After cries of outrage from Congress, the commission retreated from its original position that the accounts would always be considered part of the spending limits, and said it would look at House members' funds only in each election year, and at senators' in the last two years of each term. The Senate still protested, however, and voted down the compromise regulation, complaining that the procedure would reclassify some of their routine expenses as campaign-related and would give all incumbents a serious disadvantage. But unless the office accounts are supervised, says the commission, incumbents have a considerable advantage, a whole separate resource outside the law. "If Congress is not willing to discipline itself," asks Curtis, "how can they expect the general public to do it?"

"Our job is to be philosophers," says

Curtis in a reflective moment after a rough afternoon before the Senate Rules Committee. "We're sort of umpires, and the best umpires are former players." Soon, he hopes, the commission will confront questions about the range of its supervisory powers over governors and other state officials who begin to collect money toward an eventual run for the House or the Senate. But he looks forward to the day when the situation will be sufficiently calm so that being a federal election commissioner will be merely a part-time job. And in the long run, he predicts, the political parties themselves will be strengthened as entities under the new rules, because they will get some of the money that would previously have gone to individual candidates. "I think it can be done," he says of campaign reform. "We will make it an honorable thing again to participate in politics."

4. Welfare snoopers?

Few Americans realized it, but last August their federal government—the one that is assailed for poking too arbitrarily into the affairs of private citizens—got into the business of collecting child-support payments from delinquent fathers. Under the program that quietly took effect at that time, welfare mothers will delegate their collection rights to the states, and state officials will attempt to track down the men who have been avoiding court orders to provide for their progeny. But a state can take any difficult case to a federal Parent Locator Service (PLS) in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The PLS, a computerized operation, will have access to substantial federal and state records; it will be able to refer child-support cases to the Internal Revenue Service for collection and to the federal courts for enforcement. Mothers not on welfare will have access to the PLS's services for a fee. Its appropriation, now working its way through the legislative maze, provides some \$4 million, for the first year, to a bureaucracy that will start out with about 130 employees.

Although precise national statistics are hard to come by, delinquency in child-support payments is a problem that has become more serious as the institution of the family has deteriorated in recent years. More fathers are deserting their wives (or girlfriends) and children than ever before, and as a direct result, the deserted mothers are being

forced to work, sometimes at several jobs, in order to feed and clothe their children, or else, many believe, to swell the welfare rolls unnecessarily. The existing collection and enforcement mechanisms of local court systems are often weak; but when state governments became involved in the last few years, they found that they were able to turn up hundreds of millions of dollars in overdue payments with relatively little trouble and expenses of only twenty-five cents for each dollar collected.

That state experience attracted the fancy of many people in Washington. Ever since the days of the Nixon Administration's unsuccessful stabs at overhauling the entire welfare system, there has been pressure to launch some national child-support collection mechanism. The idea appealed to a peculiar coalition of proponents: backers of former California Governor Ronald Reagan, the National Organization for Women, local prosecutors and social workers, experts in family law; but most importantly, Senator Russell Long, Democrat of Louisiana. For Long, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee and a power to be reckoned with, it became something of a crusade, a way to achieve his dream of cutting back the federal expenditure on welfare while making fathers pay up. More than once he tried and failed, but he kept carrying his proposal in his back pocket. Finally, in December, 1974, as the Ninety-third Congress was moving toward adjournment, Long attached it as an amendment to a social services bill that passed by a vote of 74-17. (Most of the negative votes were those of Republicans objecting to other measures in the bill; few senators even realized that the child-support program was there.)

In the House, it came up literally in the last hour before adjournment under a closed rule, and congressmen had to vote for it if there was to be any federal money at all for social services that year. Again, last summer, when amendments came up making some revisions in the child-support program—including one that gave states more time to set up their own programs under the federal one—they were attached to a bill adjusting the tariffs on watches, considered on August 1, the last day before a congressional recess, and passed by voice vote in both houses at a moment when hardly anyone was on the floor. One liberal who was, Democratic Senator



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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN AUGUST 1975

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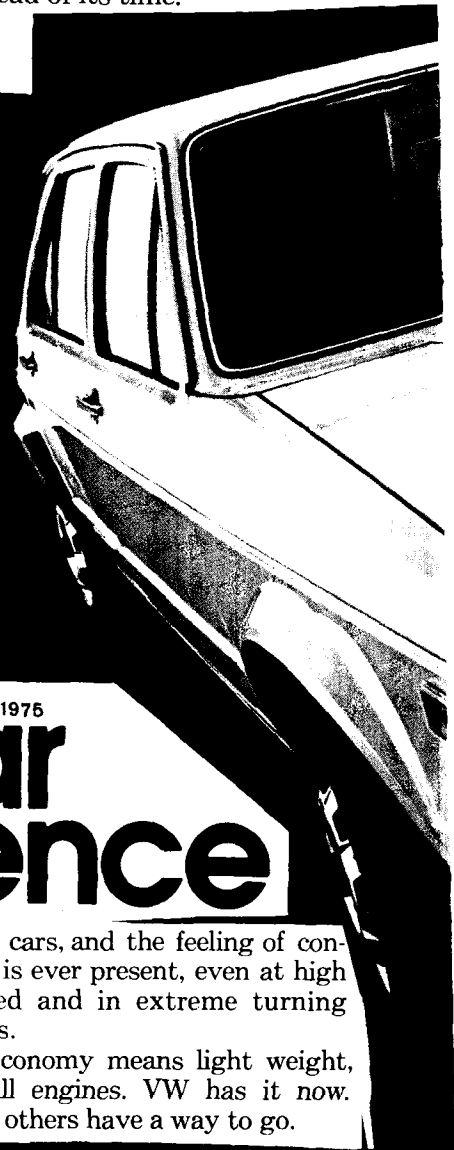
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Popular Mechanics

APRIL 1975

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JUNE 1975

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ROAD TEST

JULY 1975

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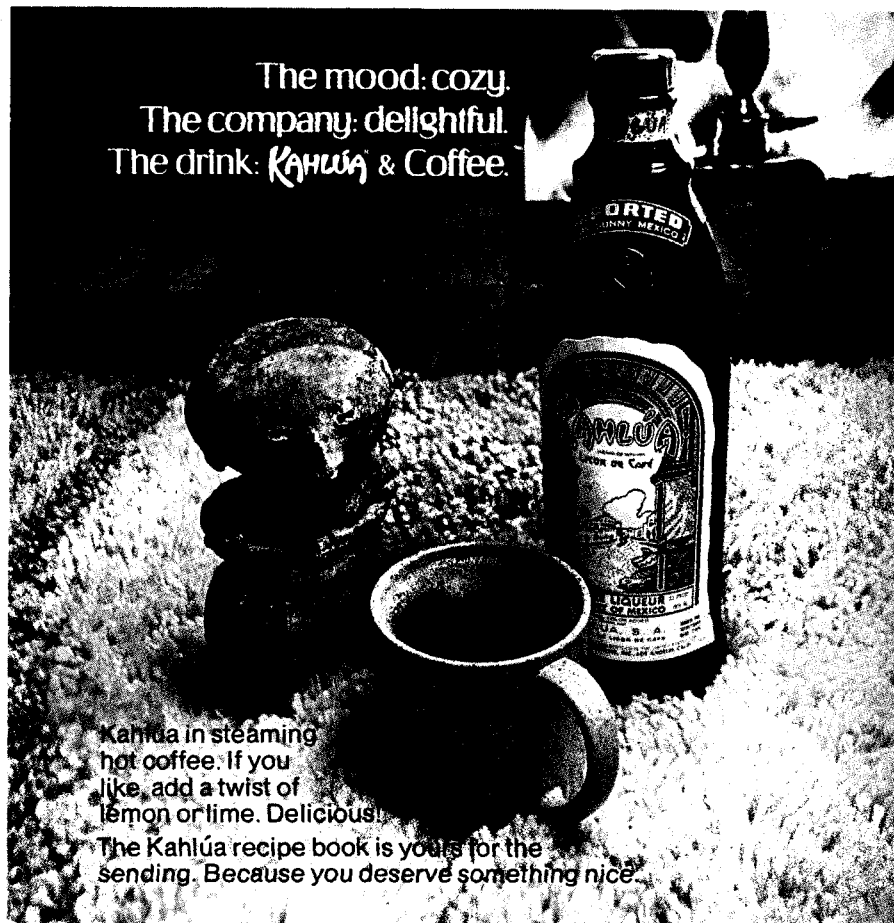
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WASHINGTON

Walter F. Mondale of Minnesota, echoed Long: "I do not know of anything that should be tolerated less than a father who runs out on his family and will not support them when he can. . . . The federal government, the taxpayers, has been paying millions of dollars for the support of children where some fathers, who could have supported them, will not. I think the public will feel a lot better about the welfare laws. I believe some of the runaway fathers will think twice about what they are doing if we make it clear that they cannot get away with it." He appealed for strong enforcement of the child-support program by the Ford Administration.

Enforcement ordinarily would not be a problem, since the new Secretary of HEW, F. David Matthews, in confirmation hearings before Long's committee, promised his "support and cooperation" (as had his predecessor, Caspar Weinberger). But there is one major wrinkle: Gerald Ford, upon signing bills dealing with the child-support program, has twice protested that he is unhappy about the provisions that "inject the federal government too deeply into domestic relations" and about the possibility that the PLS, while solving one evil, may create another—a serious invasion of the privacy of those who deal with it, fathers, mothers, and children alike.

The President is talking this way at the urging of some of his aides and members of the new, informal "privacy lobby" within the executive and legislative branches, including the White House Domestic Council Committee on the Right of Privacy and the new Privacy Protection Study Commission, who fear that computerized government records pose an ominous threat to citizens. They warn that the child-support program could turn into a nightmare, forcing disclosure of irrelevant information that is buried in government files, leading to violations of the privilege of confidentiality between husband and wife, and encouraging local officials to poke into the records in an attempt to win for their jurisdictions the "incentive payments" promised under the law to those who track down delinquent fathers and get them to pay.

Ford has been persuaded to take his stand in part because he is also convinced that privacy is a good Republican and conservative issue. But does he

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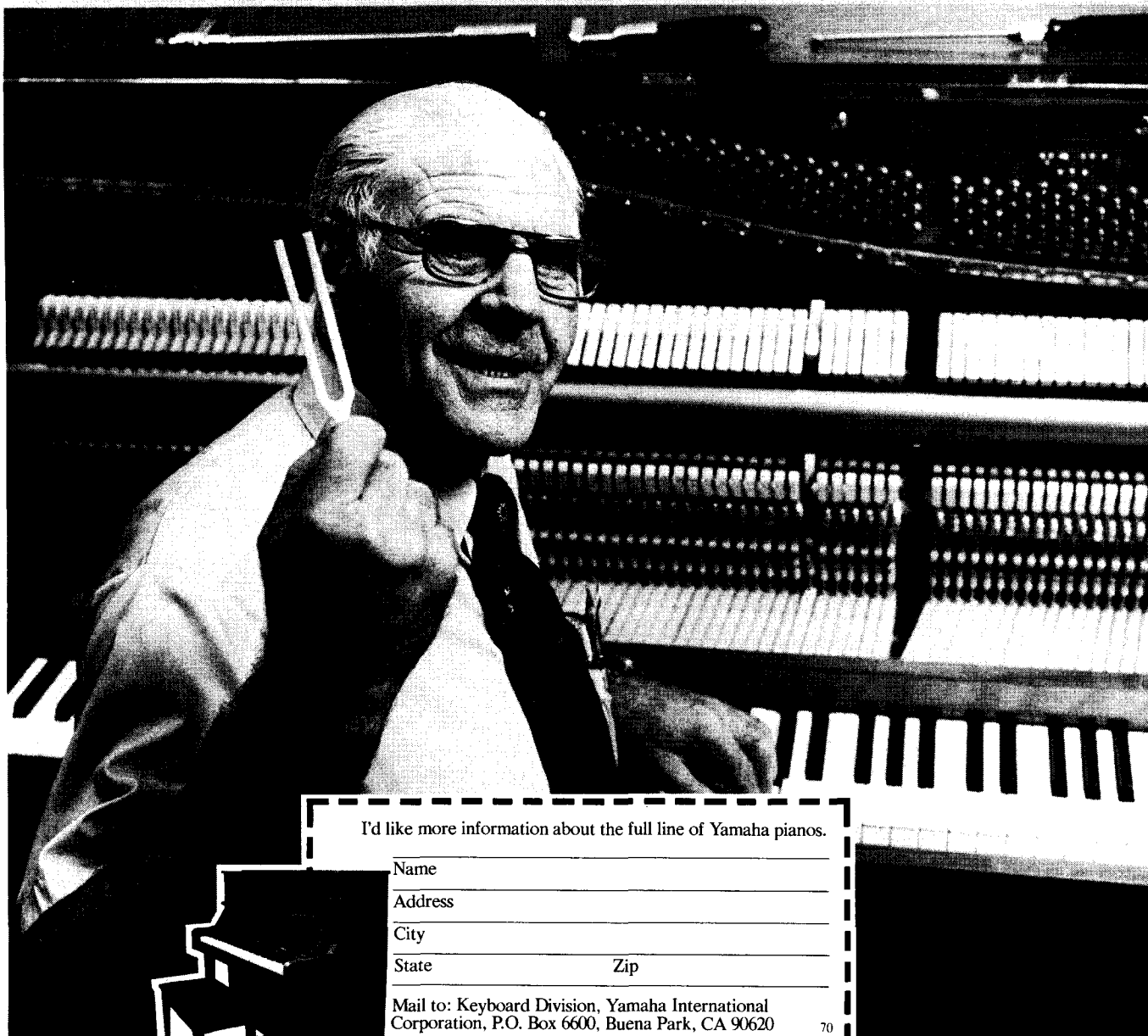
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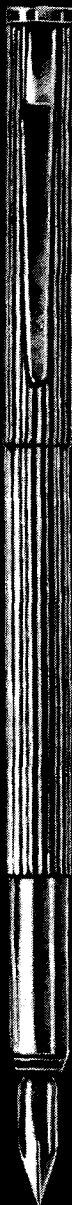
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really mean it? Senator Sam Nunn, Democrat of Georgia, speaking on behalf of the latest amendments last August 1, produced a speech from the *Congressional Record* of May 9, 1949, by a freshman congressman from Grand Rapids—"none other than Gerald R. Ford"—introducing a "runaway pappy" bill that would have done essentially the same things as the measure that just went into effect, including enforcement of child-support orders in the federal courts. Said Ford at the time: "I think we should throw the forces of the federal government into the pursuit of fathers who run off and leave their families with no means of support. A man who abandons his children is just as much a felon as the man who steals an automobile." And how far is Ford willing to go to block the operation of the PLS? Already HEW is holding regional conferences to acquaint local officials with the operation.

The answers to these confusing questions seem to lie less in the substance and the merits of the several issues involved than in Washington power relationships. In the words of one HEW official, "As a practical matter, it is unlikely that Russell Long can lose."

—SANFORD J. UNGAR

JAMAICA

The most desperate people on the Caribbean island of Jamaica grow their hair in fierce, matted locks, smoke marihuana much of the day, and dream of salvation in Africa. They call themselves Rastafarians. Their response to poverty and rejection is a strange one, but it helps the government. For the poor are not clamoring in the streets; they are sedated in the alleyways. This gives Jamaica time.

Prime Minister Michael Manley is trying to use that time to turn Jamaica socialist. Manley's socialism, however, is rather idiosyncratic. A Marxist would barely recognize it. Manley's government has defined socialism as "the Christian way of life in action." A popular singer, Max Romeo, has composed a song that amplifies the definition for Jamaicans:

*Socialism is love for your brothers.
Socialism is linking hearts and hands.
Would you believe it?
Poverty and hunger is what we're
fighting.
Socialism is sharing with your sister.
Socialism is pulling people together.*

*Would you believe it?
Love and togetherness—
that's what it means.*

Jamaican socialism is obviously mild stuff. Yet Manley is being attacked bitterly for it. Businessmen are in panic. American diplomats and investors are fretting. One rightist group has condemned Manley's "recent speeches about socialism being Christianity" as "blasphemous and cheap politics." The great problem for Manley, however, is that his socialism may be too mild in the long run to relieve Jamaica's desperation.

Black men, white ways

Half a million Americans visit Jamaica every year but see little of it and learn even less about it. These tourists usually confine themselves to a thin strip of beach on the northern coast, away from the slums of Kingston in the south and from the tangle of wood and mountain in the center that has figured so large in Jamaica's troubled history. That history has produced a people who are restive yet cautious.

Unlike the islands of the Spanish Caribbean, but like the rest of the British West Indies, Jamaica was not really a colonial settlement. It was more nearly an agricultural factory where a few white planters enriched themselves on sugar plantations worked by slaves from Africa. Jamaica was once worth more to Britain than the American colonies. But this prosperity dwindled away in the nineteenth century, partly because the British abolition of the slave trade in 1808 cut off the supply of cheap labor, partly because the planters wasted the soil, overspeculated, failed to meet the competition from other islands, and lost political influence in London. In 1859, Anthony Trollope, on a visit, wrote, "If we could, we would fain forget Jamaica altogether."

Many islands of the Caribbean are so flat and tiny that a rebellious slave had no place to hide. But that is not true of Jamaica, the third largest island in the Caribbean. It was always easy on Jamaica to defy authority and take to the hills. The island has a history of continual slave rebellions before emancipation (1834) and black riots after.

Jamaica also has a long history of Christian mission work among the Negroes (as blacks are still called here) and of a steady destruction of African culture. Negro culture on Jamaica is a black adaptation of European ways and

values. The Negroes, in fact, are the main carriers of white European culture on the island, and many are deeply Christian and conservative.

Despite tourism and the discovery of enormous bauxite reserves, Jamaica has never regained its prosperity. Kingston, the capital, has some of the worst slums and perhaps the highest crime rate in the English-speaking Caribbean. Unemployment runs at more than 22 percent in the country. In a population of 2 million, over 20,000 leave every year for new homes in the United States, Canada, or Britain. Yet this emigration fails to lower the unemployment rate. It only creates a shortage of skills.

Almost one third of the population depends on the farmlands. Some 180,000 petty landholders live on the island, but they own only two fifths of the arable land, each owning less than 25 acres; 145,000 hold less than five acres. In contrast, 300 landowners have estates of more than 500 acres, mostly in sugar.

Sugar ranks second only to bauxite as an export. But it is a troubled crop. Production has dropped from more than 400,000 tons a year in the 1960s to about 375,000 last year. In 1973, Jamaica produced just enough sugar to satisfy its commitment to the English market, with none left over to sell for the much higher prices of the U.S. and world markets. Specialists blame falling production on the low prices of the 1960s, which drove many small farmers away from sugar, and on the inefficient use of automatic harvesting equipment. The large sugar estates now employ fewer than 50,000 people, the majority of whom are seasonal workers, unemployed most of the year.

Other crops have not taken up the slack. Jamaica is a farming country, but it must import rice, corn, soya, wheat, and meat. It also imports almost everything that is manufactured, from textiles to watches. This has helped drive up the inflation rate, which has climbed more than 30 percent in each of the last two years.

Tourism is a major support of the economy. The government estimates that tourists spent \$85 million in Jamaica in 1973, the last year for which statistics are available. That would make tourism second only to bauxite as an earner of foreign exchange. Traditionally, Jamaica has attracted wealthy American tourists to luxurious hotels, like the one at Ocho Rios that served as the setting for the James Bond movie

Live and Let Die. But the Jamaican tourist board is now hoping to draw package tours of middle-class Americans to hotels and resort cottages which are under construction at Ocho Rios, Montego Bay, and Negril.

But even tourism has troubles. In February, Minister of Tourism P. J. Patterson announced the closing of two large hotels, one in Kingston, the other on the northern coast. The government has scaled down its plans for development of a new tourist site at Negril beach on the west coast. In 1973—the last year for which statistics are available—the number of tourists increased, but only by 2.6 percent, far less than the Jamaican government had expected. The obvious problem was inflation and recession in the United States; almost 80 percent of Jamaica's tourists are Americans. Potential tourists may also have been frightened by the publicity over the Black Power riots of the late 1960s, although these were never as violent on Jamaica as on other islands of the West Indies.

Tourism, in any case, is looked on with ambivalence in Jamaica. The industry is foreign-dominated with evidence of large American, British, and Canadian investment. In a recent survey, the government found that many Jamaicans believe that hotels cater mainly to rich foreigners, and that Jamaicans receive a rather cold welcome. The lavish facilities for tourists contrast dramatically with the obvious poverty of Jamaicans.

Perhaps half a million adults—40 to 50 percent of the population over fifteen—are functionally illiterate. The primary schools are overcrowded, and only a few children have a chance to go on to secondary school. One third of the population of Kingston lives in substandard housing, mostly squatters' shacks. According to a 1967 survey, only 5500 of the 130,000 housing units in Kingston had flush toilets. Sixty percent had no access to piped water or had access only to a distant public standpipe in the streets. The government estimates that 60,000 new families formed in the 1960s, but only 32,000 housing units, whether squatters' shacks or modern apartments, were built.

These economic and social ills, seen in the light of Jamaica's history, have fired the movement of the Rastafarians, the strange cultists who worship the late Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia as their god. Although they probably number no more than 50,000 on the island,

they have tens of thousands of sympathizers. An outsider cannot understand modern Jamaica without trying to understand the Rastafarians.

"Deliverance"

When I visited Jamaica, shortly before the former Emperor's death, the Rastafarians were spending a good deal of time explaining why they were unshaken by the news of their god's fall from power in Ethiopia, and why the problems of the Emperor were not seen as problems of their own.

Rastafarians sing old American hymns with the Emperor's name substituted for that of Christ; their woolen hats often sport pompons in the green, yellow, and red of the Ethiopian flag; they speak in biblical cadences of looking forward to their redemption someday in Ethiopia. But it is obvious that the Rastafarian movement represents nothing more than the fantasies of some poor blacks struggling to escape their plight in Jamaica.

The movement stems in some ways from the ideas of Marcus Garvey, the Jamaican who preached a back-to-Africa doctrine in the United States until he was deported in 1927. "Look to Africa," Garvey once preached, "when a black king shall be crowned, for the day of deliverance is near." In 1930, Ras ("Prince") Tafari Makonnen was crowned as Emperor Haile Selassie I of Ethiopia, one of the two states then independent in Africa. Several Jamaican preachers began proclaiming that the new Emperor was the living god.



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JAMAICA

Gradually, the believers took the name of Rastafarians, from Haile Selassie's old title and first name. They made a strange religious group, for they had no recognized leaders, no houses of worship, no lengthy statements of dogma. Some of them grew their hair in the matted locks that are now known as "dreadlocks." Some believed that the Bible instructed them to smoke ganja, or marihuana. But two sentiments united all: the belief in the divinity of Haile Selassie and the belief that salvation could come only through repatriation to Africa.

At first, Jamaican society was hostile to these dreadful-looking, ganja-puffing men. But this attitude has changed somewhat. The Rastafarians' reach toward Africa and their glorification of blackness are currently fashionable, especially among the middle-class young. Politicians have decided to leave them alone. Prime Minister Manley has even adopted one of their slogans as his own. He begins his public meetings now with a Rastafarian greeting: "Brothers and sisters," he says, "the word is love."

A large number of the Rastas live in shantytowns in West Kingston. Many are squatters. As they put it, they have built their homes on "captured land." Most of these homes are made of old boards slapped and nailed together, and old corrugated iron roofs, sometimes held down by rocks. The floors are earth. The streets are mud and rock and crevices strewn with garbage.

The social life of these shantytowns seems to be centered in open-air Rasta "bars." In these fenced yards, loudspeakers blare Rasta songs about Haile Selassie, Babylon, and redemption, while the proprietors sell beer and ganja. Only men are present, smoking their ganja in long pipes. Leaning against a fence, they puff continually. Their eyes are bloodshot and glazed as they smoke themselves into oblivion. Although a few have knife scars, and most wear the dreadlocks, they seem helpless, ineffectual, and weak, escaping what they call their "sufferation" in a terrible slum.

The Rastafarians are sometimes blamed for much of the crime on the island. Since they live in the most crime-ridden neighborhoods of Kingston, they probably do harbor a number of criminals. There is no doubt that they sell marihuana to others on the is-

land. But serious Rastafarian crime seems to be instigated by outsiders. Fifteen years ago, a few black militants, some but not all of Jamaican descent, came down from New York and tried to take over the movement. Several people died in the violence that followed. More recently, a group of Jamaican Rastafarians living in New York were arrested and charged with murder in another fratricidal war. In Jamaica itself, however, most Rastafarians seem too sedated to commit violence.

Gun Court

With or without the Rastafarians, criminal violence has become a way of life in Kingston. Since Jamaica became independent from Britain in 1962, the murder rate in the Kingston area has increased 450 percent, the robbery rate 400 percent, and the shooting rate 950 percent. The murder rate is now greater than that of New York City.

Last year, in a period of near hysteria after the murder of four prominent businessmen during robbery attempts, Prime Minister Manley's government tried a dramatic and controversial way of dealing with crime. It created the Gun Court. The Gun Court was meant to frighten criminals out of using their guns. Under a new law, anyone convicted of illegal possession of a gun was given an indefinite sentence at hard labor. The trial itself was held in secret, so that friends, relatives, and the press could not make a hero of the defendant. There was no bail.

To add to the mystery and drama, the court and the detention center were put together on an old army compound in Kingston. The iron fences and barbed wire around the compound and the buildings on it were all painted bright red. Each corner of the compound had an imposing watchtower manned by a police guard with a rifle. "Gun Court" was printed in black letters against a white background on an enormous sign.

The message to the potential criminal was simple: once arrested, he would enter the bright red compound for trial, and, if found guilty, would stay behind the fences until the government decided to release him, whenever that might be. "It was a dread thing," said Dr. Thomas Surridge, Jamaica's Commissioner of Corrections. "Once in there, there would be no certainty when and if you would get out."

But the Gun Court offended promi-

nent Jamaican lawyers schooled in British traditions. They brought suit against its use. In December, 1974, a Jamaican court declared it unconstitutional. Although the Jamaican government is appealing the decision to the British Privy Council in London, which still acts as the last court of appeal for this former British colony, few outsiders expect the government to win. In any case, there is doubt that the Gun Court was doing its job. Although gun murders and shootings dropped in the first three months after the creation of the Gun Court, they soon climbed to their old levels. Criminals on Jamaica are probably too desperate to be deterred by the threat of being jailed for an indefinite period behind a fence, no matter how dread the red paint.

Brother Mike

Both the crime and Rastafarianism are obvious signals of hopelessness, and Prime Minister Manley seems to have taken notice. Manley is a tall, athletic, handsome man of fifty with graying curly hair. He is lighter than most Jamaicans, for his mother was English. His father, the late Norman Manley, was a prime minister and one of the politicians who led Jamaica to independence in 1962. The younger Manley became prime minister in 1972, when his People's National Party turned the Jamaica Labor Party out of office by winning thirty-seven of fifty-three seats in Parliament.

It is hard to dislike Manley; even his opponents like him. The Aluminum Company of America (Alcoa) is resisting the attempt by Manley's government to buy 51 percent of its operations in Jamaica, but Paul A. Crouch, Alcoa's managing director in Jamaica, says, "If we were in baseball, we would easily trade a Ford or a Rockefeller for a Michael Manley."

Manley displays no pomposity. I accompanied him on a recent tour of western Jamaica. He drove his own Land Rover, sometimes reaching speeds of sixty miles an hour on narrow country roads. Dressed in blue canvas shoes, tan jeans, and a sports shirt with a psychedelic pattern of browns, blacks, and yellows, he stopped to deliver little homilies to roadside crowds. "Money is not the only thing in life. Money can't make your soul rich." He is much like a missionary or a quiet preacher, sometimes speaking soberly with the faintest touch of a Jamaican drawl, not unlike



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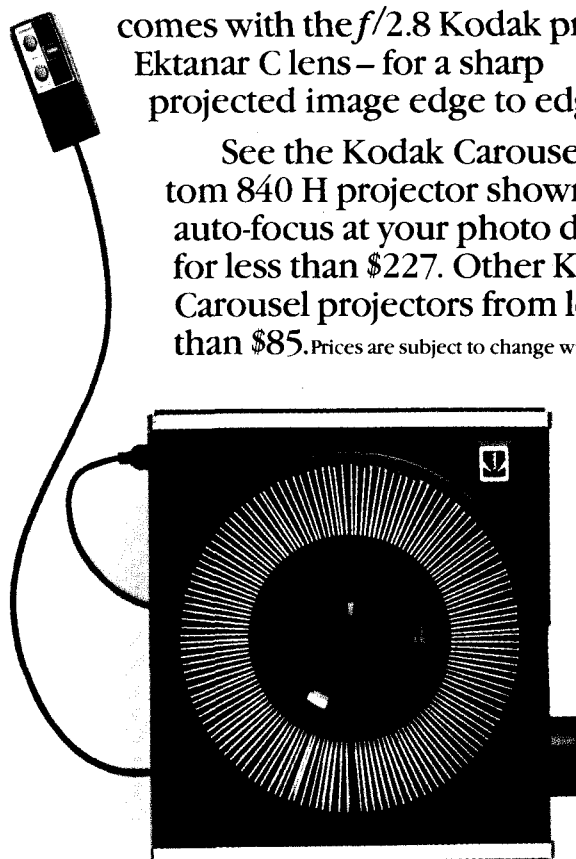
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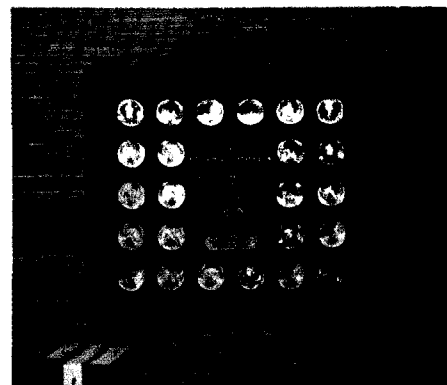


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JAMAICA

an Irish lilt. At other times, if his audience seems less schooled, he speaks almost in Jamaican patois, encouraging the crowd to respond to him with cries of "sure, it is," and "da-so."

The Jamaicans were attentive and respectful, never frenzied like crowds in Africa or Latin America. The member of Parliament for the area, a bald black man named Jim Thompson, tried to encourage some shouting from time to time. "Three cheers for Brother Mike," he shouted. "Hip-hip-hooray! Hip-hip-hip-hip-hooray! Hip-hip-hip-hip-hooray!" The Jamaicans would politely respond with "hooray" at the proper time. But there was none of the blind adulation that is encouraged in other Third World countries.

In one village, Manley promised a crowd that the government would help build a community center if they supplied the labor. Their reaction amused him. "How come," he asked, "when I say what the government do, everybody say yay; when I say what you got to do, everybody go quiet?" In those words lies the essence of what Manley is attempting to do with his "socialism."

In trying to explain his socialist philosophy, Manley says that his main task is to break Jamaica away from the American dream that any man can become a millionaire. "The millionaire's dream," he says, "is a fantastic thing if you're America, with all your economic and physical frontiers to conquer . . . In Jamaica, there isn't the space to make it work through that dream. What that dream does is to create a few millionaires and a hell of a lot of paupers . . ."

Instead, he says, he wants Jamaicans to become self-reliant, cooperative, and egalitarian. To do so, he insists, he needs the vehicle of a world philosophy that has a symbolic meaning for the people. If a leader simply tours the countryside urging youngsters to work hard, cooperate, and give up elitism, "you have a hell of a tough job, you know, if somewhere the youngster doesn't feel it relates back to a central philosophy." Manley has chosen socialism as the symbol for Jamaicans to hold on to.

So far, most of Manley's policies seem to come straight out of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal. In the style of the old CCC and WPA, for example, he has set up a Pioneer Corps to hire

unemployed youths to build public works. His government has doubled the education budget in two years. Fees have been abolished for public secondary schools, and the number of openings is increasing at the rate of 2000 a year. Manley is trying to mount a large-scale literacy program, mostly with volunteer teachers. The government is trying to step up public housing construction, though it failed in 1973 to meet even its inadequate goal of 4100 new houses.

Given the enormity of the island's problems, much of the attack seems feeble. But that is not owing to any lack of will. Manley appears to be more intent than his predecessors on trying to overcome Jamaica's awesome social and economic problems. Even so, his government does not have the financial resources to do the job. That is one of the reasons Manley decided to battle the foreign-owned bauxite industry last year.

To an outsider, the most obvious manifestation of Jamaican socialism is the campaign against the bauxite industry. But, in fact, it is more a manifestation of Third World-ism than of socialism. The developing world no longer accepts foreign control over its vital resources. Jamaica has done no more than the oil producers of the Middle East or the copper countries of Africa.

The mining of bauxite, the ore that eventually becomes aluminum, employs very few Jamaicans. But in 1973, it accounted for 11 percent of Jamaica's gross domestic product, 40 percent of its foreign exchange earnings, and 65 percent of the value of its exports. Jamaica has 6.5 percent of the world's reserves, and is the main supplier to the United States. Only Australia produces more. The industry had been completely in the hands of a foreign monopoly composed of six American and Canadian companies: Alcan, Alcoa, Anaconda, Kaiser, Revere, and Reynolds.

In May, 1974, the Jamaican government increased taxes and royalties from \$3.10 per ton of bauxite to \$12.27. This pushed Jamaica's annual bauxite revenue from its old level of \$25 million to \$150 million. The new revenue was equal to about 40 percent of all the government's revenues from all sources for the 1973-1974 fiscal year. It nearly made up for the foreign exchange Jamaica had lost in paying higher oil prices. The increased taxes and royalties added about 2.5 cents to the cost of a pound of aluminum in the United States.

Manley then opened negotiations with the companies, one by one, to buy 51 percent control and all their land at reasonable cost. The companies disagreed with him more on price and amount of control than on principle. "In a country like this," says Crouch of Alcoa, "the Jamaican government has to be part of the bauxite industry. The only question is whether, in proving its manhood, it acts with the right amount of prudence and wisdom." So far, Kaiser, Revere, and Reynolds have reached preliminary agreements to sell 51 percent control to the government at what Manley considers a fair price. The others are sure to follow.

Jamaica has also organized an International Bauxite Association in an attempt to raise the world price. This action, of course, has provoked fear that the industrialized nations will soon have another cartel like OPEC on their hands, an attitude that angers Jamaican officials.

"We are sick and tired," says Sir Egerton Richardson, who represents the Jamaican government in the negotiations with the bauxite companies, "of the conservative fringe in the United States crying out that we are trying to strangle the great United States. Nobody is in the position of an oil producer. We are not fooling ourselves." Nevertheless, the price of bauxite has been kept relatively stable only because Jamaica and the other members of the association have failed so far to persuade Australia, the biggest producer, that the price should go up.

Buying time

The bauxite campaign, while it increases government revenue and satisfies nationalist feelings, does not deal directly with the major economic problems of Jamaica. These problems are complicated by a delicate social issue that Jamaican leaders do not like to talk about—the question of race. But here, too, a basic conservatism gives Manley time.

Claude Robinson, the prime minister's press secretary, told foreign newsmen recently that "race is irrelevant to Jamaica." It was an odd statement to make in the face of evidence to the contrary. For Jamaica has 1.5 million blacks, most of whom are at the bottom of the economic scale, and 30,000 Europeans, Chinese, and Lebanese, most of whom are at the top. Moreover, among the blacks there are 50,000 Rastafarians,

who reject white Christianity and pine for salvation in black Africa.

But Robinson had simply overstated his case. What he meant was that black Jamaican society had rejected the ideology of Black Power and was willing to give power to those of a different skin color. Manley has more white than black blood. Perhaps more significantly, Edward Seaga, the leader of the Jamaica Labor Party and therefore the leader of the Opposition, is a white man of Lebanese descent elected to Parliament from West Kingston, the toughest, poorest, blackest neighborhood of the city, and one of the spawning grounds of the Rastafarians.

But this does not mean that race is irrelevant. Rex Nettleford of the University of the West Indies, who has analyzed Jamaican black nationalism for years, tried to put the issue in perspective. "There are many people in the society," he said in a recent interview, "who feel that it is proper for a white or brown to have power. They do not trust a black man. And by white or brown, they do not necessarily mean the color of their skin. We have a saying that someone is a roast breadfruit—black outside but white inside." In short, Nettleford seemed to be saying, many Jamaican voters prefer white or brown leaders, but would accept a black leader if he had white attitudes and values.

The question for Manley is, How long can this last? It is true that Jamaica sometimes seems like a somnolent, easygoing, conservative land. But it suffers from enormous poverty, unemployment, illiteracy, slums, and crime. How long will the hopeless unemployed meet their desperation by quietly smoking ganja and dreaming of redemption? How long will the black masses continue to reject Black Power and vote for leaders who either are or act like white Europeans? Probably longer than an outsider might expect. Whether it is enough time, however, for Prime Minister Manley to change the attitudes of his people with his mild and unhurried Christian socialism is another matter. But his intelligence, his popularity, and the new wealth he has acquired for his country at least give him a chance.

—STANLEY MEISLER

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTORS

Sanford J. Ungar is *The Atlantic's* Washington editor.

Stanley Meisler is a correspondent for the *Los Angeles Times*, based in Mexico City.

PARTY of ONE

In Appreciation of Celebrities

by Thomas Griffith

I think of celebrities as the transient royalty of a democracy. With their faces as their fortune, they make regal progresses across the land. While reigning, they live like kings, with paid and unpaid courtiers to show them little attentions. But their powers and privileges last only during their flowering period, and are not transferable; they leave no bloodlines behind. Celebrities do not survive in the history books as do royalty, but become only half-recalled names in trivia quizzes.

Has anyone made a proper study of the genus *celebrity*? It seems a natural field of inquiry, and though in my college days I once scorned sociology as a mock science which achieved academic respectability by quantifying and jargonizing the obvious, I have since come to appreciate how sociology grabs off many of the best subjects. I bring no academic precision to the matter, yet would begin by distinguishing between three varieties of well-known people: personalities, celebrities, and Beautiful People.

Personalities are best exemplified by those game-show participants on television, full of frenetic enthusiasm and coy mindlessness, as if their role is to reassure viewers that there exist people dumber than they. Beautiful People don't even have to work that hard: they toil not, they only spin. They spend a lot of time thinking about how they want to look, and the rest of the time thinking of how to pass the time. As a group, they combine those who are attractive and undemanding with those who have made a pile of money and now, on yachts or sunny coasts or ski slopes, can enjoy it and subsidize (or marry) those who amuse them.

Celebrities, however, are worthier stuff. They combine outsized personality

with achievement of some sort, but the achievement came first. Whether a person earns success by being rougher with a hockey stick than anyone else or by becoming the most celebrated of astronomers, the social utility of the achievement matters less than the fact that he is very good at it. But this is only the takeoff point.

To qualify as a celebrity, a person must enjoy drawing attention to himself. Soon he passes from the stage of scoring small successes to delighting in the power of being known, and before long begins to accent those quirks of manner or of opinion that make a celebrity stand out.

He (or she) comes to enjoy the company of fellow celebrities more than of colleagues, for celebrityhood is an instant bond, uniting people of widely disparate accomplishments. At my home on eastern Long Island last summer, a typical celebrity affair took place: an all-star baseball game, in which people who are good at something else attracted attention by playing baseball amateurishly together. Clean Gene McCarthy was at first, and the third baseman was Clifford Irving, the con man who faked an autobiography of Howard Hughes. Celebrityhood made them brothers for a day.

Occasionally, a celebrity will fraternize with mere personalities, letting a Merv Griffin fawn over him, but always with evident condescension. Sometimes a celebrity lets himself be collected by the Beautiful People as a way for them to ward off boredom, though the celebrity is likely to find the experience too rich for his blood and his purse, more luxurious than stimulating.

It is when one moves from being admired in one's own field to a wider recognition that rot begins to set in. Celebrities soon discover that the public regards them as public property, and the public can be quite possessive and censorious of whomever—be they professors or rock guitarists—it has elected to royal status. That hectoring attitude is well illustrated by a recent letter to the editor of *People* magazine:

How on earth can your magazine waste precious space on the likes of Jackie Bouvier Kennedy Onassis? She has bags under her eyes, no shape whatsoever, a speech impediment, and lacks any sense of newsworthiness.

This lugubrious exemplar of public opinion likes to think that the public's bestowal of favor, rather than achieve-

ment by an individual, is what makes a celebrity. For show biz people who are constantly answerable at the box office, this may indeed be the case, though my sympathies are all with Humphrey Bogart, who felt that he owed the public nothing but a good performance and was as entitled as anyone else to booze and roughhouse. Most celebrities want it both ways, of course, want to be recognized by headwaiters but spared the attention of autograph seekers, *papparazzi* catching them out with the wrong companion, and interviewers badgering them with insolent questions.

The public is properly indifferent to such complaints, believing that celebrities have volunteered for it: if they want to be seen in the limelight, they must expect to draw a few gnats. Besides, most celebrities have long since developed the defenses of an all-purpose middle-distance smile, an agile set of elbows, and a tough hide.

For me, the real fascination of celebrities is the uses to which they put their good names. And here some distinctions can be made. Consider the commercial opportunities. In professional sports, the arena has been taken over not only by those greedy troglodytes who own the valuable franchises, but by a calculating set of athlete merchandisers. Thus, a superstar often makes more money by endorsing gins, golf clubs, cosmetics, luggage, and sports jackets than he does by a season of grunting on the gridiron, or nervous afternoons spent in breaking par.

In Madison Avenue terms, celebrities are valuable less for being believable than for getting the viewer's attention. After all, does anyone expect the millionaire Joe Namath to go around in real life wearing \$14.95 permanent press pants? It's all a hustle, and Namath cheerfully makes no bones about it. But what about Jim Lovell, once the most straight arrow of the astronauts, selling insurance on television? He's such a decent guy, you know how much he must have worried about the "dignity" of the commercial's backdrop, and the words he had to utter, so that they wouldn't reflect on the space program and all that. But it's still a hustle, and as sad for me as the memory of William Jennings Bryan in his last days, using that silvery orator's voice to peddle Florida real estate.

But then, advertising is such a well-

Thomas Griffith's latest book is *How True*.

understood mutation of reality that one's daily supply of indignation is better invested in something else. There are celebrities, men of *real* achievement, who wouldn't endorse \$25 Scotch even if promised a lifetime supply. Yet they, too, find their well-lit path full of pitfalls. For besides money, celebrityhood has news and prestige value. When such a condition exists in our society, it cries to be put to use. Those who wouldn't sell their names are often persuaded to lend them. They endorse a colleague's book (and are often reciprocally rewarded); they put their names to causes, and are persuaded to be the "signature" on charity appeal letterheads; they become the spokesmen for their fields on TV panel shows or in testimony before Congress. They take pleasure in, while bemoaning, all the demands upon them. And even their vanity disarms.

But there are ambiguities in the double nature of their gift—that first achievement, and then the egotistic capitalization on it that separates them from their "no name" colleagues. Others in the field may be jealous of John Kenneth Galbraith's newsworthiness, envious of his prose, and dubious about some of his political ideas, but they cannot challenge his economist's credentials, and once showed this by electing him to head their professional society. Perhaps his fellow economists, besides esteeming Galbraith personally, were paying their own tribute to the value Americans put on a Big Name. For any group is enhanced by the presence of someone who can articulate its cause or defend it from attack.

Those celebrities who keep a sense of proportion recognize the inequities in their advantages. Colleagues write books that are of similar worth or even better, yet command but one tenth the sales. Some "distinguished professors" earn superstar salaries, though their lectures are merely cribs of the books they are writing. They begrudge their students any personal contact, though their presence is supposed to enhance the students' education.

Celebrities with a sense of proportion also know how fickle acclaim can be. A democracy of 200 million people needs some mechanism for singling out those whom it respects, heeds, or is merely curious about, and our marketing apparatus as well as our journalism responds by acknowledging a constant supply of the Big Five, the

Leading Ten, or the Top Forty, and giving them a disproportionate amount of time and notice. Celebrities of this sort (for we are no longer talking about third basemen or pop artists) are the "point men" of their trade or calling, taking chances and risking rebuffs that more modest, self-conscious, or cautious colleagues avoid. A certain exuberance of ego in them makes this possible.

They have another redeeming social value in a society so separated by its disciplines and special knowledges. They become the articulators of their specialties, not necessarily because they know so much more about them than their colleagues, but because they are the only ones we nonmembers are willing to listen to or watch. They entertain, surprise, and sometimes educate.

The tension in their performance comes from the balancing of their need to entertain with the prudence that their professional competence requires of them. Eventually their act wears out, becomes practiced and glib, loses spontaneity. They have answered the same questions too many times before, have traveled the circuit too long, while their colleagues are more quietly pursuing particular knowledge or finding time to reflect. In widening their audience, celebrities often lose the esteem of the narrow audience they once valued most.

They have a spectacular passage across our skies, then fall. Irritating as many of them may be, I find myself grateful for their presence. It might be argued that if celebrityhood is democracy's substitute for nobility, it is a somewhat debased one. But then, looking at the declining forces of the actual nobility in the few places where nobility still exists, I think the substitute not all that inferior.

The real precariousness in celebrityhood is in its relationship to lasting reputation. Celebrities squander the capital of their reputations for present enjoyment and notoriety, against the future renown that less celebrated colleagues may yet enjoy, or that they themselves might more surely have earned had they not perverted or wasted their talents. Some healthy egos I know take this knowledge philosophically too, like a track star not at all upset when his four-minute mile is later eclipsed. But I have detected in other celebrities who have been around a long time an offstage melancholy that must come from what they see in their own mirror.

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THE MEDITATION GAME

SIR: Adam Smith ("The Meditation Game," October *Atlantic*) makes Nirvana, the state of perfect peace, goodness, and wisdom, sound wacky. Actually, Siddhartha Gautama (the Buddha) taught that to achieve Nirvana one must trot the "Eightfold Path": right views, right aspirations, right speech, right conduct, right mode of livelihood, right endeavor, right mindfulness, and right meditation.

How does one know what "right" is, you ask? Upon achieving Nirvana, which is denying the self so that the true self can be attained, you just *know*.

SUSAN HABBYSKAW
Mercer, Pa.

SIR: Otherwise intelligent persons swallow whole this superstitious propaganda of not divulging their "individually matched mantra." It is a relief to find in Mr. Smith another who is authorized to use the mantra *Shiam*, and unafraid to share the information. Should we form a club?

JUNE CHAMPLIN
Cushing, Me.

SIR: Adam Smith did a service to take the metaphysics and mystique out of Transcendental Meditation. But the greater need is to relate the "meditation game" to the other Adam Smith.

Each type of adjustment has political and economic implications. When adjustment is used as individual escape from a dehumanized society, it helps perpetuate the social chaos that makes meditation games attractive.

WILLIAM H. BOYER
Honolulu, Hawaii

POLES APART

SIR: I found the article on Poland in the Reports & Comment section of your October issue very interesting. However,

I cannot agree with Anthony Astrachan that the Poles refused aid to the fighting Jews of the Warsaw Ghetto. It is a grave simplification of the facts, and explaining this by anti-Semitism does injustice to the Poles.

Lucy S. Dawidowicz, in her book *The War Against the Jews 1933-1945*, quotes Bund leader Leon Feiner, who said, "... we are organizing a defense of the Ghetto, not because we think it can be defended, but to let the world see the hopelessness of our battle—as a demonstration and a reproach. . . ." The Poles did not refuse help for this hopeless battle—about 10 percent of the Jewish Combat Organization's arsenal was delivered to them directly by the Polish Underground's Home Army. Later on, during the uprising, the Jewish Combat Organization addressed a proclamation to the Polish population of Warsaw: "Let it be known that every threshold in the Ghetto has been and will continue to be a fortress, that we may all perish in this struggle, but we will not surrender; that, like you, we breathe with desire for revenge for all the crimes of our common foe." It ended with the Polish historic call for fight against tyranny everywhere, "A battle is being waged for your freedom as well as ours. . . ."

PIOTR KOZIOL
Boston, Mass.

Anthony Astrachan replies:

Lucy Dawidowicz also says that the question of Home Army aid to the Jewish Combat Organization "was not just military, but political, and it was exacerbated by pandemic Polish anti-Semitism." She cites a "lukewarm recommendation" on arms by Henryk Wolinski, in charge of Jewish affairs for the Chief Command of the Home Army, and a "splenetic and distrustful radio message" from General Stefan Rowecki, commander-in-chief of the Home Army, to the Polish High Com-

mand in London. Dawidowicz mentions that Britain supplied the Home Army with 600 tons of equipment, one third of the Home Army's total arms supply. The Home Army in turn gave 10 guns, 49 revolvers, 50 grenades, and "a quantity of explosives" to the Jewish Combat Organization. That was the 10 percent of the Jewish arms supply to which Mr. Koziol refers. The rest of the Jewish Combat Organization arms were "bought at exorbitant cost and great peril from Poles and smuggled . . . into the ghetto."

SIR: So, according to Anthony Astrachan, the Poles are still making jokes about the Palace of Culture built in Warsaw by the USSR as a gift to the Polish people!

I am reminded of my husband's visit to Poland in 1956. In Warsaw that summer, the guide for his party showed them this monstrous example of Stalin-esque architecture and quietly remarked, "We say it's small, but in good taste!"

SARAH S. WOLF
Jonesport, Me.

MORE ON DWARFS

SIR: Your September article, "Dwarfs" by Sonny Kleinfeld, omitted reference to an eminent English writer of short stature, four feet and six inches—Alexander Pope, eighteenth-century satirist. Pope's growth is said to have been affected by a bone disease, Pott's disease, contracted in his early teens.

The connection between Pope's physical smallness and his deadly satiric bite is evident in the following avenging "Rondeau to Phillis," addressed to a woman who "rally'd my Person so much as to cause a total Subversion of my Countenance":

You know where you did despise
(T'other day) my little eyes,
Little legs, and little thighs,

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And some things of little size,
You know where.

You, tis true, have fine black eyes,
Taper legs, and tempting thighs,
Yet what more than all we prize
Is a thing of little size.
You know where.

MRS. MILDRED WHITKIN
Great Neck, N.Y.

SIR: I enjoyed the article on dwarfs by Sonny Kleinfield. However, I feel that it is important to correct a few medical facts. It is extremely rare for dwarfs to attain a normal height in adult life, and the case quoted of Adam Rainer would be most unusual.

When dwarfs marry either other dwarfs or average people, they require individual genetic counseling. The risk of having dwarfed children depends entirely upon the accurate diagnosis of the condition, and in many cases is as high as 50 percent. I would also like to point out that there is treatment available to induce normal sexual maturation in midjets. Midjets are not feeble in mind or body.

Overall, the most important thing in contact with little people is to remember that all people should be treated in a manner appropriate for their age, not according to their size!

JOHN G. ROGERS, M.D.
Baltimore, Md.

Sonny Kleinfield replies:

I didn't mean to imply that it is at all commonplace for dwarfs to reach normal height in adult life, though a number of cases of growth spurts have been documented. Nor did I intend to overlook the need for genetic counseling; I merely meant to point out that most dwarf offspring are of normal stature. Dwarfs certainly aren't feeble in mind, though midjets certainly make less than powerful wrestlers.

Quite right, Dr. Rogers, is that the best manner of dealing with the small set is to forget altogether about height.

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME

SIR: I have been a subscriber to *The Atlantic* off and on for several years. During that time, I have found that the poetry selections have been uniformly disappointing, if not just plain bad.

You can imagine, therefore, how grateful I am to you for the October publication of two *outstanding* poems:

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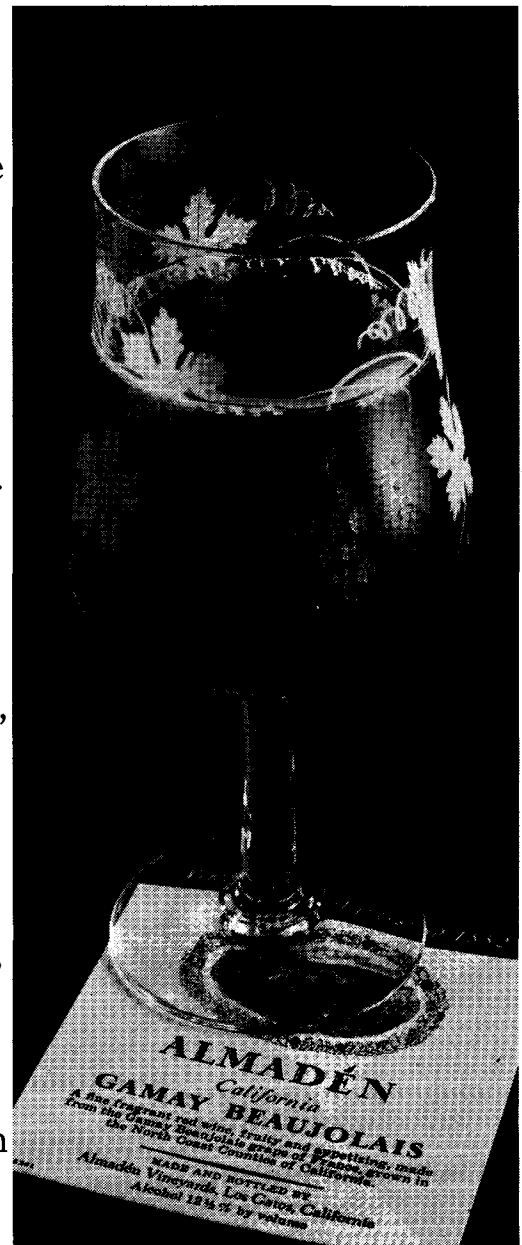
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"The News," by William Matthews, and "Letter to Kathy From Wisdom," by Richard Hugo.

CHERYL DAVIS
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: Richard Hugo's "A Good View from Flagstaff" (July *Atlantic*) is, quite simply, the best poem I've seen anywhere in several years. It's a classic, as good as the best of Roethke and Dickey and Lowell. I applaud your taste and intelligence, particularly in publishing the two Hugo poems in recent issues.

The Atlantic has printed more good poetry in the last year than *APR*, *Poetry*, and *The New Yorker* combined. Moreover, your poetry has been consistently first-rate and distinctive, while the poetry in these other publications has been uniformly dull.

PHILIP R. MOORE
Seneca, S. C.

SIR: Thinking women should rise up and thank you for the story "A Woman of Character" by Ward Just (October *Atlantic*), a beautifully constructed story by a writer who stayed with his title!

MILDRED E. ROBERTS
Pittsburgh, Pa.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: Patrick Moynihan's essay on historical changes in U.S. foreign policy ("How Much Does Freedom Matter?" July *Atlantic*) underlined freedom and democracy as the keys to their understanding. I think of Cuba and Chile, two dramatic cases in recent U.S. foreign policy, and find it hard to explain them in Moynihan's terms. With the Cuban Revolution the U.S. stance changed from indifference to hostility, whereas the change in Chile from Allende to Pinochet was accompanied by an abrupt switch from hostility to indifference. And yet, both Castro's Cuba and the Chile of Pinochet are totalitarian.

If Moynihan's question were "Freedom for whom?" U.S. foreign policy might be better explained. The Cuban Revolution meant less freedom for the economic elite, including U.S. interests and the professional classes, whereas, some would argue, it meant relatively more freedom for the masses. Chile's Pinochet, on the other hand, increased the options for the economic elite and reduced them drastically for the working classes. Therefore it would seem that freedom does count in the determi-

nation of our foreign policy, the freedom of economic elites and U.S. interests.

DONALD CONOVER
Cali, Colombia

SIR: In his excellent article on Cuba in your September issue (Reports & Comment), Stanley Meisler states that the Cuban people pay no taxes.

While they do not pay an income tax as we know it, Cubans, like citizens in European communist countries, pay the government—for food, clothing, and other possessions—a price much higher than the actual cost to produce. A turnover tax, if you please.

Communist governments generally subsidize or give free such things as rent, day care for children, health care, pensions, etc. But a communist government is no different from any other government, in that the money to do these things must come from some source. Most of the citizens involved do not realize that they are paying a turnover tax. This misconception obviously gives added strength to the communist government, since its citizens believe they are getting something for nothing.

WALTER L. LINGLE, JR.
Cincinnati, Ohio

SIR: Franco Romagnoli's "Maionese," buried on the 79th page of your September *Atlantic*, was sheer delight.

MILLIE REISZ
Boston, Mass.

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HOW THE SOVIET ELITE LIVES

At play in the shadow of the Kremlin

by Hedrick Smith

The Russian upper crust have seen the future, and they know it works. Their limousines whisk them from Red Square to delicacy-stocked stores closed to ordinary folk, to stately country dachas. You might call it a Communist party conspiracy.

... every Leninist knows (that is, if he is a real Leninist) that equalization in the sphere of requirements and individual life is a piece of reactionary petty bourgeois absurdity . . .

—Stalin, 1934

Pick any weekday afternoon to stroll down Granovsky Street two blocks from the Kremlin, as I have, and you will find two lines of well-polished black Volga sedans, their engines idling and their chauffeurs watchfully eyeing their mirrors. They are parked self-confidently over the curbs, in defiance of No Parking signs but obviously unworried about the police. Their drivers' attention is on the entrance at No. 2 Granovsky, a drab beige structure, windows painted over, and a plaque that says: "In this building on April 19, 1919, Vladimir Ilyich Lenin spoke before the commanders of the Red Army headed for the [civil war] front."

A second sign, by the door, identifies the building simply as "The Bureau of Passes." But not just any passes, I was told. Only those of the Communist party Central Committee staff and their families. An outsider, not attuned to the preference of party officials for black Volgas and untrained to spot the telltale MOC and MOII license plates of Central Committee cars, would notice nothing unusual. Now and then, men and women emerge from the Bureau of Passes with bulging bags and packages wrapped discreetly in plain brown paper, and settle comfortably in the rear seats of the waiting Volgas to be chauffeured home. Down the block and out of general view, other chauffeurs are summoned by loudspeaker into an enclosed and guarded courtyard to pick up telephone orders for home delivery. A white-haired watchman at the gate shoos away curious pedestrians, as he did me when I paused to admire the ruins of a church at the rear of the courtyard. For this is a closed store, deliberately unmarked to avoid attracting attention, accessible to the Soviet elite and only with a special pass.

An entire network of such stores serves the upper crust of Soviet society—the bosses, or what one Soviet journalist irreverently called "our Communist nobility." These stores insulate the Soviet aristocracy from the chronic shortages, the endless waiting in line, the rude service, and other harass-

ments that daily plague ordinary citizens. Here, the politically anointed can obtain rare Russian delicacies like caviar, smoked salmon, the best canned sturgeon, export brands of vodka or unusual vintages of Georgian and Moldavian wines, choice meat, fresh fruits and vegetables in winter that are rarely available elsewhere. (Once a Russian woman told me an odd joke about the difference between rich and poor people in Russia: "The rich eat tomatoes year-round, and we eat them just in summer.")

Certain stores also provide the elite with all kinds of foreign goods that the proletariat never lays eyes on (at cut-rate, duty-free prices): French cognac, Scotch whisky, American cigarettes, imported chocolates, Italian ties, Austrian fur-lined boots, English woolens, French perfumes, German shortwave radios, Japanese tape recorders and stereo sets. In other stores, VIPs are even supplied with hot, ready-cooked meals to take out, prepared by Kremlin chefs. So superior is the quality of this food to the common fare in state stores that one well-connected Muscovite told me that she and her friends patronize a "diet" food store in the old Arbat district because it gets leftovers from the Bureau of Passes on Granovsky Street.

The Soviet system of privileges has its protocol: perquisites are parceled out according to rank. At the top, the supreme leaders of the Communist party Politburo, members of the powerful party Central Committee, Cabinet ministers, and the small executive group that runs the Supreme Soviet, or parliament, get the *kremlevsky payok*, the Kremlin ration—enough food to feed their families luxuriously every month—free. (By contrast, an ordinary urban family of four might spend 180 to 200 rubles a month, solidly half its income, on food.) The very top leaders get home delivery or use stores right inside the Kremlin and Central Committee headquarters. Deputy ministers and the Supreme Soviet executive group have their special shop at Government House, a hulking gray apartment building next to the Shockworker Movie Theatre on Bersenevsky Embankment Road. Old Bolsheviks who joined the party before 1930 and are now on pension get their Kremlin ration at a special shop in a three-story building on Komsomol Lane. The value and quality of the rations are arranged in descending order according to rank.

Other special, cut-rate food stores cater to Soviet marshals and admirals, to top-flight scientists, cosmonauts, economic managers, highly-decorated Heroes of Socialist Labor, to Lenin Prize winning writers, actors, or ballet stars, to senior editors of

Pravda, *Izvestia*, or other important publications, to the Moscow city hierarchy. The Central Committee apparatus has three levels of officials and employees, I was told by a man whose work took him there, and they shop at three different, graded shops and eat in cafeterias at party headquarters provisioned strictly according to the pecking order. Middle-level functionaries in the party, major ministries, the armed forces general staff, or the secret police have middle-level stores with fewer luxury items, and they pay more than the big bosses.

In many government agencies the higher-ups are rewarded with what are known as "special distributions," passes granting them access to special stores located on the premises. Each official, one bureaucrat told me, has some specified quota of money that he can spend in the store, marked on an identification card and fixed according to his rank.

For another privileged sliver of Soviet society there are eight hard-currency Beryozka shops in Moscow where Russians with "certificate rubles" can buy imported goods or hard-to-find Soviet items at bargain prices. Certificate rubles are a special currency usually issued to those who have earned money abroad—diplomats, trusted journalists, poets, and the like—when they exchange it for Soviet money. But well-connected government officials supposedly get part pay in these certificates, which trade on the black market at up to eight to one for regular rubles. Almost anyone who deals regularly with foreigners—Intourist guides, interpreters for government agencies, journalists who escort foreigners, language tutors who tutor diplomats—gets some allowance in certificate rubles to spend on an imported scarf, a colorful shirt or tie, a pair of platform shoes. One American diplomat even noticed the security man who had tailed him shopping in a Beryozka store. In addition, higher-ups who occasionally entertain foreign dignitaries are supplied with restaurant catering for parties and, I heard, are even lent furs for their wives for special occasions. The furs and the catering are typical of the network of privileges of the top elite—for these are privileges which money cannot buy. They go with rank and status.*

* According to the British quarterly *Survey*, Brezhnev's official salary is 900 rubles a month but his perquisites make his real income far higher, though incalculable. That is true for many others in the power elite. On the surface, however, Brezhnev looks less well off than a Soviet marshal (top salary 2000 rubles monthly), key defense research scientists and administrators (also in the 2000-ruble range), or a leading writer whose royalties can run to 150,000 rubles for a book that gets picked up by television or the movies. Not only does the power elite get more of the privileges that money cannot buy, but Soviet insiders talk of special, secret pay-packets for key party officials, though this is something impossible to calculate with any certainty.

The privileged elite is a sizable class—well over a million, and counting relatives, probably several million. Its precise size is one of many elusive things about Soviet society, since the Russians do not admit it exists. Officially there are only two classes, workers and peasants, and a “stratum” of employees—white-collar workers and the intelligentsia. It is only the upper portion of this “intelligentsia” which constitutes the real privileged class. Its core is the apex of the Communist party and the government, the political bureaucracy that runs the country, joined by the senior economic managers, most influential scientific administrators, and the princes of the party press and propaganda network.

The nerve center of the system is known in Soviet parlance as the *nomenklatura*, the secret roster of those who hold the most sensitive positions and who are selected by the party bosses. *Nomenklatura* exists on practically every level of Soviet life, from the village to the Kremlin. At the top, the *nomenklatura* of the Politburo—that is, the posts filled by direct appointment of the Soviet rulers themselves—are the Cabinet ministers, the head of the Academy of Sciences, editors of *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, party bosses in all the republics and provinces, deputy ministers of the most sensitive ministries, the ambassador to the United States and a few other key ambassadors, and the secretariat of the Communist party Central Committee. This secretariat, a body more powerful than the White House staff, then names more people to thousands of other important jobs—lower, but still very important. And so on down the line to republics, provinces, to cities, districts, villages, in a huge patronage system.

It is this same careful hierarchy that is rewarded through the network of special stores and other facilities. The patronage system spreads out across the country, and even in provincial capitals a similar network of closed stores and other privileges exists for the local elite, on a much smaller and more modest scale, of course. *Nomenklatura* operates like a self-perpetuating, self-selecting fraternity, closed to rank-and-file party members, open to those in positions of party leadership or in jobs within the party *apparat*—the *apparatchiki*.

The one other avenue into the Soviet elite is the demonstrated ability of an individual to contribute to the power and prestige of the Soviet State. A



leading scientist, a prima ballerina, a cosmonaut, an Olympic champion, a world-famous violinist, a renowned military commander can earn status in the Soviet elite—status, but not power.

As performers in the display of Soviet power and success, cultural and scientific celebrities must demonstrate loyalty to maintain their standing and privileges. The party holds the monopoly of awarding them lavish financial prizes and bestowing on them the orders and ranks that guarantee a life of ease, or simply deciding that they can be profitably published. The party also punishes. It can withhold official recognition, as it did in the case of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn when it prevented him from winning a Lenin Prize; or it can withdraw privilege when it is offended, as it did to the famous cellist Mstislav Rostropovich, suspending his right to travel abroad and even to perform at home. But normally, both as a token of success and as a means of co-opting those who are already successful, the party bureaucracy grants to the cultural and scientific elite titles of People's Artist or Lenin Laureate, and privileges like comfortable country homes, much as the Russian czars through the centuries granted estates and titles of nobility

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to the service gentry who performed valiantly for the crown.

After the Revolution, Lenin decreed that talented specialists should be paid more than ordinary workers and that scientists should get special food rations, in spite of communism's egalitarian goals. John Reed, the American Communist who wrote *Ten Days That Shook the World*, recorded his uneasiness at Soviet leaders' arrogating privileges to themselves. But Stalin really developed the system of privilege and boldly defended it with capitalistic logic—on the grounds that certain people, certain groups, were especially valuable to the state and merited special pay and rewards. Now, the party Central Committee has a department known by the innocuous title of *Upravleniye Delami*—"the Administration of Affairs"—and, with a secret budget, it operates and equips an extensive stable of choice apartment houses, country dachas, government guesthouses, and special rest homes, fleets of car pools, and squads of security-screened servants for the power elite. A Moscow journalist explained to me that these servants have to sign a statement that they will not gossip about how the elite conduct their private lives. They are richly rewarded for their discretion, he said, because they have their own special stores and dacha complexes.

The most conspicuous symbols of rank and privilege are the chauffeur-driven limousines of the *nachalstvo* (bosses), with their gray curtains discreetly shrouding VIPs from curious glances. These limousines race down the center of streets while policemen frantically motion other traffic toward the curb. The cream of the elite, about twenty people in all—Politburo members and national secretaries of the Communist party—use black Zil limousines, hand-tooled and worth about \$75,000 apiece. I once peered into a parked leadership Zil until a security man waved me away. It looked like an elongated Lincoln Continental, with a posh interior: soft vinyl armchair seats, plush carpeting, air conditioning, radio telephones, and other gadgetry. An engineer, a student of the trappings of power, told me that Stalin was known for his convoy of six cars—five Zils and one old luxury Packard. He used a different car each time he went out so that no one would know precisely where he was. Khrushchev cut it back to four. Ever since a disgruntled lieutenant took a shot at party leader Brezhnev's car at the Kremlin's Borovitsky Gate on January 22, 1969, Brezhnev has usually moved about in a four-car motorcade.

For the second echelon, who don't quite rate a Zil, the most prestigious car is the Chaika, a bulky, high-bodied limousine that looks like a pregnant 1950s-style Packard. The special center lane of main avenues, the lane reserved for VIP cars, has colloquially become known as "the Chaika lane," because Chaikas are well known for cutting into it. Cabinet ministers, admirals and marshals, and important visiting foreign dignitaries and delegations rate Chaikas. Some Western embassies and businesses have bought them for 10,000 rubles (\$13,300). Ordinary Russians sometimes rent them for wedding parties.

So vast are the fleets of chauffeur-driven state cars (mostly black Volgas) that the people take them for granted. But I have heard complaints that limousine drivers charge through narrow intersections without slowing down, scattering pedestrians like so many chickens on a country road and forcing other motorists to the curbs. An American black woman, attending the Soviet-sponsored World Congress of Peace-Loving Forces in 1973, was so uncomfortable at the lordly way the Chaika driver was racing through the crowds with her official delegation that she said it reminded her of stories about the czarist nobility dashing down the center of roads, splattering mud on the peasants. "Shhhh," cautioned the official Soviet guide, "that's not nice to say."

As ostentatious tokens of rank and privilege, however, the chauffeur-driven cars are atypical. Generally, the Soviet political elite enjoys its privileged life unseen by its own public. I was a bit surprised myself, in 1974, at the glittering reception held in the cool elegance of St. George's Hall in the Kremlin in honor of President Nixon. I was only a few feet away from the leaders when they entered the hall and stood in a row for the playing of the national anthems—Nixon in his blue serge suit, Leonid Brezhnev pursing his lips and wearing a wide, Western-style, wine-red tie, President Nikolai Podgorny with a button nose, and Prime Minister Aleksei Kosygin, looking bored, his eyes wandering like a small boy's impatient for the ceremony to end. The banquet tables that seemed 100 yards long, on either side of the room, groaned with delicacies—several kinds of caviar, smoked salmon, roast suckling pig. Waiters in white livery moved under the large crystal chandeliers passing hot snacks, while an orchestra in the balcony played songs from *South Pacific* for a guest list of hundreds from the Soviet elite. It was only natural for American reporters to mention the luxuriousness of the hospitality, but the Soviet press kept a discreet silence, and not a single glimpse of

this sumptuous ostentation appeared on Soviet television. The man in the street may be vaguely aware of the privileged existence of the Kremlin leaders, but he is kept well at a distance.

The Kremlin itself is enormously imposing. But Moscow has no official residence to match the White House. Soviet leaders put greater stock in their country dachas than in their intown apartment residences. Brezhnev occupies one floor in the rear wing of a heavy old nine-story apartment building at 26 Kutuzovsky Prospekt; Secret Police Chief Yuri Andropov and Internal Security Minister Nikolai Shchelokov are on the floors above and below. Kosygin has the most enviable intown location: a modern apartment building perched on Lenin Hills, overlooking downtown Moscow from across the Moscow River. Podgorny lives in a tall, well-kept, yellow brick apartment house on Aleksei Tolstoy Street. There are several other important intown areas for the political elite and Moscow party apparatus.

But it is the interiors that dazzle less exalted Russians. An actress with friends in the Moscow power hierarchy told me she was astonished to see their kitchens equipped with built-in cabinets, Formica-topped counters, and Kuppersbusch West German stoves and refrigerators, and living rooms furnished tastefully in Finnish modern, bought at discounts and imported duty-free. The equipment was so much fancier than anything normally available on the Soviet market, she said, that mechanics had to be sent to West Germany to be specially trained to install and maintain the kitchens of the elite.

Not only the gadgetry, but the luxury of living one to a bedroom and not having to sleep in the living room impresses other Russians. A graduate student whom I knew frequently visited the family of General Aleksei Mikoyan, a well-established son of longtime Politburo member Anastas Mikoyan, and was awed by their expansive, seven-room apartment (not counting kitchen and baths) at Government House. He made it sound like the best of Park Avenue: private rooms for everyone in the family, a study, living room, and a dining room spacious enough to accommodate a grand piano once played by Van Cliburn, an unthinkable luxurious use of space for 99 percent of the population. Even the ceilings in the flat struck him as almost indecently high, just as most Soviet apartment ceilings strike Westerners as uncomfortably low. He was unusual in catching a glimpse of how they lived, because not many Russians see behind the curtain of privacy that the privileged class draws around itself.

"Everything is *maskerovannoye*—masked," commented a young government foreign-policy specialist, himself the grandson of a Communist who had fallen out of favor. I was walking with him through the Sivtsev Vrazhek district, where many elite families live and where he had friends from the exclusive institute he had attended. "In these apartment buildings live Central Committee members," he said with a wave to one side. "And look at those shabby buildings across the street. No comparison, is there? Around the corner, over there, is the Central Committee Hotel. No sign. Nothing to tell you what it is. People walk past and barely notice it. That is where they put our friendly, high-level guests—from Korea, Mongolia, Poland. I had a friend who was assigned to go to Austria. He was dying of curiosity to know what was inside that hotel, to see the furniture and what it looked like inside. So he went in. Before he knew it, a receptionist wanted to know what he was doing there. He got into an argument before he could get back outside. That led to trouble and they canceled his assignment to Austria. It ruined his career, that one mistake. Here, you don't ask questions and poke your nose where you have no business."

I slowed down to glance at this forbidden building with brass footplates, a long thermometer by the door, and a glassed solarium on the roof. I paused to jot down the address.

"Let's don't stop right here," my friend said anxiously. "Keep walking. Otherwise, the *dezhurnaya* [duty-woman] at the entrance of this apartment building will take notice of us."

We walked on another thirty or forty yards until we were opposite an ungainly old five-story, pseudo-classical building, surrounded by a high fence. It was faced with burnished red granite and had a black-pillared portico. What had once been two stone guardhouses, evidently too heavy and poorly based, had sunk into the ground and now listed badly toward each other. The iron gate for what was formerly the main approach was permanently chained shut, so people were using an entrance on the left. Parked outside were those black Volgas with the telltale MOC and MOI license plates. One driver, who wore the flat, short-brimmed fedora and dark blue raincoat of KGB plainclothesmen, was pacing beside his vehicle; another sat in a car with gaudy red seat covers minding a little girl in the back seat. A driveway sign said ONLY FOR CLINIC CARS. Out came a lady in a chic, well-tailored,

fur-trimmed coat and imported knee boots. She got in the car with the red seat covers and was driven off.

"That's the main Kremlin Clinic," my friend explained. "You see the big cupola on top and the heavy columns, the false Greek columns? That's Stalinist style. It was built under Stalin."

People had spoken of the Kremlin Clinic often, but this was my first glimpse of it. Actually, it is not one clinic but a system of clinics and hospitals loosely known as the Kremlin Clinic. The most conspicuous, once called the Kremlin Hospital, is across the street from the main entrance of the Lenin Library, around the corner from the Granovsky Street store. It, too, is unmarked except for reliefs of the Soviet hammer and sickle by the door. But on occasion I saw Politburo Zils parked out front, while KGB agents killed time gossiping in sidewalk groups, and a chauffeur wiped a rag across a smudged fender. My Russian friends thought it unlikely, however, that Brezhnev or other big shots went there for treatment because, as one journalist said, "When *they* get sick, the doctors go to *them*."

The VIPs prefer treatment in secluded places like the hospital at Kuntsevo, in the elite dacha area, where East European leaders like Walter Ulbricht and Erich Honecker of East Germany received special medical care.

Stalin used an even more exclusive hospital at Fili in the thick pine forest off the main highway to Minsk. Other sanatoriums and clinics are dotted along the Baltic coast, the Black Sea, and near health spas, run for the nobility of the *nomenklatura* by what is referred to merely as "The Fourth Department," meaning the Fourth Department of the Ministry of Health. Once, during an officially arranged interview, a pretty woman blurted out by mistake that she worked for the Fourth Department after I asked about her job. Instantly, she dropped her eyes, hoping I would not notice the gaffe, and the chief doctor steered the interview away from that conversational shoal.

Other prestigious institutions, like the Academy of Sciences or the Bolshoi Ballet and Opera Company, also have special clinics, hospitals, and doctors far above average. The reputation of their staffs is good enough for a number of their doctors and dentists to do a tidy, illicit private practice on the side. But Moscow Jews have a little ditty, "*Poly Parketnye, Vrachy Anketnye*," that challenges the whole notion. Literally translated, it comes out something like, "Floors are Parquet, Doctors are Okay." The gist is that the facilities may be as fancy as parquet floors but the doctors must be politically "okay," which usually rules out Jews and

others who may be less reliable politically but much better professionally. Hence maybe these clinics do not offer the best medical care.

No one, however, disputes that when it comes to medicines, which are very cheap in the Soviet Union but in such chronic short supply that the Communist press periodically complains about it, the elite gets the best. A young foreign policy consultant used to borrow the ID cards of elite friends to sneak into the Kremlin drugstore for new eyeglasses or even to get ordinary items like the anticoagulant heparin or folk medicines like pepper plaster. From others, including a medical scientist, I heard it was very hard to get valocardin for heart patients, gaminolon for neurological disorders, or synthetic antibiotics like sigmamitsin, as well as Western-made medicines, except in the Kremlin Clinic or other special hospitals.

The greatest perquisites of high status, however, exist outside Moscow. The leaders and their families have entire communities of hideaway dachas which, individually, may not rival Richard Nixon's expensive Palm Beach and California retreats, but which offer variety. Brezhnev, for example, can enjoy the mild climate of the Crimea or Pitsunda on the Black Sea, the bracing weather of the Central Russian hunting region around Zavidovo where, like a German baron of old, he enjoys boar-hunting with such foreign guests as Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, the calm of the pinewood retreat outside Minsk where he quietly secluded himself with Georges Pompidou of France, or the modern feeling of the Finnish-built glass and teak state guesthouses not far from Leningrad.

Almost any major center in the Soviet Union, and many a minor one, has special state residences for the elite or high-level visitors—located out of sight, down a road, behind a fence, in a stand of pines or birches. Once, in the rough West Siberian oil town of Surgut, I was among a group of American reporters quartered in a guesthouse previously used by Prime Minister Kosygin. The rooms were pine-paneled, rustic, pleasant, a complete escape from the neighboring architectural monotony of prefab dormitories for working-class families. The double rooms were spacious and light, equipped with comfortable beds and rheostats for lighting, though the plumbing leaked. The private dining hall was well provisioned with fresh fruits and vegetables, unheard of in normal stores in such early spring months.

On another occasion, I accidentally encountered

Kosygin's middle-aged daughter, Ludmilla, and her family on a train headed toward a government vacation spot in Latvia. I was traveling with Mike McGuire of the *Chicago Tribune*, and we fell into conversation with her husband, Dzhermen Gvishiani, a specialist on East-West commerce, whom I had met at a press conference on Soviet-American trade. We chatted a bit about that and about Soviet vacation spots. Gvishiani, a handsome, dapper Georgian given to well-tailored suits and Dior ties, could pass anywhere as a Western executive—and does. He confided that his family preferred the beaches and the cool weather on the Baltic Sea, because he found that the hot summer weather at Sochi on the Black Sea coast aggravated his bad back.

Then, in a break with Soviet custom, the family were brought dinner from the restaurant car, six cars away, to their compartment as we were talking. We excused ourselves, only to find that we, too, as foreign correspondents and presumed acquaintances of the Gvishianis, were offered the privilege of ordering dinner in our compartment, with the gracious explanation that this was a service of the Latvian railroad line. But when we tried to order dinner in the compartment on the return trip, the startled young woman porter quickly turned us down and asserted that this was "never done."

At places like the Crimea and the Black Sea coast, the dachas of some Politburo members—most notably the one built by former Ukrainian party boss Pyotr Shelest—are so sumptuous that they have raised eyebrows among more puritanical party officials. With the Crimea as a subdivision of the Ukraine, Shelest could command the use of whatever labor force and materials he wanted. He had Ukrainian workmen erect a spacious four-story palace on a half-mile stretch of beach near the lush Nikitsky Botanical Gardens at Yalta. Sand was specially trucked in for his beach, along with all kinds of furnishings for his home. Seawalls were built. Breakwaters tumbled down among the tropical groves across the waterfront into the surf, and security men stopped swimmers or strollers from venturing too close to the premises.

Whatever misgivings other Soviet leaders may have felt about Shelest's opulence, he was not forced to relinquish his dacha until he was ousted from the Politburo and lost his Ukrainian post. On this, party protocol is usually merciless: loss of position means loss of the state dacha, though as a high-ranking deputy premier, Shelest undoubtedly got a more modest dacha even after he was demoted.



The system works the opposite way, too. Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko showed off his new Politburo dacha in the Crimea to Secretary of State Henry Kissinger in June, 1974, while they were cruising off the coast of Oreanda during Brezhnev's talks with Nixon. In sixteen years as foreign minister, Gromyko had never rated the top-rank dacha until he was admitted to the Politburo in April, 1973!

The most notable exception to privilege protocol is Anastas Mikoyan, the grand old Armenian master of party intrigue who has survived, as Soviets say, "from Ilyich to Ilyich"—from Vladimir Ilyich Lenin to Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev—outlasting both Stalin and Khrushchev. Although retired in 1965 as a crony of Khrushchev by his successors, Mikoyan has managed to retain not only a handsome villa near Gagra on the Black Sea, which reputedly has two marble-lined swimming pools, one for salt water and one for fresh, but also a huge mansion and princely estate outside Moscow with servants and a waterless moat. Appropriately, in pre-Revolutionary days it was owned by an extremely wealthy Caucasian merchant.

"Dacha" is one of those magical elastic words in

Russian that conceals more than it reveals. It can mean anything from a small, oversized toolshed or one-room cabin on a tiny plot of ground, surrounded by a development of identical cabins, with no privacy, to a modest but pleasant four-room country cottage without plumbing in a plain Russian village, to a grand mansion taken over from the old aristocracy, to a more up-to-date, rambling country villa built in the forties by German prisoners of war. One distinction among dachas is crucial: some are state or organizational dachas that come free of charge or for a token payment of 200 or 300 rubles (\$267 to \$400) a year, and others are privately owned, gifts from the state in the Stalin era for outstanding service to the Soviet Union, or built through some legal cooperative venture, or perhaps bought and sold several times through a bit of skulduggery or flexible interpretation of the rules. One five-room dacha near Vnukovo, south of Moscow, had three owners in a decade and increased in price from 15,000 to 65,000 rubles (\$20,000 to nearly \$87,000) in the early seventies.

The party leaders have mansions with several acres of land that come cost-free from the state. Their homes are surrounded by high green fences that, as one Muscovite told me, ordinary Russians learn from childhood not to approach too closely. Many lie just off the road to the village of Uspenskoye, where foreign embassies have a communal beach on the Moscow River. The access roads that lead off to clusters of elite dachas are marked with No Entry signs pointing outward to keep away curious intruders. The most exalted personages have uniformed police guards posted at the main road junctions to stop wayward drivers from straying accidentally onto the approach roads, as well as plainclothes guards deeper in the woods.

Muscovites find this entire life-style such a mockery of Marxist ideals that they make fun of it with a joke about Brezhnev. According to the anecdote, Brezhnev wanted to impress his mother with how well he had done, and decided to invite her up to Moscow from their home in Dneprodzerzhinsk, in the Ukraine. He showed her through his ample intown apartment, but she was nonplussed, even a little ill at ease. So he called the Kremlin, ordered his Zil, and they sped out to his dacha near Usovo, one used previously by Stalin and Khrushchev. He took her all around, showed her each room and the handsome grounds, but still she said nothing. So he called for his personal helicopter and flew her to his hunting lodge at Zavidovo. There he escorted her to the banquet room, grandly displaying the big fireplace, his guns, the whole bit, and, unable to restrain himself any

longer, he asked her pleadingly, "Tell me, Mama, what do you think?"

"Well," she hesitated. "It's good, Leonid. But what if the Reds come back?"

The gently rolling hills to the west and southwest of Moscow contain a number of important dacha communities. Probably the best known abroad is the writer's colony at Pereedelkino, where Boris Pasternak lived and wrote; where Kornei Chukovsky, the much-beloved children's writer, also lived; where *Pravda* has a network of dachas for its top editors; where Victor Louis, known in the West as a special Soviet intelligence operative, has a large, handsome, two-story home with a huge oak fireplace, sauna, walls covered with religious icons, and a tennis court that he freezes over in wintertime for a skating rink; where Andrei Voznesensky and Yevgeny Yevtushenko have rambling frame dachas allotted through the Writers' Union; and where there is a small Orthodox church as brilliant and wild in its colors and as improbably beautiful as St. Basil's Cathedral on Red Square.

In Nikolina Gora, about twenty-five miles west of the Kremlin in a splendid forest, are the summer homes of academicians, journalists, writers, and government officials like Nikolai Baibakov, head of the State Planning Committee. On a high bluff overlooking the diplomatic beach are the dachas of Pyotr Kapitsa, a world-famous physicist, and Sergei Mikhalkov, the children's writer. Over near Uspenskoye is Gorky Six, the dacha complex of the highest-ranking military officers. All of these communities are within a few miles of each other, all very close to Zhukovka, which Stalin's daughter, Svetlana Alliluyeva, mentioned as her last home in the Soviet Union.

Zhukovka is the heart of the dacha country of the high and mighty of Soviet politics, science, culture. It epitomizes the surprising narrowness of Soviet society at the apex. Until friends opened up for me the geography of Zhukovka, it was always puzzling to hear some of the residents of Moscow refer to their city as "just an overgrown village." That muscular, sprawling, industrialized metropolis, eight million strong, with races and people as varied as New York, a village? What they meant, I finally understood, was that if you were inside the network, if you belonged, information and lots of other things passed the same way they do in a small town because people know one another and have the old connections. For a city of its size, in a country of its size, the Moscow network is sur-

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prisingly small, because Moscow is the center for everything in the Soviet Union, the way London is in England, or Paris in France.

Zhukovka is where the elites of Soviet society intersect, but so imposing is it that untutored outsiders ride through in a minute, noticing no more than clusters of typical Russian peasant cabins of roughhewn logs with outhouses in the vegetable gardens. The only landmark of note is a low, though unusually large, cement-block village store complex with an open parking area beside it. It was built for the elite in their surrounding dachas under Nikita Khrushchev, and is known even now as "Khrushchev's store."

One reason that Zhukovka is so disarmingly bucolic, and gives the impression of a struggling collective farm village, is that it is in fact not one but three settlements. What the passing motorist or tourist glimpses is known colloquially as Zhukovka village, on the right-hand side of the road as one approaches from Moscow. Across the road, unseen in the deep forest and situated mostly across the railroad spur that runs to Moscow, are two more villages, antiseptically designated "Zhukovka-1" and "Zhukovka-2." The locals, however, call Zhukovka-1 "Sovmin" for *Sovet Ministrov*, or Council of Ministers. Zhukovka-2 is known as "Academic Zhukovka." The Sovmin village, for Cabinet ministers and their top deputies, is surrounded with a brick and iron fence. Women from the local farm village are hired as guards to keep away strangers and to ward off anyone trying to shop at its well-provisioned stores. Entry is by special pass, and the pecking order is strict. In fact, not surprisingly, Sovmin has grown from the early days and now consists of two settlements—one for lower, though still very important, officials, nearer the road, and the other for the upper crust, on the more secluded side of the railroad tracks.

The dachas are allotted according to rank and protocol. Once a well-placed scientist told me of a high-ranking scientific administrator whom he knew being promoted to deputy minister and being told he would get a state dacha in Sovmin. The man gracefully tried to decline on grounds that he had purchased a nice dacha of his own in a scientific settlement and did not want either to move or to give up his expensive piece of property, despite the honor. He was sternly admonished: "Are you trying to insult the system of *nomenklatura*? You must sell your private dacha and take the state dacha that goes with your position." He complied.

Sometimes exceptions are made to let people of extraordinary rank keep their dachas even after they have lost their eligibility. Vyacheslav Molotov,

the stern, now frosty-haired foreign minister and henchman of Stalin, still has a dacha in Sovmin. So does the dictator's grandson, Yosif, who has become a doctor.

Academic Zhukovka, which is a looser, more informal settlement, got its start in the early postwar years when Stalin rewarded the inventors of the Soviet atomic and hydrogen bombs and the creators of the first cyclotron with two-story country homes near the Sovmin area. In the Khrushchev era, the Space Age scientists were added, and the community has grown now to about 150 dachas.

In the simple village of Zhukovka itself, new dachas have been sprouting in recent years among the small log huts and the comfortable old unpainted clapboard country homes. Here the KGB general whose division monitors intellectual dissent has an old-fashioned dacha. Across from him, a KGB general in the border security forces has built himself a modern dacha of imported yellow bricks, amidst more simple dwellings that villagers rent out in summertime to officials, writers, actors, journalists, artists, and other moneyed people.

Academic Zhukovka backs into the huge estate of Anastas Mikoyan and the Central Committee sanatorium on the Podushkinsky Chaussée. A mile or two further toward Moscow, past Barvikha, lives Mikhail Suslov, the party's top theoretician and reputedly the kingmaker who put together the coalition that overthrew Khrushchev. In the opposite direction, two hamlets past Zhukovka and opposite the settlement of Uovo, are the most exclusive, most secluded mansions of Brezhnev, Kosygin, Kirill Mazurov (Kosygin's first deputy premier), and Foreign Minister Gromyko, who moved from his ministerial dacha at Vnukovo out to the "Brezhnev" enclave when he made it into the Politburo.

In the pine groves of Zhukovka, it is sometimes hard to walk because the ground is gouged and uneven where there are remnants of trenches. "These are the scars of war," explained Lev Kopelev, a husky, towering, full-bearded Russian writer who was in the camps with Solzhenitsyn. Lev was walking with a heavy stick, not a mere cane, but a giant stave fashioned from a sturdy tree branch. "The trenches are not as deep now as they used to be in wartime. They were prepared for the defense of Moscow. But the Germans did not come this way. There were no battles here."

"Over there," said Lev, pointing westward about three or four miles, "you can see where Brezhnev's dacha is. See the water tower? It is for Brezhnev's dacha, Kosygin's, and Mazurov's. You can't see the dachas. But they are right underneath. People call

Brezhnev's dacha 'Dacha No. 1.' When Stalin lived out in that area, it was called the 'Far Dacha.' Khrushchev had that big dacha when Nixon came in 1959. You can see the dacha from the river, or you used to be able to see it from the river. We saw it in Khrushchev's time. We were there on the river when Khrushchev took Nixon on that river tour in his launch. It is a really beautiful mansion, beautiful grounds, lovely riverbanks with marble stairways going down to the river. But now it is forbidden to go on that part of the river, even for us Russians."

As we walked back toward the village along a path no wider than a rabbit run, winding among the cottages, we began to discuss the geographic intimacy of the Soviet elite.

"You know," mused Lev, "if you had stood at the Khrushchev store one morning in the fall of 1972 or the spring of 1973, you could have seen everyone. About nine in the morning, Sakharov and his wife would have come by, headed for a dip in the river. Then Brezhnev, Kosygin, and Mazurov would have hurried by in their Zils on the way to the Kremlin, because in the good weather they all live in their dachas. About ten, Solzhenitsyn would have appeared to buy milk for his sons at the store. He was living then in the gardener's cottage of Rostropovich's dacha in Academic Zhukovka. Soon, you might have seen Molotov coming to shop for something, walking from Sovmin. Once Solzhenitsyn crossed Molotov's path, and said later that he had wanted to approach the old man and say, 'Come, Vyacheslav Mikhailovich, let us have a talk together,' and then he tried to imagine what Molotov would have said. Solzhenitsyn thought Molotov would have used the same wooden language that he had used all his life. 'Because he believed it?' I said. 'No, he did not believe it,' Solzhenitsyn said. 'Simply out of habit.'"

On another occasion, from others, I heard that Molotov had been standing in line for tomatoes at the Khrushchev store in the summer of 1972 when a woman complained, "I don't want to stand in line with an executioner." Without a word, according to this story, Molotov left the line and walked out of the store.

But Lev was talking about the store as a crossroads. After Solzhenitsyn and Molotov, he suggested, "would have come Stalin's grandson, Yosif, Svetlana's son. Then Khariton, a big man of the Soviet A-bomb. Then Rostropovich and Shostakovich from Academic Zhukovka. Rostropovich would always come late. He is an artist. Then, from Nikolina Gora, the cars of Pyotr Kapitsa and Ser-

gei Mikhalkov would pass. Perhaps Mikoyan would drive over from his dacha near the Barvikha station. For twenty years, he used to ride his horse around the area. But he doesn't do it anymore. So you'd see the big names of science, culture, and politics, all passing this one little country store."

There is hardly any more striking example of the double standard between the life-styles of the elite and ordinary Russians than the access of the privileged class to things Western—magazines, books, movies, cars, travel. The privileged, I was told, can catch movies like *Blow-Up*, *Easy Rider*, *Midnight Cowboy*, *Bonnie and Clyde*, *The Conformist*, or *8½*, which are banned by censors for normal Soviet eyes. These forbidden films are shown at closed screenings at the Moscow Film Studios, in the professional clubs, or at Dom Kino, a club for the film crowd. Access to such showings becomes a matter of highly prized status for intellectuals. At the very top, the dachas of the power elite are equipped with home movie projectors where Western films are shown regularly along with Soviet ones. Visiting foreign troupes are sometimes asked to put on their gaudiest and most daring spectacles in private for the Soviet art crowd and Ministry of Culture officials, even though the Ministry forbids them from displaying these allegedly corrupt, bourgeois art forms to the general public.

In material terms, the most exclusive status symbol that the Soviet elite has borrowed from the West is high-priced Western luxury cars. As détente has proceeded, Brezhnev has made them very fashionable. He is well known for his stable of Western makes (Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud, Citroën-Maserati, Lincoln, Mercedes, and Cadillac), given him by foreign leaders because of his fetish for posh executive cars. Less known, however, is the fact that other Soviet bigwigs go for Western cars, too: President Podgorny has driven a Mercedes 600; economic planning czar Nikolai Baibakov has a Chevrolet Impala; Maya Plisetskaya, the prima ballerina of the Bolshoi, has favored a Kharmann Ghia 1500, while her erstwhile partners, Vladimir Vasilyev and Mario Liepa, had a Citroën and a VW bus; Victor Louis, the journalist with the KGB connections, has a Land Rover, a Porsche, and a Mercedes 220, the car favored by composer Aram Khatchaturian, among others. The list is growing longer each year, for Soviet journalists and diplomats returning from posts abroad, as well as highly paid touring cultural figures, are smitten with Western cars. The critical objective for all of them,

the *sine qua non*, is getting to the West in the first place so they can indulge their acquisitive instincts.

"Money in the Soviet system is nothing," complained a highly paid writer who had never been allowed to go West. "You have to be able to spend it. A Central Committee member does not get much pay but he gets all kinds of things free. He can get his children in the best universities or institutes, or get them abroad." Then he paused and added sarcastically, "They [the leaders] are all sending their children abroad now, exporting them like dissidents."

There is also an informal network of connections that enables a general to call a scientist to get his son admitted to an institute, a scientist to wangle a return draft deferment, or a movie scriptwriter who has produced a good Soviet spy film to call the security services to get permission for his wife and daughter to travel to the West. *Blat*, as the Russians call influence, is a constant, vital, and pervasive factor of Russian life. "We have a caste system," a senior scientist told me. "Military families intermarry. So do scientific families, party families, writers' families, theater families. Sons expect their fathers or fathers-in-law to promote their careers through *blat*, and fathers take it for granted that they should do this. Others do it. I did it for my son. Why not?"

Certain universities and institutes have become known as the province of the party, government, and military elite for their offspring: at Moscow State University, the faculties of journalism and law, since these are largely "political" fields; and the Foreign Language Institute and the Moscow Institute of International Relations (MIMO) because they lead toward foreign travel and foreign careers. These are known as places where some of the highest-ranking party and government people place their sons and daughters or grandsons and granddaughters, quite frequently using *blat* to get flunking grades on entrance examinations falsely changed to A's.

"You have to have very good party and Komsomol recommendations to get into MIMO," one graduate told me, and he mentioned a score of sons and daughters of party and government officials who got in through connections. He himself came from a party family, and said the whole student body had a clubby, elitist atmosphere. There were not too many "ordinary" students because, although this was not a secret institution, it was not listed in the normal handbook of Soviet institutions of higher education for prospective applicants.

My friend said he knew of an instructor at



MIMO, a party member, who had been fired for refusing to obey orders from the dean to give top grades to children from elite families, derisively known among some Russians as *Sovetski detki*, "the Soviet kids." In his time, he said, there were any number of students from ranking families who did poor work but were protected from expulsion by family connections.

One day some young friends offered to smuggle me into the institute for a look around. It was one of those closed Soviet institutions, with no sign on the door to indicate its name or function and with guards posted to keep out the unwanted. Although a sign at the entrance said plainly, PRESENT YOUR PASSES—IN OPEN FORM, my friends assured me—and I found they were right—that a firm, knowing nod of the head and a steady stride would be enough to get me past the guards. My escorts showed me the posted academic curriculum and the library with its special "fund" of Western newspapers and books. But I found it disappointingly similar to much more ordinary Soviet institutions, for all its elite status. The bulletin boards had articles about military preparedness with passages underlined in red to show how much Western countries were spending on de-

fense, and the classrooms were like an old school building put up in the 1920s, with simple wooden desks and tables, scarred and doodled upon. I saw none of the fancy visual-aid equipment that is normal for an American college.

But an American girl who attended a dance there with some East European friends (for the institute is also a haven for the sons and daughters of East European Communist leaders) said that at private parties, MIMO has a strictly Western ambience. Her friends pointed out to her the grandchildren of Brezhnev and Kosygin among the dancing couples, and Foreign Minister Gromyko's grandson playing the guitar in the student combo. "He was good," she said. "I don't think the group played a single thing all evening that was Russian. It was all Beatles, Rolling Stones, and other Western stuff, sung in English."

Some organizations, such as the Novosti Press Agency (which puts stress on political reliability and which Western intelligence services regard as an arm of the KGB), or the Institute of the U.S.A. and Canada, have acquired reputations as places where the political elite like to place their children in jobs. Through pull this young generation have been able to land cushy posts in publishing houses or research institutes dealing with foreign affairs.

Russians themselves comment that the upper-class feeling today seems increasingly like Russia before the Revolution. An engineer observed to me that what Marx had predicted for capitalist society—increasing concentration of economic power in fewer and fewer hands, and a widening gap between the elite and the masses—seemed to be happening in the Soviet Union today. In many ways, the elite shows a sense of class at all age levels. The wife of a well-heeled writer remarked that her eight-year-old son had been shy about inviting other boys home from school until he came across the son of a well-known army general, "because he didn't want the others to see how well he lived. But he felt the general's boy was just right."

The one unwritten rule of the power elite seems to be that they cannot push their offspring into the Communist party hierarchy, and surprisingly few of the children of the present leaders have shown either the inclination or the ability to follow political careers. Gromyko's son, Anatoly, the number three man in the Soviet Embassy in Washington, is a noteworthy exception. Kosygin's son-in-law, Gvishiani, now deputy chief of the powerful State Committee on Science and Technology, is another.

This limitation on passing on political power, together with the practice of preventing inheritance of state dachas and other direct perquisites of of-

fice, are cited by Soviets, including Marxist-minded dissidents, as evidence that Soviet society has not actually given birth to a new elite class. "A class has to have permanence and stability," one Marxist scientist contended to me. "Under the old system, the old nobility could be secure in its status. But that is not true now. Everyone is insecure in his position. If he loses it, he loses everything. He cannot pass on his position and his privileges to his children. These are not immutable birthrights."

This argument has some validity, especially when reference is made to the practice by which the czarist nobility inherited titles, estates, and all the trappings of official status. But by placing their children and grandchildren in the most prestigious institutes, and using their influence to get them jobs and careers in select agencies and organizations, the new leaders are providing long-term status for the next two family generations. Moreover, in science and in culture, high-ranking fathers do succeed in passing on private wealth and property, such as dachas, apartments, cars, and money, as well as career opportunities and status, to their offspring.

Also, rather than instability and insecurity, one of the striking features of the Soviet elite is precisely its stability and longevity in office. This has been one of the more notable trends of the Brezhnev era—the glacial pace of administrative changes, which has allowed the state and party bureaucracy at the top to become more entrenched than ever, now that it is free of the threat of Stalin's purges and Khrushchev's unpredictable reforms. In America, Cabinet officials and corporation directors experience much more rapid turnover than do Soviet ministers and industrial executives, some of whom hold posts for ten to twenty years, consolidating not only their positions, but the social status of their families, for the future. Indeed, one ranking official in an industrial ministry complained to a friend of mine that one of the problems with the Soviet economy in the 1970s was that "no one above director of an enterprise ever gets demoted." He favored more shake-ups for efficiency's sake, but clearly he was not typical of the New Class. Indeed, the contention of Milovan Djilas that communism has created a "New Class" was focused not on individual officeholders, but on the political-economic bureaucracy as a stratum of society with a monopoly of power and privilege to protect and a sense of solidarity, because the individual's privilege depends on corporate survival.

It is undoubtedly true, as Russians and Western scholars assert, that the Soviet *nachalstvo*, the ruling bosses, are not a monolithic group. The elite has its fundamentalists and its modernizers, its

hard-line police and security men, its strict ideologists and its efficiency-oriented technocrats in industry and science. The cultural elite has conservatives and liberals. But in the Brezhnev-Kosygin years, whenever frictions have appeared in public the leadership has repeatedly taken conservative compromises to preserve unity and set aside differences. Thus, despite these frictions, the Soviet elite is still bound together by its loyalty to the party and the system of *nomenklatura* which guarantees both power and privilege.

A few dissidents, such as Andrei Sakharov and Roy Medvedev, have attacked the system of privilege, but even among dissidents this has been secondary to many other issues. Moreover, this is a risky issue, and most of those who grumble about it do it very privately. An elderly lady, passing a dairy known to supply the special stores of the elite, burst out bitterly to Ann, my wife, one night: "We hate those special privileges. During the war, when they were really our leaders, it was all right. But not now." Svetlana Alliluyeva wrote about fist-fights and altercations with a tinge of class antagonism between the elite youth living in dachas in Zhukovka and the local village farm boys. A mechanic who had helped install air-conditioning and kitchen appliances in apartments of top-ranking military officers later vented his anger to a Russian friend: "Look at all they have! Why did we fight the Revolution?"

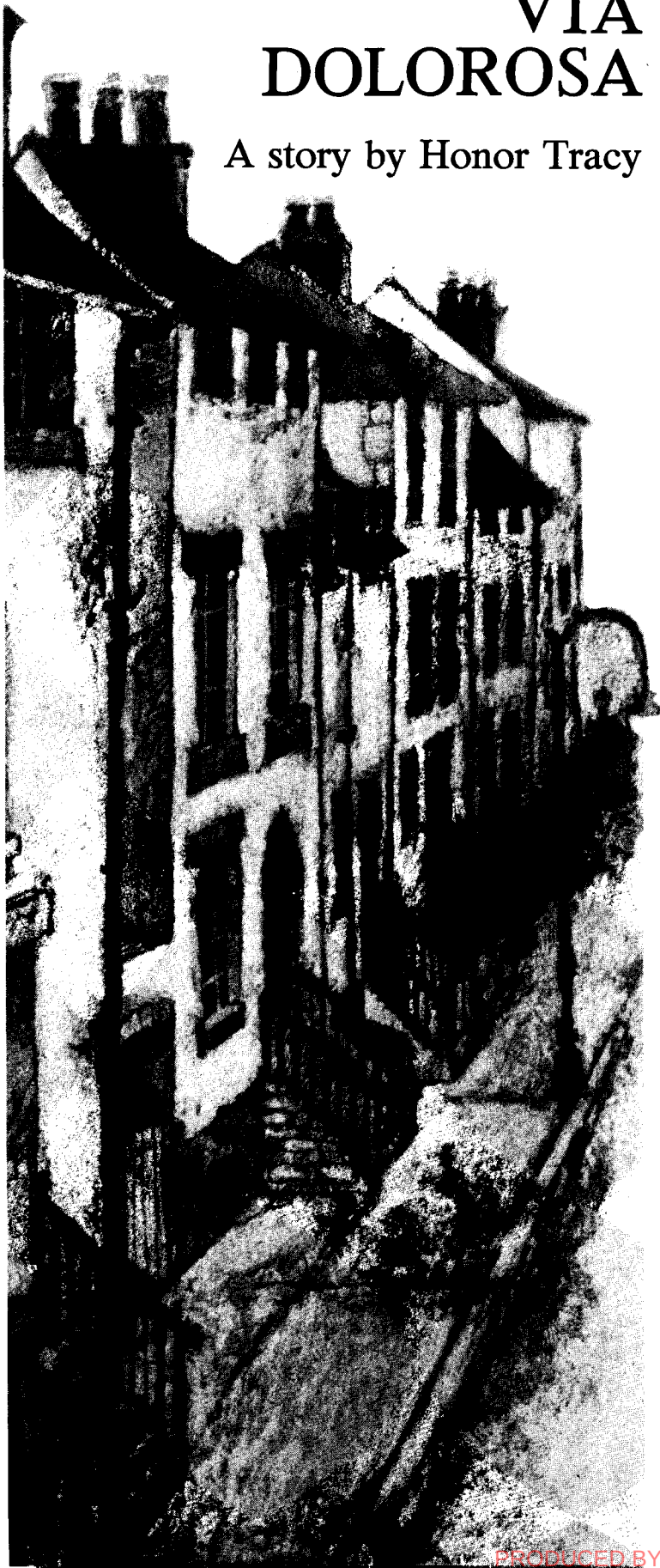
The most striking episode of protest that I came across involved the wife of a very well known poet, whose outburst came at a party given by Dmitri Polyansky, an important Politburo member and Minister of Agriculture. There was a lot of drinking and everyone was fairly high, including the poet's wife, who went off to the ladies' room. Soon, other guests heard a terrible racket. It was the poet's wife smashing bottles of Mrs. Polyansky's French perfumes—Lanvin, Schiaparelli, Worth—and swearing bitterly. "The hypocrisy of it all," she fumed. "This is supposed to be a workers' state, everybody equal, and look at this French perfume!"

But resignation is the characteristic Soviet reaction to the privileges of the high and mighty. In Russian history, it has long been that way, Russians say, and this is fatalistically accepted. The thing to do is to seek a piece of the action for yourself, as a young American exhibition guide said he had learned from ten months of daily conversations with thousands of Russians. "People don't want to change that part of the system, they want to beat it," he said. "They don't say the system is wrong. They want exceptions made for them personally." □

AT THE CORE

Quiet setting the rough hairy roots
into the hole, tamping the compost;
quiet cutting the chicken between
the bones, so the knife
rarely needs sharpening as it
senses the way through;
quiet in the hollow setting
the feet down carefully so that the quail
bow their heads and go on pecking;
silence as my cats walk round
and round me in bed butting
and kneading my chest with their
sharp morning feet;
silence of body on body until
the knot of the self loosens gushing;
my living is words placed end to end,
oddly assorted cuneiform bricks
half broken, crumbling, sharp
just baked with shiny sides
and raw edges. Even in sleep
words clatter through my head
roughly, like a wheelbarrow of
bricks dumped out. Words are my work,
my tools, my weapons, my follies,
my posterity, my faith.
Yet when I grasp myself I find
the coarse black hair
and warm slowly heaving flank
of silence digging with strong
nailed feet its burrow
in the tongueless earth.

by Marge Piercy



VIA DOLOROSA

A story by Honor Tracy

This story began, as so much in Dublin does begin, in a bar; to be exact, in the front bar of Davy Byrne's. There were the five of us who constantly met to drink and argue, and a stranger from the wedding we had just attended. When the party broke up, hearing us arrange to go on and continue the festivity elsewhere, he asked if he might come, too. He was a man of about the same age as ourselves, somewhere in his twenties, tall, softly spoken, with a handsome face that was curiously worn, as if by inner conflict, and strong nervous hands. As we walked on, somebody asked what his name was and what he did, and he replied, "Gregory. I teach." That was all, no surname, no details of any description.

Any fresh blood was welcome in our midst, and doubly so when it came in the guise of an Englishman, spurring us on to fireworks that we should not have wasted on one of our own. And we were in luck this evening, for hardly were we settled in than a fellow came up to ask how the wedding was, which gave us a chance to display our wit. The bridegroom, one of our set, had unaccountably fallen in love with a little suburban miss, who insisted on marriage and the full rites of Holy Church. He had yielded to her, but was determined at least that the occasion should bear the mark of his private dissidence. There were guitars and choral "pop," a trendy, middle-aged priest in vestments apparently designed by himself, weird decorations, clouds of incense—the whole affair was oddly suggestive of voodoo. The groom was barefoot with bells on his toes, his hair was combed in frizzy Afro style, and he wore a suit of purple velvet hung with gold and silver chains.

These details were now passed on, with many a barbed comment. On the point of religious faith and practice, our freewheeling minds were rigidly locked. We liked to say that we left all that to the servants, although there were no servants to speak of in Ireland now, nor did we come of people who had employed them formerly. The truth, I suppose, was that we rejected the crude beliefs of ancient times and the pious humbug of our own. Thus the compliance of Martin, the groom, was seen by us as a betrayal, and we did not spare him.

Gregory listened, smiling at our shafts of malice but taking no part in the conversation until something prompted me to say that the nuptial Mass itself had been of Martin's composing. This was pure fiction, intended to raise a laugh, but I assured them all that it was fact.

"He was busy on it for weeks," I asserted. "He drafted several versions, one in rhyme, before he was finally pleased."

Here, of a sudden, Gregory intervened. We were sitting round a table, he directly opposite myself, and he looked across at me as if the two of us were alone.

"Come now, that is nonsense," he said, smiling still but with something of firmness in his voice. "The Mass was in the prescribed form, as it always would be."

I put this down to English blood, because no one in Ireland cares if a story is true or not. But we are wary about a person's feelings, and I feared that in some way I had given offense. We had not noticed Gregory in the church, and when we got to the reception, the clothes he had on him, casual as ours, suggested that he, too, was of the groom's party. Perhaps, however, he was a friend of the bride or of the priest, and felt that they, as well as Martin, were coming under fire.

"I'm sorry, I meant no harm," I said lamely, feeling the color come into my face. "I was only joking."

"Of course you were," Gregory replied. "No need to tell me that. And your joke depended, if you think about it, on the very absurdity of what you were saying."

The little rebuke was delivered with a charming grace that robbed it of any sting. Nevertheless, it struck a new and alien note, and brought our cheerful cynicisms to an end. Soon afterwards I got up to go, having proofs to correct before the morning, and Gregory rose as well, explaining that friends had asked him to dinner. But once we were in the street he remarked that it was early as yet, and said he would like to see me home.

My flat looked over the canal and was some twenty-five minutes' walk from Davy Byrne's. I half expected a further allusion to the Mass on the way, as there had been something purposeful in Gregory's manner, but he hardly spoke at all. And there was no need, for as we went along together I was conscious of a kind of sympathy or affinity between us, which made silence perfectly natural. Once he remarked of a sudden, "It's strange, I feel I've known you a long, long time, Petra," at the very moment that I was thinking the same of him. Then he took my arm in his, as if indeed we were old friends, and this gave me a sensation like a small electric shock.

When we reached the house I put the ritual Dublin query, "Are you coming in?" which expects

the answer No, not the "Come on in" which signifies an invitation. But Gregory answered, "Yes, if I may," and as soon as the door was open he walked on ahead, as if he knew me too well to stand on ceremony. I stooped to pick up some letters which had come by the afternoon mail and he said, almost roughly, "Leave them, leave them." We went upstairs to my flat, into which again he preceded me, with an air of being at home if not in possession.

Now we stood a while like two zanies, staring at each other without a word. My throat was dry and my heart began to pound. Then all at once we were in each other's arms, oblivious of everything round us. Somehow we got to the bedroom, undressed, and lay down. For how long, I can't say; time seemed to have stopped, until the telephone in the other room began to ring, startling as a cockcrow, and brought us back to earth.

"I must go," Gregory murmured, slowly getting up like a man in a dream and looking round for his clothes. The telephone now fell silent, as if its aim were fulfilled. "Stay there, don't come down," he told me when he was ready to leave. Abruptly, harshly even, he kissed my forehead and hurried away.

I put on a wrap and went to sit by the window. The long summer evening was fading into dusk. I watched the lights reflected in the water of the canal and the wavy patterns cast on the ground by the gently stirring branches of the trees. My mood was one of happiness and peace such as I rarely had known before. My whole being, my life, was somehow transformed by this magical bolt from the blue. And then, as I sat there, the telephone shrilled again, insistent, implacable, until finally I went to answer it.

An unknown woman inquired, "Is Father Moore there, please?" in a kind of fussy, querulous voice that seemed to go with the question.

"You must have the wrong number," I said.

"Are you not Petra Lavin?"

"I am, but I don't know of any Father Moore."

"Hold on a moment . . ."

I caught snatches of an argument at the other end of the line. She says she doesn't know . . . well, are you sure? . . . You'd better speak to her, so . . . Another voice came over the wire, querulous like the first, but familiar to me and unwelcome.

"Petra? It's Mary Somers. What's this, you don't know Father Moore? Didn't I see the two of you, earlier on, going into your house? We are holding dinner this hour and a half, waiting for him to come. I was on my way here in a taxi when I saw you."

Honor Tracy is an Irish writer whose latest satirical novel is *In a Year of Grace*.

"Oh, was that who it was?" I tried to sound composed, but the shock was making me gasp. "I didn't know he was a . . . He didn't wear . . . I only knew him as Gregory. We were at Martin's wedding, and he came on with a crowd of us after it to Davy Byrne's, and then he brought me home."

"What time did he leave you?"

"I couldn't say. A long time since."

"Did he not say anything about a dinner engagement?"

"I believe he did, come to think of it."

A pause followed, and then Mary continued on a sharper note: "We tried to get you before, about half an hour ago, but there was no reply. Don't you answer the 'phone?"

Even if the woman was hungry and cross, this was too much. It began to sound like an inquisition. What right had she to examine me in so aggressive a way, as if I were a pupil of hers at UCD? She seemed at that moment the personification of Dublin itself, Dublin the watchful and censorious, where nothing ever was hidden for long. Annoyance led me into a blunder.

"It must be, I was in another part of the house."

"In another part of a two-room flat? If you ask me—"

"But I don't," I said, boiling over, and put the receiver down.

What Mary would have had to say, if asked, would shortly be all over town, as I knew. But there were more pressing matters to think of. I was dazed, utterly unnerved, and at a loss. The cherished beliefs and theories of my circle seemed, in the twinkling of an eye, to have turned out mere delusion. For if religion were humbug, the notion of sin obsolete and barbarous, a priest a man like any other, apart from the deliberate fraud he practiced, why was it that the world was crashing about my ears? Whence came the feelings of guilt and repulsion? The response was primitive and irrational, I told myself, because in any case, I was innocent. Surely I was innocent. Gregory was the offending one. He was like a man who makes love without revealing that he is married, but worse, much worse. Yet I did not hold it against him. Whatever had drawn us together had been too strong for either to have any choice.

After a troubled, weary night I went to work in the morning with the still uncorrected proofs. They should have gone first thing to the printer's, a dilatory firm that seized on any excuse to fall behind with their schedule, and my normally placid boss protested.

"I'd have done them myself," he grumbled. "What happened? This isn't like you at all."

I muttered something sheepish about the wedding.

"You had the afternoon off for that," he observed. "It left you the evening clear. Or did it, now? Was there a handsome young fellow leaving your house around ten, or did I dream it?"

Of course, I remembered, he took his dog down the canal bank every night of his life. There was not a corner of this town in which anything passed off unseen or without comment. Mary Somers knew the time of Gregory's arrival, my boss had noted his departure. Their paths had but to cross for them to piece the facts together.

Alarm must have shown in my face, for kindly Matthew Dodd relented.

"Never mind, give me a fistful now, we'll do them between us," he said. "Only I have to go to a reception at UCD later on. Visiting fireman, Father Gregory something, going to hold a summer school on the Early Fathers. I'd duck out of it, but I've ducked out of rather too many."

He stretched a hand toward me as he spoke but, in panic, I had dropped the galleys on the floor.

"Why, Petra, is anything wrong?" he asked, with a look of surprise. "You've gone quite pale."

"I don't feel well," I stammered; God knows, it was true. Then the words came tumbling out as if of their own accord, unchosen by me: "Could I not go to the reception for you, tell them you were prevented? I'm not up to reading proofs today, I'd only miss the mistakes." Which was all too likely, as the room itself was swimming round and round in a blur.

"I don't see why not," Matthew said, after thinking it over. "If you feel up to it. Here's the invitation, be off at once and relax a little beforehand. It must be the wedding upset you. I declare, a wedding's as bad as a funeral."

I wandered about St. Stephen's Green for an hour, gazing at the waterfowl on the pond and the dogs and tourists, so blithe and unconcerned, so idiotic. The world of the evening before, vast, empty, inhabited only by Gregory and me, had shrunk to its normal crowded self. From it, I had learned who and what my lover was, how he came to be here, facts that diminished him and made him oddly unreal. He, too, would have heard by now that I was Petra Lavin, a publisher's help, hoping of course to write, known to be rather wild and a frequenter of public houses. A short time ago we had embodied the mystery and beauty of life for each other, and here we were, classified and ticketed in the banal light of day.

But when at last I entered the college building, the single thought in my head was that I should now see Gregory again. The reception room was packed already, but for me there was only one person in it. It was all I could do to keep my eyes from roaming about in search of him while I explained my employer's absence to our disappointed host, and the excuse I made was feeble enough to sound rude.

"Behind with his work! God help us, who isn't?" was the dry rejoinder. "Not that you aren't welcome, Petra. Come now, I'll introduce you to the guest of honor." And he led the way through the seething mass to where Gregory stood, surrounded by clergy, nuns, and professors.

He was a head taller than the tallest of them, and until we came close to him that was all that could be seen. I was unprepared for the new persona, having a mental picture of him dressed as he was the night before. A black suit and a clerical collar would have been disconcerting enough, but he was in the flowing medieval habit of some religious order. The robe, the belt, the beads, the clumsy shoes, all helped underline the barrier between us, and in spite of myself, that irrational malaise took hold of me once again.

"This is Petra Lavin, Father," said our host. "She works for Matthew Dodd, the publisher, who was to be here but couldn't make it."

"We met yesterday, at Martin Purcell's wedding," Gregory replied, a touch of hoarseness in his gentle voice. The hand he offered was icy cold, on this blazing summer day, and there were the dark patches of sleeplessness under his eyes.

"They are quite old friends," the pestilential Mary Somers threw in.

"Oh, indeed? Then you'll have plenty to talk about. Excuse me a moment, Father, I see the Press arriving." And he hurried away to deal with it.

"You went to that wedding, Father? I hear it was very . . . very way-out," said one of the priests, smarming. "I hope you won't get a wrong impression of us."

"I'm sure Father saw nothing there that he wouldn't see better in England," remarked another, with a face like a clenched fist, small, angry, and red.

"But we like to think that Ireland sets an example," said the first one, smugly. "Isn't that our historic role? Would you say now, Father, that the Dark Ages were coming back?"

"The world is in a mess all right," Gregory murmured. "But then it always has been."

"I hear that no one in England today believes in

hell," said the angry one. "Outside of the Irish missions, of course."

Gregory flinched at that. "Well, I do, for one," he said, forcing a smile. "But indeed there is not the same emphasis on it now. The spirit of the time is against it."

"The spirit of the time! Since when did we bother with that?" barked the other. "There's nothing but innovations."

"And it's you will teach us about them, Father," the first speaker put in, veering round in the Irish way. "It's a great privilege, having you here, and a great chance for us, too. Sure, what are we, in comparison with yourself? We've no learning at all."

They put me in mind of those mongrel dogs down the country, fawning one moment, snarling the next, now taking a crafty nip from behind, now cringing if you only turned your head. But they belonged to Gregory's world, as I did not, and so did the nuns, with their plump sallow faces, their subdued and deferential manner. Their robes, the coarse buckled shoes they wore, spoke like his of long echoing passages and the smell of polish, of the refectory and edifying readings aloud, of the visitors' parlor with the prie-dieu and the oleograph of the Pope. What the devil was I doing here at all? I had merely snatched at the chance of holding Matthew off, to avoid his confrontation with my visitor of the previous night. Now there was nothing to keep me, and with all my heart I longed to be alone.

I waited until Gregory was talking and then tried to slip away unnoticed. But he broke off in mid-sentence and followed, leaving the group to stare after him in surprise. Raising his voice, he called on me to stop, indifferent to what any of them might think: then, lowering it again as he caught up with me, he muttered, "Stay at home this evening," and without waiting for a reply, went back.

"Stay at home this evening . . ." Of course. It was the familiar voice of authority. How on earth had I missed it before, when he put me right on the nuptial Mass in Davy Byrne's, and in the hall of my house, when he told me to leave the letters lying? The note of command was unmistakable, far removed from the childish domineering of the ordinary male. It made a point without fear of contradiction, issued an order and took compliance for granted.

But when, as night was falling, he eventually came to the house, no trace of that appeared. It

seemed to have been put aside with his monkish habit, he now being dressed in civilian wear again. He was full of anguish and self-abasement, heaping reproaches on himself, begging forgiveness of me, a man in torment such as I never had seen.

"It was my fault, all my own fault," he said, knocking his breast in the ritual manner, his face twisted with pain. "And yet I could not help myself. It was stronger than I. The devil entered into me and took possession. There is no accounting for it in any way else."

I was all at sea with this kind of talk, and hardly knew what to say.

"Nor could I have helped it," I told him. "There was a tremendous mutual attraction that carried us both away. But I can't see things as you do. To begin with, I don't believe in the devil." For, shaken as I was, I clung to my own point of view.

"Perhaps not," he answered wearily. "That doesn't prevent him existing."

"And so, what we did was evil and wrong? Apart from your vows, that is? In itself?"

"Horribly evil. Damnably wrong." And, burying his face in his hands, he began to sob.

It was dreadful to see and hear it. I put my arms about him, fondled him, murmured endearments and consolations, as to a child. Gradually he became calm, and we sat side by side in the darkening room, holding hands without a word.

Suddenly, as if it was torn from him, he burst out, "I love you, Petra, I love you. Oh my God, what shall I do?"

He stared at me wildly, as if awaiting a magic solution, but I couldn't speak. All I had felt for him the evening before came flooding back, stronger than ever, with a sort of frenzy added. And then, like something decreed for us, we were in each other's arms again, and making love. For all the choice we had, we might have been two puppets. Afterwards we fell asleep, and dawn was breaking when we roused ourselves. Gregory went away, promising to return in the evening.

"There's only one thing to be done," he said. "But we can't discuss it now."

At the office, Matthew asked kindly after my health but said not a word about the reception. From that, and the quizzical look he gave me, I knew he realized who my nocturnal visitor had been. Even an outside lecturer is news in Dublin, city of non-happening, and Gregory's photograph had appeared in all the papers. But, decent fellow that he was, Matthew would never comment or put any questions.

"There is only one thing to be done," Gregory resumed that night. He was composed but sorrow-

ful, and spent, like a man who has striven all day. "God has opened my eyes to the truth. I am not fitted to be a religious. What I believed was the calling was an illusion. Now I must secularize, and we must be married."

This announcement fairly took my breath away. It was for all the world like a faithless husband who declares that he will seek a divorce, taking the other woman's approval for granted. Misinterpreting my shocked expression, he went on, "Oh, it happens quite often these days. And better so than to carry on without a vocation."

"But what about me?" I exclaimed. "I don't want to be married at all. I certainly have no vocation for that!"

Then it was Gregory's turn to be shocked and dismayed. "You don't want to be married?" he cried. "You are prepared to continue in sin, to the death of your soul?"

"Oh, sin, death of my soul, vocations, the devil!" I said impatiently. "That is your vocabulary, not mine. I believe in none of it. What faith I ever had was lost a long while since."

"You may think so," he said. "But Catholics don't lose the Faith. They mislay it from time to time, that's all. And, mislaid or not, it still remains true."

"Are you trying to convert me, or reconcile me, or whatever you call it?"

"No, God will do that when He's ready. But Petra, my darling, we must be married or say good-bye."

"Then it will have to be good-bye." And I burst into tears at the thought, so precious had he become in this very short while.

And it all ended up in our making love again, with Gregory in subsequent agonies of remorse.

So it went on, both of us on the rack, saying our regular last farewells, and in spite of them coming together. And for all my emancipated beliefs, the sense of wrongdoing grew on me, as if guilt were somehow contagious. Public opinion also played a part: by now half Dublin was talking about us, but, from the occasional digs or quips that reached my ears, it was clear that no one imagined, could ever imagine, how far we had gone. Indiscreet, unbecoming as our friendship was in the eyes of the world, no one imputed to us that last depravity; and the mere fact of having done what others deemed so unthinkable filled me, rationalize as I would, with doubt and foreboding.

One evening I sat by the window, staring out at the dusty trees and the dull brown water of the ca-

nal with its islands of garbage. We had parted forever once more, a whole week had passed, and Gregory had not reappeared. But now he came hurrying down the road and turned in at the gate. As usual, I forgot everything else in the joy of seeing him, and I flew to open the door. As we went upstairs together, I realized that something momentous had happened: he was relaxed, as if the furies no longer were at his heels, and yet exalted too, as if he had seen an angel.

He began by asking me for a drink, which he never had done before.

"You've heard me speak of Pieter Huysman. He's here in Dublin," he said next. "I've been talking things over with him. He's the wisest man I know."

That surprised me a good deal. Huysman was a Dutch priest, whose advanced and original views had brought him several times into conflict with authority. Gregory had spoken of him indeed as a friend of his, but as an amusing, lively black sheep rather than a fountain of wisdom.

"I told him of the sin into which I had fallen," Gregory went happily on. "And he questioned whether in fact it ought to be so described. For what was sin? Not something to be defined by rule of thumb. To sin was to thwart the purpose of God, so that before anything else we had to know what His purpose was, and this might not always be immediately plain. I was not to suppose it could be discovered by simply running away. All I had told him suggested that what had happened was meant to happen, for reasons beyond our grasp. It might, naturally, be a test of my strength. Or a warning that my proper course was to return to the world. But equally, perhaps, it was a far more subtle and complex plan, only to be realized by acceptance, not rejection, of what had befallen. Spiritual pride took many forms, and scruple often was one. His counsel, then, was to go forward with humble faith in the Divine wisdom, which would reveal itself in its own good time. And that is what I mean to do."

Having delivered himself of this, he leaned back in his chair and asked for another drink.

To me, of course, Father Huysman's summing-up was sheer galimatias: his vocabulary, like Gregory's, meant nothing. And, as I listened, for a moment I caught a glimpse of the gentle, charming Gregory's boundless egotism. None of it mattered, however, in the face of his declaration. The cruel tempest was over; unbelievably, we were sailing in calm waters.

"Is it . . . is it the green light, then?" was all I managed to say.

For the first time I heard him actually laugh aloud. "Well, my earthy Petra, you could put it like that. Now, will you give me something to eat? All this has made me hungry. And think of it, we have never yet had a meal together!"

I scrambled some eggs and opened a bottle of wine, and we sat over it like a newly married pair, longing for each other and still in no hurry. Afterwards we cleared away and Gregory helped wash up, humming a tune and dropping dishes like any normal man. Then we undressed in a tranquil, orderly fashion and, all but melting with bliss, got into bed. And . . .

And nothing. Nothing then, or ever after, nothing and nothing. Abelard himself was not more summarily rendered chaste. I daresay the psychiatrists could explain it, they come up with an answer to most things. But as I look back, time having passed, the worst of the pain being over, more and more the old and—as I imagined—empty myths or allegories seem to apply. It looks indeed as if, in the guise of Father Huysman, an angel had appeared to Gregory, an angel with a flaming sword; and what the fear of hell could not do, he had achieved with a blessing. □

A PLEASURE TREE

In the tree that bears gold
apples, the starlings keep
drunken balance. Seven apples
remain, spared by windstorms
that have savaged orchards
down to bare limbs and torn
fields into windrows. A marvel:
Seven apples have not fallen,
but hang in these March rains
like brown jewels, inside them
the pulp turning to raw wine
amber and ruby and cold as air.

by Robley Wilson, Jr.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LOST ART OF CONSERVATION

by Donald E. Carr

How much energy do we waste because of errors of design, duplications of function, faulty insulation, bureaucratic muddling, and mistaken assumptions about energy needs? And how much energy can we save by recognizing—and correcting—these errors?

The twenty years from 1951 to 1971 were remarkable as the years when *the price of energy went down* in comparison with all other things we could buy. We seemed to be bathed in energy. Technologists sat up nights dreaming of new things to run with electricity. They developed a pogo stick that jumped on gasoline power. Anyone without a power mower might as well have wielded a scythe. Established in those two decades was the standard increase rate of 3.7 percent per year for total energy use. Then in 1973, when unmistakable signs of fuel shortages and electrical brownouts had already been visible for eighteen months, the overall increase rate topped out at 4.8 percent—the most power ever used by one nation in all history; so much more than other nations, or even all of Europe, that it may well stand up as an eternal champion record of power swinishness.

What were some of the practices and contrivances that led us to waste 35 percent of the energy we consumed, and how can we rebuild a conservational society?

“Building a conservational society”: the key

word is *building*, for in architecture the modern world has committed its worst sins, and yet, either by luck or brilliance, has accomplished its most promising breakthroughs.

Buildings and houses

Consider the luck or instinct of the ancient builders of the cave dwellings in Mesa Verde, Colorado. The dwellings face south, and in winter, when the sun is low, it shines directly on the adobe back walls, which store heat during the day and release it at night. In the summer, the sun strikes at the horizontal surface, where roofs of wood and grasses are set as insulation. Here are dwellings built by men and women who knew the essentials about solar energy. They should have gone one step further and discovered how to heat water with it. But they probably felt no deep need, as we do, for what Rupert Brooke called “the benison of hot water.” For this benison we now pay dearly, since the heating of water is the largest single source of energy consumption in our homes.

But in addition, America has become essentially a collection of high-rise commercial buildings, and the operation of these buildings consumes 50 percent of all the electric power produced in the United States.

As June Stein of the Smithsonian Institution has emphasized, one could start the campaign of energy economy in buildings at the cement mixer. Concrete gains strength for years after hardening; thus, if early strength specifications were relaxed below the standards now in force, a savings of

about 20,000 million kilowatt-hours per year would be achieved—enough to provide electric power for several million families. The relaxation of cement standards is associated in the public mind with city-hall skulduggery, but the disasters that have happened because of rotten building materials occurred because the materials met *no* standards at all, and were in fact never subjected to inspection.

Cement-making itself is a hoggish industry, mainly because of the huge amount of heat needed to decompose limestone. The average fuel consumption in U.S. cement kilns is 1.2 million BTUs per barrel of cement. In most European plants, heat rejected from the kilns is used to preheat the limestone, with the result that the total fuel requirement is more than halved to about 550,000 BTUs per barrel. An even more economic “reinforced-suspension” preheater is used in Japan by the Onoda Cement Company. Only inertia and stubbornness explain why American cement companies cannot do better than they do.

In the United States, the traditional way of financing buildings is based on first costs: what the owner pays at the time the building is completed. Yet, in an energy-conscious society, the building designer as well as the sophisticated bank should think in terms of what has to be paid out in cash or in net energy over the lifetime of a building to keep it standing and to keep it providing inexpensive comfort and light for the people who work in it or live in it.

The glass menagerie

Ever since Lever House was built in Manhattan in 1952, buildings consisting primarily of glass have sprung up all over the nation—an unfortunate example of the way architecture can go 180 degrees wrong because of a vague desire to be chic and trendy. Glass is a notoriously poor insulator, and as far as keeping the heat out in summer or in during winter is concerned, the glass building is virtually a thermal sieve. Special high-metal, reflective types of glass have been developed, but if you install them in your windows, you increase your *neighbor's* air-conditioning bill, because you have in effect focused mirrors upon his building, which may be mostly glass too. Then, if he also goes for high-reflective glass, you engage in battle.

The answer, of course, lies in more expensive double-glazing, making every window of double panes, since the air sealed in between acts as a

good insulator. (Even this tactic has limited usefulness, however, because if the window is big enough, the air in the space between the panes has a sort of weather of its own. If it gets to moving around, like an imprisoned wind, it transmits heat or cold by the process of convection.)

Office windows are seldom opened. Double-glazed office windows, one may say with some assurance, are *never* opened. This is a pity because, as the architect Richard Stein points out, of the 3100 hours a year that an average office building is occupied, at least 900 occur in the temperature range where untreated outside air can be used. Simply opening the windows would bring about a 19 percent reduction in the use of energy for handling building air. But instead of letting in outside air, and the sound, perhaps, of birds as well as traffic, the modern skyscraper is built to be sealed in and afflicted with Muzak.

Some improvements are visible and some obvious first principles are still being applied. For example, it is axiomatic that a slab-shaped building will lose 20 percent less energy if the broad sides face north and south. And in Tempe, Arizona, the new municipal building has its glass walls slanted at a 45-degree angle to reduce the amount of the sun's heat that enters. Though few architects seem to realize it, the weather at the top of a high-rise building is quite different from the weather at street level. High winds up there not only produce four times as much pressure, but may blow down the *side* of the building at rates of 30 miles per hour. Clever advantage has been taken of this fact in the new Qantas building in Melbourne, Australia, which is specifically designed to encourage the air to rustle down and bring comfort to the street in summer.

Although one can argue about the design of high-rise buildings—how they use their lighting systems, how their huge capacities strangle a city's traffic, and how they look—there is no arguing about their essential superiority as energy conservers, especially if living is combined with working in them. High-rise population centers use much less energy than low-rise ones. (New York City uses only 138 million BTUs per capita per year, compared with an average of 255 million BTUs for the United States as a whole.) High-rise apartments of the same living capacity use 58 percent less gas and 40 percent less electricity than single-family homes. Because of the much higher heat loss occasioned by the greater ratio of surface to volume, a row of ranch houses needs two and a half times as much gas or heating oil as a residential tower with the same floor space.

Donald Carr is a retired oil company executive whose new book will be *Energy and the Earth Machine*.

In fact, with cleverly designed high-rise construction we hear the first noises of a new urban trend that would revolutionize life-style as well as cut transportation energy uses to the bare bone. The Olympic Towers on Fifth Avenue was New York's first major project combining living and working space—a brilliant adventure pioneered by Chicago in its building of the 100-story Hancock Center. There one “commutes” (using a few watts of elevator power and producing zero air pollution) from, say, the ninetieth floor, where one lives, to the fortieth floor, where one works. Chicago's Sears Tower, the tallest in the world, is also suitable as a combination town and city where one needs no automobile for commuting.

The facts of housing life

Until very recently, if you insulated your home or place of business you paid an ad valorem tax on the insulation, whereas the heating or cooling costs were considered as untaxed operating expense. This is in the same category of bureaucratic senselessness as the Interstate Commerce Commission's insistence on railroads charging more freight per pound for scrap steel than for iron ore.

Nothing pays off so fast in energy saving as insulation. If every house had six inches of fiber glass or its equivalent in the attic and three inches on the walls, Americans could save some 20 billion gallons of oil and over one trillion cubic feet of gas per year. One of the prime technical objects of insulation is to keep walls, floors, ceilings, and windows warm on the inside, not so much to prevent heat from leaving or entering the house (although that is surely important) as to prevent your body from radiating heat to the surroundings. The rate of heat loss by radiation depends on the *fourth power* of the temperature difference between the radiating object and the target of radiation.

If you are a regulation-sized adult, you give off about the same amount of heat as a 100-watt light bulb. But the rate at which heat radiates from your body and hits a wall depends much more on how cold the wall is than on how cold the air in the room is. The difference between inadequate and proper insulation in a temperate climate can amount to 40 percent of your fuel bill. Storm windows (double glazing) cut in half the heat loss from the windows and also cut in half the difference between the air temperature in the room and the window temperature.

Much has been made of the unnecessary luxury of pilot lights for gas stoves or hot-water heaters. It is true that the pilot uses about one third of all the gas you consume on the stove, but in the winter-time it is an efficient source of space heat. In the summer an electric igniter is worthwhile.

Turn off the energy-wasting drying cycle on your dishwasher. Dishes dry perfectly well at room temperature. As mentioned earlier, your water heater is the fiercest energy hound you control. Be sure to drain sediment from the bottom of it every month.

In any central home heating system, the tendency is to work overtime to keep one problem room warm while the others are too warm. Study the problem room a bit. Maybe it would save money to close it off or boost it with a separate space heater.

Evergreen trees planted to form a windbreak slow the rate at which winter winds suck heat from your house. As for other greenery, if your lawn is going to be presentable, it must be fertilized. A fifty-pound bag of nitrate fertilizer takes a vast number of BTUs of hot natural gas to produce, and a lawn 10,000 feet square requires about five bags a season. When it has deigned to grow, it grows faster than your whiskers and takes half a million or more BTUs worth of gasoline to mow—a harvest that is thrown away. If Americans had sense, they would use their lawn space to grow vegetables.

The central air-conditioner is an energy swine of huge dimensions. Air-conditioning energy now costs so much that prudent people are thinking of returning to the attic fan, which, in a well-

The glass building is virtually a thermal sieve.

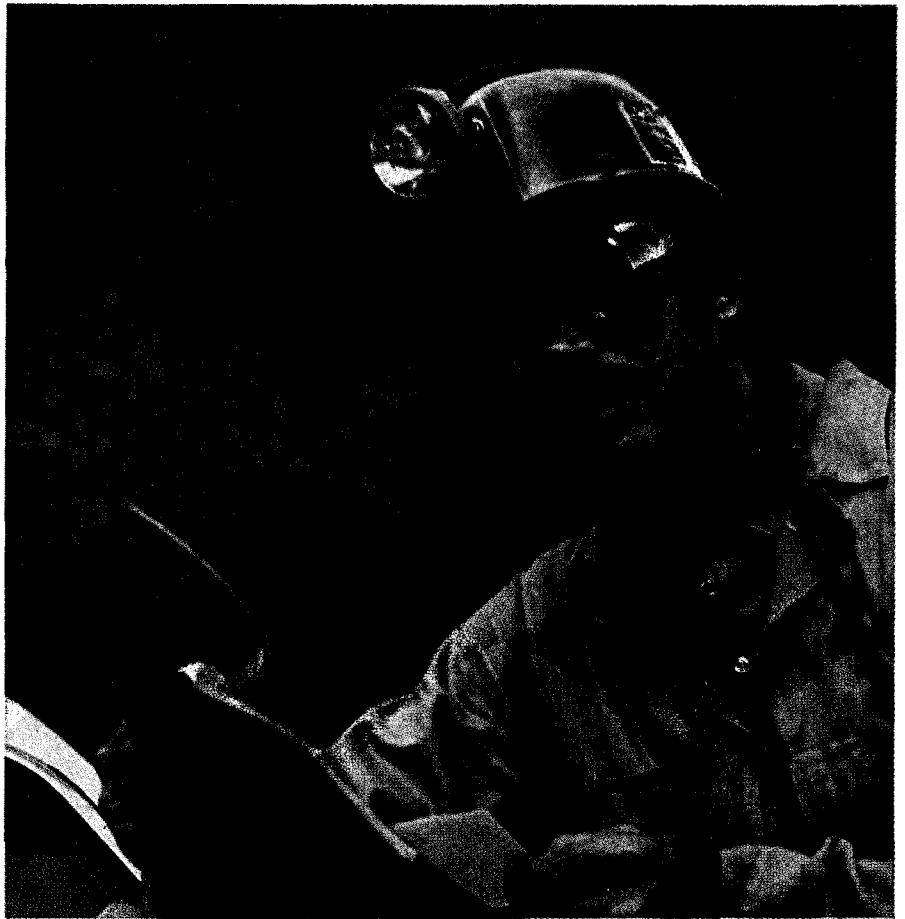
insulated house, can provide summer comfort. An attic fan uses about 300 kilowatt-hours a year, whereas a central cooling system in a house 1500 feet square may consume 4000 kilowatt-hours. Put awnings on the south side of the house, so you can open the shaded window when it's not too hot. Don't build a sunny patio next to the house, because there will be a blast of heat from the flagstones. On the other hand, the more plants or trees the better, since plants respire water and its evaporation gives a cooling effect along the house perimeter.

If you insist on buying an air-conditioner, first find out the energy efficiency ratio (EER). That is a number, customarily guaranteed, obtained by di-

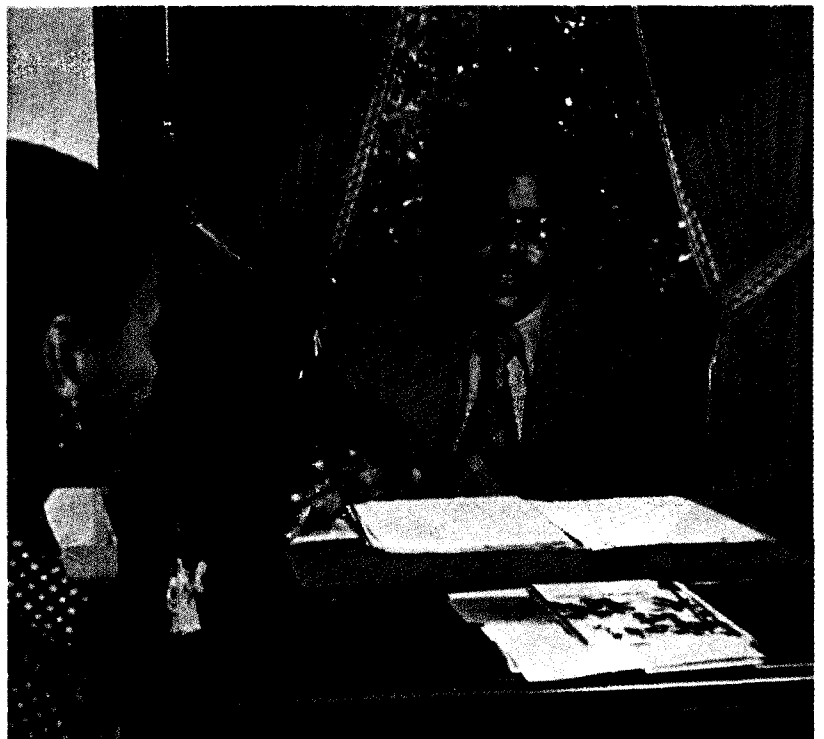
What one company is doing to help support America's colleges

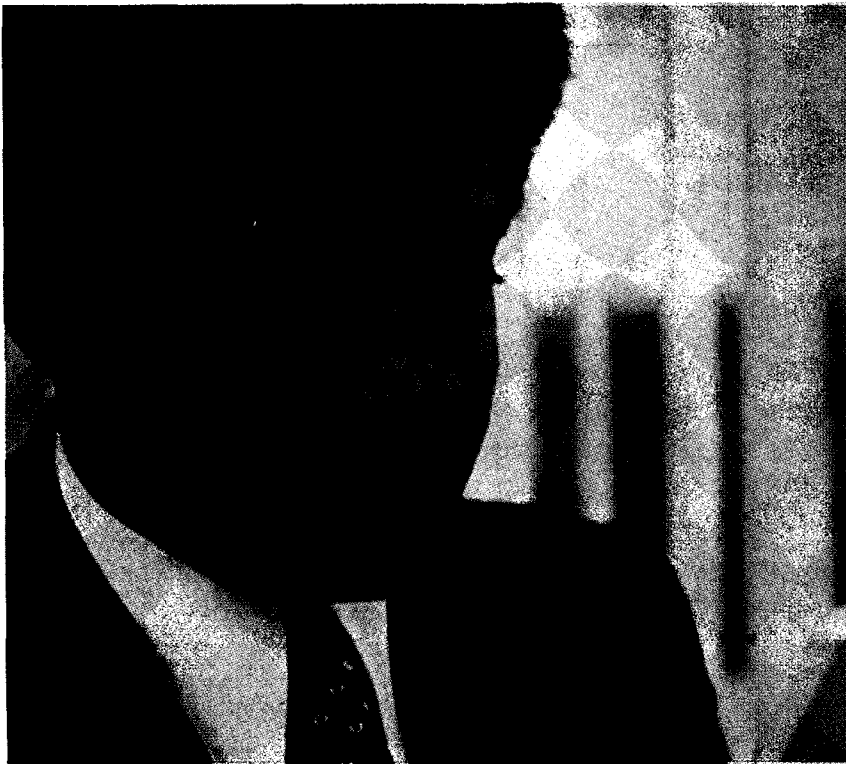
Ken Katen earned \$2,500 for his alma mater. After graduating from Pennsylvania State University, Ken decided to join Bethlehem Steel and enter our management-training program. Because of his decision, Penn State received a \$2,500 contribution from Bethlehem. (If Ken had attended a privately endowed university, our contribution would have been \$5,000.) Under our aid-to-education program, established in 1953, Bethlehem has made unrestricted contributions to more than 250 colleges and universities.

Ken Katen is a systems engineer for the Beth-Elkhorn Corporation, Jenkins, Ky., a coal-mining subsidiary of Bethlehem.



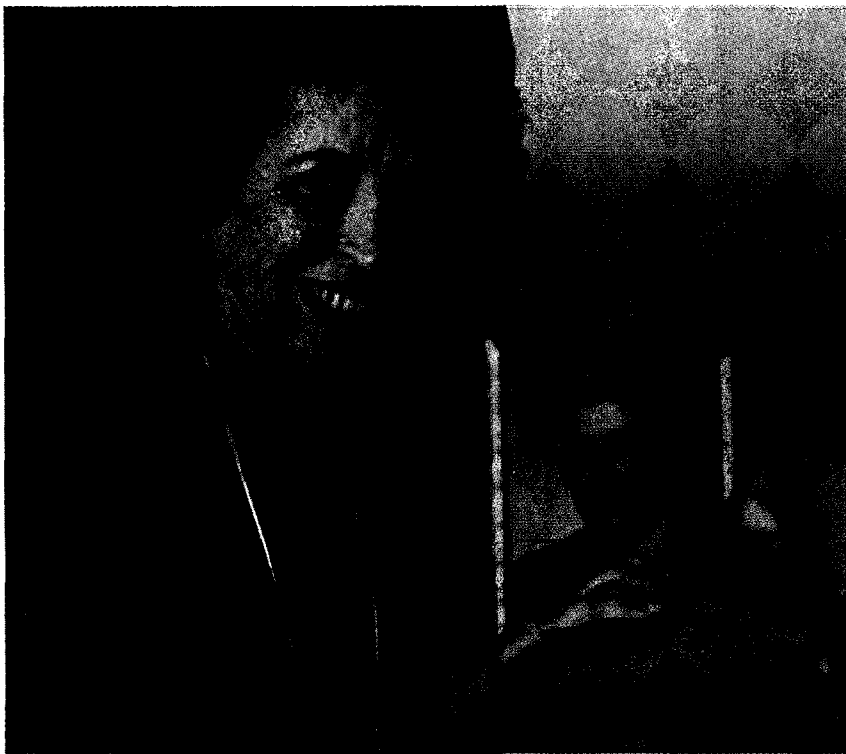
Brown University is using part of a special, unrestricted grant from Bethlehem for undergraduate counseling. Some 8 per cent of Brown's enrollment is made up of minority students, admitted on the basis of their demonstrated ability and future promise. Dean John M. Robinson advises a special program of peer counseling and tutoring, and other activities, for these students. Objective: to help ease their transition into a predominantly white educational environment, so that they may fully realize their potential at Brown. This is an excellent example of how colleges and universities meet special needs with unrestricted grants.





Ed Snowden wanted a college education. We helped pay his tuition. Bethlehem's educational assistance program encourages our full-time, salaried employees to continue their education. The program provides full reimbursement for tuition costs of approved courses of study. Since its start 13 years ago, 4,220 employees have taken advantage of the program. Ed Snowden, for example, earned his Bachelor of Science degree in science-education from Morgan State College while working full time in our Sparrows Point, Md., steel plant.

Ed Snowden is a community affairs representative in our Baltimore district office.



When Lucile Haas gave Occidental College \$250, so did we. Bethlehem's Program of Matching Grants to Education encourages our employees to contribute to colleges and universities. For each dollar an employee gives (up to \$2,000 in any calendar year), we make a matching grant of one dollar. In the past two years, 1,450 Bethlehem employees gave to 325 colleges and universities. Mrs. Haas, whose son Stephen is a graduate of Occidental College, was one of them.

Lucile Haas is a secretary at Bethlehem's Torrance, Calif., Fabricating Works.

Bethlehem



Many colleges desperately need contributions. We hope you will consider their needs.

viding the number of BTUs cooling capacity by the wattage (electric power required). A 10,000 BTUs system that draws 1000 watts would have an EER of 10, which is satisfactory. Anything lower than this should be viewed with suspicion. Don't get a unit that's too big, because it cools the rooms so quickly that the compressor does not have time enough to work on its secondary chore—that of dehumidifying the air.

In the first five years of the 1970s, the energy consumed in this country by transportation amounted to about one quarter of the energy consumed for all purposes.

An inspiring example of all-around energy streamlining is the Everett Barber demonstration house in Gilford, Connecticut. Heat from the refrigerator coils and kitchen sewer are used to pre-heat the water for cleaning or bathing. Insulated shutters for the windows are closed at night. In the summer, air is allowed to circulate by convection (going where it wants to go) rather than being blown by a power-consuming fan. In the model home at Schnecksville, Pennsylvania, designed by Drexel University and the Franklin Institute, a closed-circuit water loop for helping with space heating makes the rounds of every appliance in the house that could be a source of wasted heat—the chimneys of the two fireplaces, the clothes dryer, and the heating-coil of the refrigerator. Insulated draperies are wired to open and close automatically so sunlight can be absorbed during the day and room heat conserved after dark. In this house the windows have triple panes of glass.

The General Services Administration (GSA), an agency more or less under the aegis of Congress, has small, seven-story demonstration buildings at Manchester, New Hampshire, and Saginaw, Michigan, where new ideas are being tried out. There are no windows at all on the north wall, whereas double-glazed window space on the other walls is limited to 15 percent of the wall area. Different lighting systems are being tried out on the various floors, including one that has the lights built into the furniture. One floor has large windows to experiment with natural light.

Perhaps the most crucial GSA experiment is designed to answer the question, Can janitors and scrubwomen work in the daytime without the clerks and vice presidents falling into water buck-

ets and tripping over somebody's mop? This is not a frivolous issue, because in the metropolitan high-rise office buildings a large amount of energy goes into lighting up every story on the graveyard shift, when the custodial or clean-up work is normally performed.

The biggest landlord in New York City is Samuel J. Lefrak, who owns 60,000 apartments with 250,000 tenants. A few simple conservation rules

have, he claims, made him rich rather than bankrupt. In the first place, all washing machines must use cold water (no exceptions whatever are allowed). In every apartment a piece of aluminum foil is placed between the radiator and the cold wall so that heat

will be reflected back into the room. The radiators are painted with enamel, since he finds that the use of metallic or flat paint cuts down the radiation by about 25 percent.

Conservation in industry

American industry, until quite recently, has been nonchalant about its housekeeping on energy. Energy has been so cheap that out of every dollar the average manufacturer spent, only a nickel went for energy. The value of energy saved was often less than the cost of trying to save it.

The scene has changed. Dow Chemical has gone so far as to operate an infrared reconnaissance helicopter above some of its plants, and discovered such things as a heated sidewalk that somebody had forgotten to turn off. Some of the wasteful practices, however, were so stupid that they should have been rectified without the spur given by an increase in the utility bill or the price of coal. For example, in one large manufacturing plant, the first step in saving energy was to replace several hundred broken windows, through which heated or refrigerated air had been leaking for years.

Basic industries, such as steel—once the pride of the country—were the worst offenders. Industrial experts estimate that about 50 percent of the water-cooled skidrails in American heat-drawing furnaces are fully insulated, compared with 90 percent in major steel plants abroad. Rolling mills five years ago were scandals of wasted heat. In a typical mill in Pennsylvania, one day's survey disclosed that the men would open a furnace door to warm themselves, ruining the work. The huge end of a heated warehouse would be opened to let out a

little forklift (when one expected a gigantic statue of Baal to emerge, pulled by a thousand slaves). Workers maintained the furnace flame as hot as possible, oblivious to the tenets of flame management, i.e., to obtain the maximum BTUs per unit of fuel. The heat from the production facilities was vented *outside*, while separate and expensive equipment was used to heat the nearby office.

Much wasted heat goes up the stacks. By inserting a simple recuperator for recapturing stack gas heat from a radiant-fired tube and using it to preheat combustion air, it is easy to save 30 percent of the fuel used in many direct heating operations. The cost is about equivalent to installing a grate in a fireplace.

In many industrial operations, such as vacuum furnaces, the manager seems to be unaware of the fact that heat transfer from the fuel charge to the furnace wall is necessarily by radiation in entirety. Through the use of specially designed antiradiative insulation and other simple changes, the fuel requirements can be reduced by 75 percent.

Sometimes a manufacturer is prevented from saving energy by the bureaucracy. Many steam operations, such as paper pulping, paper drying, and the vulcanizing of rubber, require low-quality steam (steam of low pressure and low temperature). Now, unless your plant is adjacent to an operation that has low-quality steam as a by-product, you might as well put in a boiler and cook up some high-grade steam. You can put this through a turbine, get enough electric power for any of your other factory operations, and still use the low-grade steam from the turbine exhaust for your specific requirements (e.g., paper pulping). It usually turns out that the generator, in order to produce enough low-grade steam, puts out more power than the manufacturer can use, commonly three or four times. It thus appeared that the teaming up of paper plants with power generators could lead to a highly efficient expansion in overall electrical capacity. In the 1920s and early 1930s, when people had more gumption than they had excess power, several large paper companies did just this. The Department of Justice promptly stepped in, and in a series of court suits, asked the paper companies to decide whether they were in the paper business or in the electric power business.

Since the lush days of the 1950s and 1960s, industry in general has focused so much attention on energy conservation that Du Pont's energy consulting division, which works on problems of other companies, reports a 300 percent increase in business in 1974. Sometimes, in a quest for energy savings, you get a new insight into an old process.

One excellent example is RCA's Coronet Industries, which for years had used hot-air "dryers" (they thought) at their Dalton, Georgia, plant to stick the foam and latex backings onto carpets. In fact, their chemists found the warm air was not drying anything. The heat in the air was setting off a curing process. In genuine drying it is the volume of air that counts, but in curing it is only the temperature. They had been heating about five times as much air as they needed to.

The average American farmer is incompetent in those very areas of modern agriculture where we pride ourselves on being leaders. A recent survey of gasoline-powered farm tractors in several mid-western states showed that three quarters of them were in such poor shape, because of neglected maintenance, that they could develop only a shockingly low percentage of their rated horsepower.

Other needless power wastage on the American farm comes from excessively deep plowing (eleven inches when seven would do the job, except in the case of peanuts) and chopping forage to a finicky one eighth of an inch, as if we were feeding toothless animals.

On big, sophisticated farms the situation is different. These large, better-managed agricultural ventures represent precisely the kind of "agribusiness" that the majority of smallhold farmers resent, but from the energy viewpoint the question is, Can we afford the small, sloppy farms?

The wasted miles

In the first five years of the 1970s, the energy consumed in this country by transportation amounted to about one quarter of the energy consumed for all purposes.

A few numbers on passenger miles per gallon of fuel, compiled by the Office of Emergency Preparedness, are of interest, since they emphasize the importance of sharing the ride. In the early 1970s, traveling expensively by the B747 jumbo jet (60 percent capacity) added up to 22 passenger miles per gallon. For an average automobile (sedan) the corresponding figure was 32 passenger miles to the gallon, reflecting the fact that the average car ride took place with only two people in the car, while during commuting, 56 percent of the automobiles were occupied only by the driver. The average commuter train gets 100 passenger miles to the gallon—figured as diesel fuel—the large bus 125, and the two-decker suburban train 200 passenger miles to the gallon.

If we won't car-pool, and if we won't or can't

use mass transportation, can we at least get more mileage from the gallon?

Yes, you can get 297.731 miles per gallon, the equivalent of going from New York to Los Angeles on about 10 gallons. But you have to follow along the lines prescribed by the economy champion Ben Visser: first, tear your car apart. Throw away the frame, transmission, springs, shock absorbers, and rear axle. Construct a brand-new frame with the rear wheels side by side in the center, where the trunk was located. Put the motor in where the back seat used to be, and connect it to the rear wheels with a long bicycle chain. Pump up the tires to eight times normal pressure and be sure the tires are worn treadless. Replace the carburetor with a motor-scooter version. Remove the fan, water pump, and generator. Wrap the engine in six layers of insulation to seal in the heat. Sit in the center so that you rest on the single axle and two simple key bearings. Replace all grease with thin oil. (You should now be able to push your hideous skeleton of a once bonny automobile around with one hand.)

When you drive this apparition, you will have only high gear left. Accelerate to precisely 16.5 miles per hour. Shut off the engine and coast down to seven miles per hour before starting over again. If you want, you can whistle "California, Here I Come!" remembering that you will get there in about three weeks of nonstop driving.

Visser has improved fuel economy from about 13 to nearly 300 miles per gallon, merely by reducing road friction, air resistance, and friction in the transmission of power from the engine to the wheels. At the speeds involved, one could probably get by on two cylinders. If special, very high octane fuel is used, the compression ratio could be upped to about 10 to 1, which would greatly increase the thermal efficiency. I would predict that Ben Visser, with such further refinements, could wind up at around 350 miles to the gallon.

In the 1975 model year, most cars went up about 15 percent in mileage, averaging city and highway driving. Whereas former methods of pollution control penalized fuel economy, the use of catalysts in the exhaust allowed more precise tuning of the engine. However, the catalysts may result in a more dangerous type of pollution and can be regarded as only a temporary answer to the older problems.

On looking at the tests on 1975 models, one is struck by the discrepancy between imported and domestic cars, both of which have to meet the same emission standards. Foreign cars and sub-compacts dominated the competition for economy.

In fact, the top-twelve list for mileage per gallon in both city and highway driving did not include a single American-made car. The Datsun B210 was best in both kinds of driving, with 39 miles per gallon on the highway and an almost incredible 27 miles per gallon under simulated city-traffic conditions. (This is all the more astonishing since, except for the special California model, the Datsun does not use a catalyst, but meets EPA exhaust specifications by blowing extra air in the exhaust manifold and partially recycling exhaust vapors to reduce the formation of nitrogen oxides.)

Following fairly closely were two Volkswagen models, the Rabbit and the Sirocco, while other German and Japanese sub-compacts trailed not too far behind. The best showing in city driving for an American car was that of the Chevrolet Vega sub-compact at 22 miles per gallon (13th), while on the highway the AMC Gremlin showed a fairly good 30 miles per gallon (17th) and is notable for being the only six-cylinder car among the front-runners.

Detroit reluctantly accepted the fact in 1974 that the car-buying public had its eyes on smaller cars, because there is—comparatively speaking—no profit in sub-compacts.* Detroit's response was to fancy up the little cars, making normally optional equipment standard, and upping the price so much that sub-compacts turned out to cost as much as the "intermediates" of the year before. People decided to drive the old car for at least another year.

The 1976 models, however, reflect a radical change in the attitude of Detroit toward achieving fuel economy. According to EPA figures, the 1976 cars average 12.8 percent better fuel economy than the 1975 models, and 26.6 percent better than in 1974. Moreover, for the first time, an American car, the Chevette by Chevrolet, topped the economy list.

In a time of concern about fuel economy of cars, a plague of hucksters has appeared, selling gimmicks—typically "miracle" attachments to the carburetor. Some of them, such as the "catalytic carburetor screen," show some benefit, not by "catalysis," but by achieving more even distribution of fuel to the cylinders. Real improvements in economy, however, require direct injection or some other fundamental change in combustion philosophy. In the meantime, slower driving means more mileage. This is especially true for big cars, and even more so for trucks. The fantastic argument by truckers that, because of transmission inefficiency, they lose economy below 60 mph is sheer rubbish.

*Except for materials (a much lower fraction of the total than labor), the manufacturing costs for all sizes of American cars are about the same; hence both the maker and the dealer have prospered by selling relatively big, expensive cars.



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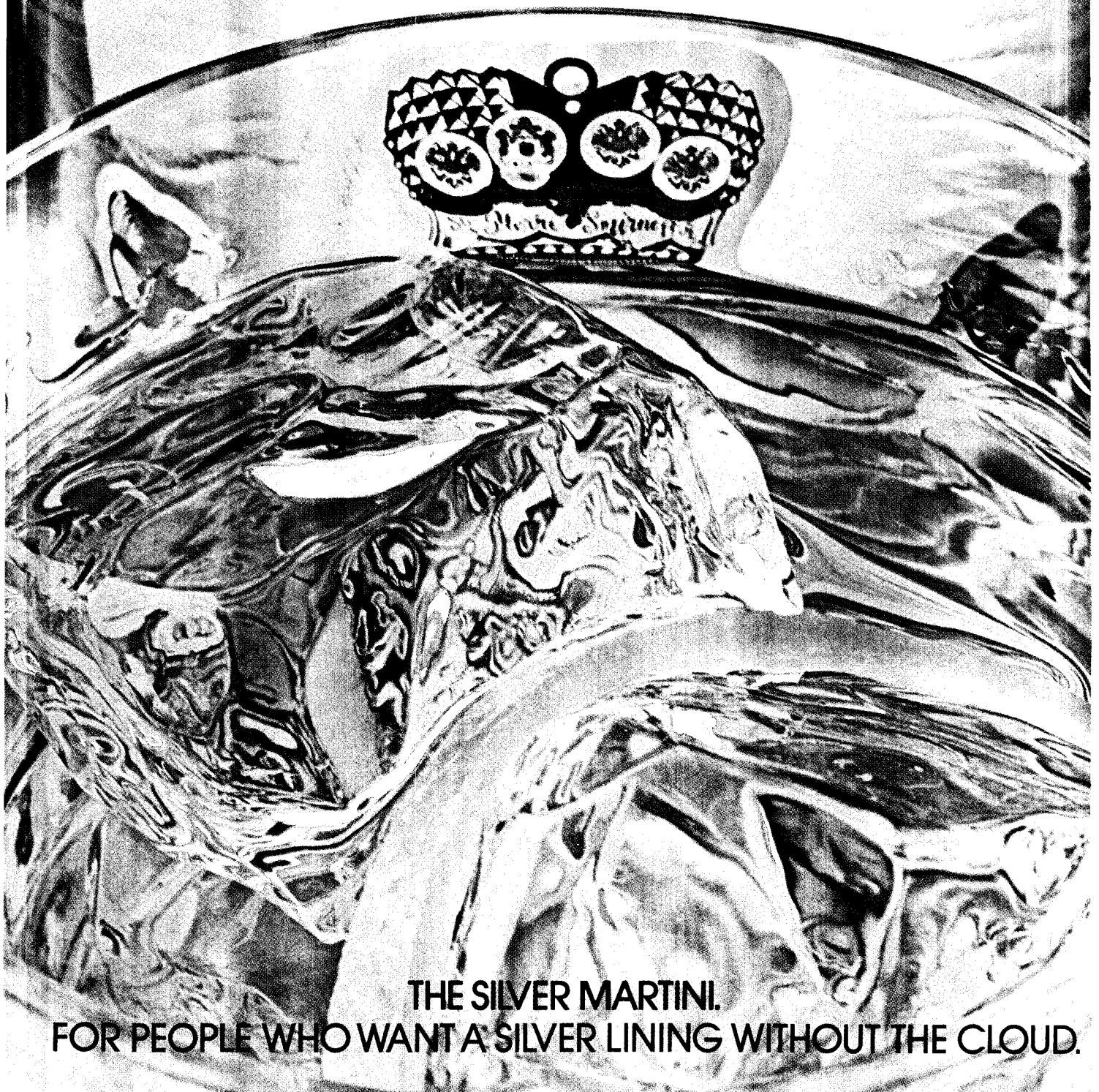
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At these speeds a truck's fuel economy depends almost entirely on air resistance, and this increases as the cube of the speed.

The great recycle experiment

Practical conservationists in this country have been interested in recycling garbage, sewage, and trash for several decades, and the Chinese have done it for about 5000 years. Early in the American campaign for cleaning up, in the 1950s, one discouraging discovery was that trash collection and classification costs a lot of money. The state of Michigan discovered that picking up beer cans scattered beside highways costs thirty cents a can. Oregon decided that the only answer was to make nonreturnable cans and bottles illegal. Los Angeles halfheartedly experimented with compelling citizens to classify the garbage and trash before collection. The recovery of energy and recycling solids has finally started in this country, notably in St. Louis and the state of Connecticut. And even sewage, which has so long been swept under the rug in North America, is now being looked upon as a source of methane, the main constituent of natural gas.

In the 1930s, sewage plants commonly used their own effluvia, so-called "digester gas," to fuel engines for agitators, compressors, and the like. The plants switched to natural gas when it became available, because the digester gas was slightly corrosive, containing, in addition to methane, some hydrogen sulfide, carbon dioxide, and water vapor. The plants are switching back again, since even with the cost of extraction of the acid impurities, it is now cheaper than natural gas. Sanitation plants in Orange County, California, have been burning digester gas since 1966.

Methane is also formed in the course of time by bacterial decomposition of garbage in the landfills, and since the start of the smog furor, the Los Angeles area has used landfills for garbage disposal. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company plans to tap such sites for methane, and, in fact, NRC Technology, Inc. has been draining gas from shallow wells at the Palos Verdes landfill for several years.

If the equivalent of natural gas can be recovered from human excrement, it can be recovered from animal excrement even more conveniently. Individual farmers and big feedlot operators have lately

realized this. A single farmer in Indiana, for instance, pumps the manure from his eighty cattle into a closed tank, lets the anaerobic bacteria go to work, and recovers forty cubic feet of gas a day, which is enough to heat his ten-room house all winter. At the other extreme, the Monfort Company of Greeley, Colorado, the largest cattle feedlot operator in the world, has completed a \$4 million plant to gasify the manure at the rate of four million cubic feet per day.

Yet excrement may be more valuable as a fertilizer. A large-scale experiment in the use of sewage is taking place in Muskegon County, Michigan, where raw sewage is collected at the Lake Michigan end of the county, pumped fifteen miles east to be treated bacterially in aerated lagoons, stored in larger lagoons to allow the solids to settle out, then used to spray-irrigate 1000 acres of corn. The percolate from the spray is collected in wells and underdrains and returned to Lake Michigan as what is claimed to be the cleanest effluent water in the country. The dried sludge from the settlers is used to improve the tilth of the soil. One fly remains in this ointment. The Department of Agriculture has pointed out that in cases such as Muskegon County, where the sewage contains industrial as well as human wastes, the spectacular increase of corn yields to 176 bushels per acre is

Sewage, which has so long been swept under the rug in North America, is now being looked upon as a source of methane.

accompanied, after about two years, by an equally spectacular increase of heavy metals in the grain (copper, lead, chromium, zinc, mercury, and cadmium). The multiplication may be as high as a factor of 20, and this is worrisome when the grain is used almost entirely for fattening cattle.

Garbage to fuel

Most garbage in this country is a mixture of material that is combustible as is (paper), combustible when dried (food wastes), metal, and glass. Connecticut is initiating a disposal system in Bridgeport. Sixty trailer trucks bring the refuse from five transfer stations to the \$30 million plant, dumping the waste into a sunken storage area. From storage it passes through industrial shredders where heavy-duty magnets extract the iron or steel. Then it goes to classifier towers where blowers and vacuums

separate the light from the heavy residue (mostly glass). The light portion is put through dryers, from which it emerges as a confetti-like, low-sulfur fuel burned as a supplement to fuel oil in the boilers of a nearby electrical utility plant. Ten plants similar to the Bridgeport prototype are planned around the state. Connecticut is justifiably proud of this program. When it is completed, they will have disposed of a nuisance and gained energy and the bonus of scrap steel and glass.

The privately owned Union Electric Company of St. Louis is converting two of its coal-fired plants to allow them to burn 7500 tons per day of organic garbage generated by the city and six surrounding counties. The mixture will consist of 80 percent coal and 20 percent dried garbage. Again, there is a pollution bonus, for the garbage is low in sulfur. Because each ton of garbage contains 150 pounds of recoverable steel and twenty pounds of other metals, the utility will sell scrap metal. Fi-

tion in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, New Orleans, St. Louis, Baltimore, San Diego, Detroit, Boston, Washington, Cleveland, Buffalo, Memphis, Rochester, Albany, Knoxville, Akron, and Brockton, Massachusetts.

If the nation as a whole, including the small cities and towns where there is the greatest need for relief, could recycle, we could conserve the equivalent of 290 million barrels of oil per year, recover up to \$1 billion worth of metals, and forget about our desperate solid waste disposal problem.

The nodding of heads

The Ford Foundation has produced a book entitled *A Time to Choose: America's Energy Future* (Ballinger, 1974). The gist of the book's conclusions is that: (1) mandatory and gradually increasing standards on automobile fuel economy should be established (at 30 miles per gallon, the study emphasizes, cars would be people-movers as efficient as present mass transit systems); (2) financial incentives should be set up for more efficient heating and cooling of buildings; (3) regulatory and tax policies should be revised to eliminate promotional rates and subsidies (e.g., electric rates should no longer include discounts for large users; in fact, higher rates should be charged on account of the higher costs of peaking power); (4) until conservation is well under way, we should forget about new and exotic sources of power.

This line of thought had little appeal for former Secretary of the Interior Rogers Morton, who called these conservation blueprints "fancy footwork with computers." In spite of Morton's alleged temperamental distaste for mandatory conservation measures, the Fuel and Energy Administration's recent "Project Independence Blueprint" contains recommendations practically identical to those of the Ford Foundation. Conservation tricks of one kind or another could reduce the yearly rate of increase in demand for energy to around 2 percent, and by 1985 the consumption of energy in the United States would be 12 quadrillion BTUs less than at the present rate of burning things. □

This year West Germany expects 25 percent of its total population to get electricity from garbage.

nally, it will take over the dumping fees that the sanitation department had to pay for landfill or incineration. By 1977, Union Electric estimates, garbage will replace 6 percent of its boiler coal. (The Dutch have been using garbage to produce steam heat and electricity for over fifty years. Copenhagen and Paris have been using similar systems almost as long. This year West Germany expects 25 percent of its total population to get electricity from garbage.)

Aside from the energy yield, we are running out of ways for disposing of solid waste. Each person in America generates, per year, an estimated ton of solid waste that would occupy a pile nine feet square and thirteen feet high. That means a total of 4000 billion pounds of garbage, now costing, depending on where you live, from \$2 to \$13 a ton, including a considerable proportion of energy, to get rid of. Chicago and Akron have run out of landfill space. Miami, Cleveland, Toledo, and Oklahoma City have a year or so to go.

Recycling plants are planned or under construc-

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Just for giving?

So far, we haven't touched on those times when you yourself might feel especially deserving. All we can say is this: Try a bottle of Maker's Mark. There's a good chance you will consider it the best you've ever tasted. And if so, you'll be all set for those times when only the very best will do.

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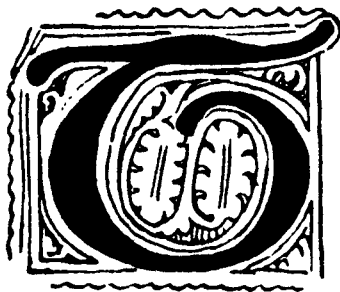
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HAZARDS ON THE WAY TO THE MIDDLE AGES

by Barbara Tuchman

A historian sets out in search of a “verray parfit gentil knight,” and encounters many surprises along the road.



he problem of writing a book laid in the Middle Ages—specifically in France in the second half of the fourteenth century—is that one can never be certain of achieving a likeness that is valid. At 600

years’ distance the Middle Ages gleam like a fairytale castle on a glass hill, and at the foot is an abyss. The gap in received ideas between then and now—in habits of thought, conduct, politics, beliefs—is so wide as to make it virtually impossible to leap across, impossible for the historian to be sure of understanding what motivated people of that time, impossible to be sure of describing it as it really was.

My object is to try to portray fifty years of a tormented and disintegrating society in which I see

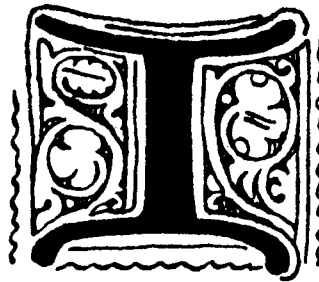
reflections of our own. A particular person’s life is used for purposes of narrative and focus. The fifty years are those that followed the Black Death of 1348–1350, the most lethal disaster of recorded history, so far. The person in question is not a king or queen or sovereign or royalty of any kind, because they are too special and too often used; nor a commoner, because commoners’ lives in most cases were not wide-ranging enough, nor individually sufficiently documented; nor a cleric or saint, such as Catherine of Siena, for instance, because they are outside my comprehension. So I am left with a noble: his name is Enguerrand de Coucy VII, and he is ideal for the purpose. Except for a single article published in 1939, nothing has ever been written about him in English, and there is no formal biography in French either, except for a doctoral thesis of 1890 that exists only in longhand manuscript, and French script at that.

I read this in Paris, under the eaves on the top floor of the Ecole de Chartes, somewhat hampered by parsimony with electric light. Actually, while it filled out certain episodes, it did not contain very much that I had not already found, and the one thing I really wanted, the author’s list of sources, was missing. It might not have helped in any case, because one of the afflictions of French history is that certain sources available to earlier historians have since disappeared, many destroyed in the French Revolution and others in World War I.

Some Coucy documents originating with the Crown exist in the national collections, and key documents such as his will and his religious foundations exist in print. But no local Coucy archive survives, partly because Mazarin destroyed most of the castle during the Fronde, and the Germans in 1917 blew up what was left.

Nevertheless, Enguerrand VII is a perfect subject, because from the time his mother died in the Black Death to his own marvelously appropriate death in the culminating fiasco of knighthood that closed the century, his life was as if designed for the historian. He suppressed the peasant revolt called the Jacquerie. He married the eldest daughter of King Edward III of England, thereby acquiring double allegiance of great historical interest. He freed his serfs in return for due payment. He campaigned three times in Italy, conveniently at Milan, Florence, and Genoa, and became the Crown's Italian expert. He commanded an army of brigand mercenaries, the worst scourge of the age, in an effort to lead them out of the country like the Pied Piper. He picked the right year to revisit England, 1376, the year of Wycliffe's struggle, the Good Parliament, and the death of the Black Prince, at whose deathbed he was present. He was escort for Emperor Charles IV at all the stage plays, pageantry, and festivities during the imperial visit to Paris. He was chosen for his eloquence and tact to negotiate with the urban rebels of Paris in 1382, and at a truce parley with the English at which a member of the opposite team just happened to be Geoffrey Chaucer. He was agent or envoy to the Pope, the Duke of Brittany, and other difficult characters in delicate situations. He was a patron and friend of Froissart, and owned the oldest surviving copy of the *Chronicle*. His castle was celebrated in a poem by Deschamps. He assisted at the literary competition for the *Cent Ballades*, of which his cousin, the Bastard of Coucy, was one of the authors. On the death of his father-in-law, King Edward, he returned his wife and the Order of the Garter to England. His daughter was "divorced at Rome by means of false witnesses" by her dissolute husband. He commanded an overseas expedition to Tunisia. He founded a monastery at Soissons. He testified at the canonization process of Pierre de Luxembourg. At age fifty he was challenged to a joust by the Earl of Nottingham, Earl Marshal of England, aged twenty-three, as the person most fitting to confer "honor, valor, chivalry,

and great renown" on a young knight (though from what I can gather, Coucy was too busy to bother with him). He was of course in the King's company at the sensational mad scene when Charles VI went out of his mind, and at the macabre Dance of the Savages afterward. It was his physician who attended the King and who later ordered his own tomb effigy as a skeleton, the first of its kind in the cult of death. Finally, as "the most experienced and skillful of all the knights of France," he was a leader of the last Crusade, and on the way to death met the only medieval experience so far missing from his record, an attested miracle. In short, he supplies leads to every subject—marriage and divorce, religion, insurrection, literature, Italy, England, besides, of course, war and politics. For more about my remarkable friend, you will have to wait for my book, which is a long time off.



am not happy with history in categories—intellectual, military, economic, or other. C. V. Langlois' book *Connaissance de la Nature au Moyen Age* contains a statement of purpose which I should like

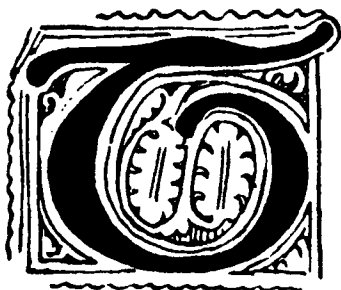
to adopt: he wanted to find and reveal "what were the aspects of contemporary life; the ordinary and general manner of living, of thinking, acting, feeling? The customs, habits, beliefs, prejudices? In short, what was the material, moral, and intellectual atmosphere in which men of that time were plunged?"

The difficulty is that the mental and moral furniture of the period is so different from ours as to create what seems like a different civilization.

The main barrier, I believe, is the Christian religion as it then was: the air, the law, the matrix of medieval life, pervasive, ubiquitous, inescapable, in fact, compulsory. Chivalry—meaning the set of ideas comprising loyalty, honor, prowess, courtesy, largesse, and so-called courtly love—is another barrier, for chivalry was really the politics and, at least for the noble estate, the manners of the time. Both these sets of ideas were taken for granted—though not without dissent—and, at the same time, were normally and regularly violated every day by everyone to whom they applied. To do otherwise was impossible, because the Church set itself, at

Barbara Tuchman holds two Pulitzer Prizes for history. This essay is drawn from a lecture before the Massachusetts Historical Society.

least in theory, against the natural instincts of sensual man and of economic man, and chivalry was a glorious ideal that honored man's self-image more than it suited his daily habits. The persistent medieval gap between ideas and practice makes a difficult passage for the historian, not unlike a passage through one of those tunnels of distorting mirrors and sliding floors in an amusement park.



hat is the overall problem, but I should like to mention some lesser hazards: to begin with, what might be called "swimming data," that is to say, dates, money, numbers, nomenclature, and

other such factors, which ought to be definite, but in the Middle Ages are anything but. People sigh when one mentions dates, but they are basic; if one does not know what precedes and what follows, one cannot know cause and effect, and one cannot tell a story. Medieval records do not make it easy.

The year began at Easter, which means that the time between January 1 and Easter, whenever that was, is not what we think it was; but whether it was the year before or the year after is a running enigma. You have to know when Easter fell, which might have been at any time between March 22 and April 22; but in the case of official English documents, it doesn't matter, because they used the regnal year dating from the first year of the current king's reign (ah, but what *month* did it begin? There's a trap). On the continent, some chanceries, but not all, used the papal year. If a chronicler placed an event, let us say, on March 30, 1356 (which, by the way, he never does, for reasons to be explained), and if Easter came before March 30, the year is 1356; but if not, it is 1357. Depending upon what month Edward III began his reign, 1356 is either 29 Edward or 30 Edward, or, put the other way around, if a document is dated 30 Edward, does it refer to 1356 or 1357? God alone knows what year it is in Avignon.

However, a chronicler never does mention March 30 or any date by number, but speaks rather of the day before St. John the Baptist's Day, or two days after the Nativity of the Virgin, or the Monday after Epiphany, or the third Sunday in Lent. This requires a list of saints' days at hand as well

as a list of the days when Easter fell; the one I used, called the *Trésor de Chronologie*, unaccountably had blanks for 1347, 1356, 1364, and 1369. How come? Did Easter just wander off and get lost?

The result of all this is to confuse not only historians but the inhabitants of the fourteenth century themselves, who rarely if ever agree on the same date for any event.

Let me tell you about money; it is worse. The fourteenth century used the florin, the ducat, the livre, the pound, the ecu, and the franc, all of which apparently were based on the Roman pound, shilling, and pence system, with the pound supposedly containing 3.5 grams of gold. But wait, there is money in coin and money of account, which expresses value, not weight, and they no longer match. What's more, the various gold coins, florins, etcetera, which presumably once equaled each other, no longer match because one or another gets debased in gold content. They now seem to hover at about one fifth of a pound sterling (but why sterling, when we thought the standard was gold? I can't answer that), except for the livre tournois, of which six equal one florin. What's *tournois*? Well, the French used both a livre parisien and a livre tournois, four of one equaling five of the other, and even occasionally a livre bordelais, meaning, I suppose, from Bordeaux, although Bordeaux was of course held by the English. Compared to French money, as was once said of a particularly slippery statesman, an eel is a leech.

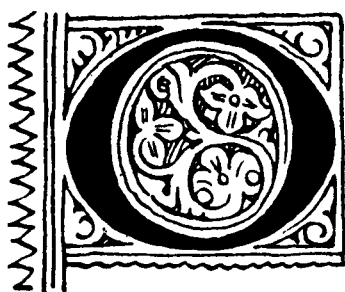
Philip VI and Jean II devalued the currency so often that they wore out the livre and took to coining the ecu, which was worth about two or three sous (or shillings), except that another authority, according to my notes, says it was worth 22.5 sous. No sooner has one become adapted, if not resigned, to the ecu, when out of nowhere appears a new character called the mouton d'or. In the case of a bishop's ransom in 1358, the sum was fixed at 9000 ecus d'or, plus fifty silver marks, plus one good warhorse valued at 100 moutons d'or. Why, in God's name, *three* currencies? Why *marks*, all of a sudden?

For a while I thought the mouton d'or might be something like today's—or yesterday's—English guinea: a pound and a little bit more to confuse the tourist, except that this could not be right, because when the word "gold" is attached, it implies an actual coin. Like the question whether the insides of cathedrals were painted, which I pursued for a long time, the mouton d'or was one of those problems about which no one seemed certain.

Medievalists on the whole are kind, helpful, friendly people, except for a regrettable tendency

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to reply to any question, "That's not my period." I am deeply indebted to many of them for answers that genuinely illuminate a problem, but they are tremendous specialists who do not like to peek over the walls of their specialty. They study life in sharply sliced sections—monasticism, land tenure, banking and credit, pilgrimages, or whatever—and in the process they learn a vast amount that is invaluable to those of us who come after. But a hazard of the process, I think, is losing curiosity about life as a whole.



ne of my questions was about the chastity belt: to what extent was it really a device in normal use, or was it, despite the one or two alleged examples in museums, more of a literary fancy? I asked

the author of a scholarly and indispensable work nominally on contraception but actually covering many aspects of sexual theory and customs. He said he knew nothing about the chastity belt; when pressed, he said that that was not his subject; he was concerned with people who *wanted* sex, not those who wanted to *avoid* it. Now there is specialization for you.

In the case of Picardy, where the Coucy dynasty lived for 400 years, what was my distress to discover, in a book by a modern scholar entirely devoted to medieval Picardy, that the domain of Coucy and its region were not once mentioned, not even in the index. On meeting the author later at the Sorbonne, I asked him why he had left Coucy out. Because, he said, it belonged to a region of different soil formation, which did not grow wheat like the rest of Picardy, and so he had not included it. However, when I went to Laon, capital of the diocese, the local archivist indignantly denied that the area had not grown wheat in the fourteenth century. This disagreement is par for any medieval condition, which brings me to the problem of discrepancies and conflicting evidence.

You can take it as an axiom that any statement of fact will be met by a statement of the opposite. Women outnumbered men because men were killed off in the wars; men outnumbered women because women died in childbirth. Common people were familiar with the Bible; common people were unfamiliar with the Bible. Nobles were tax exempt;

no they were not tax exempt. French peasants were filthy and foul-smelling and lived on bread and onions; French peasants ate pork, fowl, and game, and enjoyed frequent baths in the village bathhouses. I could extend the list indefinitely. The contraries range over everything from small specifics to the total view of the period, which most people see as decline but which one brave historian calls "Dawn of a New Era." Take a tiny matter like the Black Prince's voyage to Bordeaux in 1355. "With a brisk wind in his sails he scudded over in three days," says one historian, while another states flatly that he was at sea for two weeks. The time in this case is of no importance one way or another, but a ground strewn with these discrepancies makes hard going.

Even the most learned scholar trips. Even Delachenal, the great reliable, whose five volumes on Charles V are an ocean of erudition. Along comes Perroy, dean of the Hundred Years' War, with the shattering discovery that the alleged peace conference at Bruges of January–March 1374, which Delachenal had treated at length and the existence of which Perroy himself had never doubted, never in fact took place! It seems Delachenal was misled by letters of authority issued to the English and French and ecclesiastical envoys who, however, according to Perroy, never met in person. Where Homer nods, lesser folk are bound to stumble. Faced with all these discrepancies, one simply has to make a choice, based on the degree of confidence in the source and on inherent probability.



umbers are the obvious stumbling block but not the most dangerous, because it is clear from the outset that medieval statistics cannot be taken seriously. Chroniclers are forever numbering armies or plague deaths or city crowds in tens or

scores of thousands which financial and other records show to have been enlarged by several hundred percent. The English invaders of 1359, said to number 20,000 by Froissart and 10,000 by Chandos Herald, turn out, under examination of pay records, to have numbered 1750 knights and about 3500 foot soldiers, or about one quarter of Froissart's figure. The plague toll for Avignon in 1348, put by one observer at 120,000, is a figure

more than double what has since been estimated as the city's entire population.

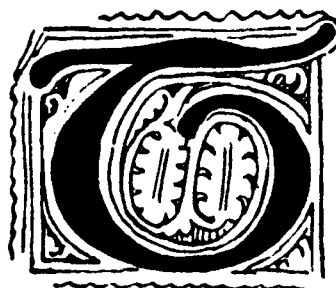
G. G. Coulton, the historian who must have known more about the Middle Ages than anyone who ever lived, offers a guidepost when he speaks of the "chronic and intentional vagueness" of medieval figures. Numbers were intended not as data, but as a device of literary art to astonish and amaze the reader. The reason they so often appear in multiples of six—6000 and 60,000—is that, according to Coulton, the figure 600 was commonly used in Roman speech as the equivalent of "limitless" or "countless." Lack of precision and an affinity for round numbers were, of course, the natural consequence of using Roman numerals. Here you bump into another discrepancy: Arabic numerals are said to have come into use by the twelfth century. Well, if they did, they must have been confined to merchants and bankers, because they certainly did not reach the chroniclers.

Like dates, numbers are basic because they tell you what proportion of the population is involved in a given situation, and a false idea of this will give a false historical picture. Medieval exaggeration of armies, for instance, led to a misunderstanding of medieval war as analogous to modern war, which it was not, in means, methods, or purpose. In 1381, England's basis for calculating the poll tax was so far off that returns proved to be only two thirds of expectations, with the result that the government had to impose a second tax, which precipitated the Peasants' Revolt, the greatest crisis of the English Middle Ages. Such are the perils of careless numbers.

Immediate post-medieval historians repeated without question the chroniclers' figures, which went on being repeated thereafter. Only late in the nineteenth century, and much more in our own time, did historians begin to re-examine the records. One result has been to change entirely our estimate of the population. Boissonade, in the nineteenth century, gave Paris a population of 300,000 before the Black Death, which J. C. Russell, the pope of modern demography, has now cut down to 100,000. Levasseur, in the nineteenth century, gave France before the Black Death a population of 60 million, which today is thought to be the figure for all of Europe at that time. Agreement stops here. Russell now puts the pre-plague population of France at 21 million, Ferdinand Lot at 15 to 16 million, and Perroy at a lowly 10 to 11 million, exactly half of Russell's figure. Here's a clear case of what I mean by hazards. Size of population affects studies of everything else—taxes, life expectancy, commerce and agriculture, famine and

plenty—and here we have figures by modern authorities which differ by 100 percent.

Names, by comparison, are a minor confusion. The trouble derives from the spelling, which was more or less phonetic. Judging by the different spelling of names on either side of the Channel, pronunciation of French, which was the common language of the English and French upper class, must have been close to mutually unintelligible. For some eccentric reason, Enguerrand becomes Ingelram in English. My nearest mishap came in the case of Arnaut de Cervole, a notorious brigand captain of mercenaries. On coming across frequent mention of such a captain named, or spelled, Canolles, I took this to be a variant of Cervole and put him in Cervole's place, until after a while the circumstances just did not fit. It turned out that Canolles was actually a French version of Knowles or Knolles, an equally notorious *English* brigand. This sort of thing, though not major, tends to make one nervous.



he empty spaces in medieval history are pitfalls too. The chroniclers were not interested in, or at any rate paid little or no attention (except in the case of ruling figures) to, personality and appearance

or individual circumstance. They ignored the psyche. Biographies, autobiographies, and letters exist in a few cases, mostly for clerics and saints, but rarely for nonroyal, nonliterary laymen, with the bright exception of the Merchant of Prato, marvelously reconstructed as a character from his letters by Iris Origo. Again, except for royalty, portraiture too was nonexistent in the fourteenth century. One is left to piece together a character only from his or her acts, which is possible but chancy.

With Enguerrand a personality is gradually taking shape, like a message emerging from secret ink, of a man of immense *savoir-faire*, cooler, more level-headed, more realistic than most of his contemporaries, less given to their "furious follies," more acquainted with common sense. I think this will appear from his conduct and relationships; nevertheless, much is missing. Why, for example, did Coucy twice refuse the offer of the constableness, the most powerful and lucrative lay post in France? His given reason does not seem to

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me to be adequate, but so far I know no more. I can only hope that when I come to writing that chapter, the process of arranging the material in a logical narrative will produce, as it so often does in my experience, a possible answer.



Changing fashions in history can be a hazard for any period and especially for the Middle Ages, because an interval of 600 years can nourish quite a few sets of revisionists. With a loud crack, the most violent revision came in the nineteenth century, when historians discovered the common man. "Formerly," to quote Simeon Luce, whose history of the Jacquerie was a sign of the change, "the common ground of historians was the cult of nobility, as it is now the adoration of the people." That was written in 1862; worship of the masses was not invented by Chairman Mao.

During the three centuries following the fourteenth, history was virtually a genealogy of nobility, devoted to tracing dynastic lines and connections, and infused by the idea of the noble as a superior person. These works of enormous antiquarian research teem with information, including the item found in Anselm about the Gascon lord who bequeathed a hundred livres "for the dowries of poor girls, especially those whom I deflowered, if they can be found." I do not think that Père Anselm included that with a sly wink indicating the frailty of nobles, but rather as evidence of noble charity to be expected of a *grand seigneur*.

Then, with sunburst and thunder, comes the French Revolution and the great reversal . . . the common man is hero, the poor are *ipso facto* virtuous, kings and nobles are monsters of iniquity, like Chinese landlords in communist history, though perhaps not quite achieving that totality of villainy. In the era of the Great War, nationalism becomes pre-eminent; then, in the ensuing era of disillusion, history becomes sober—no more flags, glory, virtue, or villainy. Ideology yielded to the data. We enter the intense fact-finding of the *Annales*, when every historian marks out his square yard of territory and turns over every particle of dust, every document, every name—and sometimes finds gold. One investigator of religious observance found a town with surviving church records of the

number of communion wafers sold over a space of two years, and by comparing these with tax records of the number of hearths, came up with an estimate of the frequency of attending Mass—about once or twice a year. I am entranced by that kind of work, even if this result merely confirmed an existing estimate without proving anything new. The only trouble is that when these historians write books, they manage to conceal whatever gold they may have found in a lamentable failure of synthesis. I admire them all, but I *wish* they would condense.

Today, while the industrious diggers are still at work, ideology rules over the data again in the revisionism of the New Left. Fortunately, so far, they have not greatly disturbed the Middle Ages, absorbed as they are in the history of last week, not to mention of the day after tomorrow, where I earnestly hope they will remain.

Through all these changing angles of vision, the Middle Ages glimmer like a castle in a fairy tale, never really to be entered, never really known. The gap in assumptions is too wide. Fear of hell, for instance, fear of a real afterlife of the soul, which for the majority of mankind was to be eternal damnation; and, on the other hand, belief that absolution for sin, or what we would call freedom from guilt, could be bought for money like a pound of cheese, that wickedness could be spiritually wiped out by a fee—these are only two of the foundations of conduct that created a life we cannot enter into.

Or take the idea that financial profit beyond a minimum necessary for livelihood was immoral; that buying goods wholesale and selling them without added work at a higher retail price was sinful; that money was in fact evil; that, in short, St. Jerome's dictum was final: "A man who is a merchant can seldom if ever please God." That did not, of course, stop the medieval businessman from doing business, though it is said that he never opened his strongbox without seeing the Devil on the lid, which is a very different state of mind from the conviction that what is good for General Motors is good for the country.

Can the historian transport himself inside minds that held these attitudes? Never completely, I think, but their circumstances can tell us something about our own situation. Here I would add a word of warning. Expect contradictions; do not look for uniformity. No aspect of society, no habit, custom, movement, development, is without crosscurrents. Starving peasants in hovels live alongside comfortable peasants in feather beds. Children are neglected and children are loved. Knights talk of

honor and turn brigand. Amid depopulation and disaster, ostentation and extravagance were never more extreme. Irreconcilables clutter the scene. No age is tidy or ever made of whole cloth, and none is a more checkered fabric than the Middle Ages.

Finally, one must be wary of a trap built into all recorded history—the disproportionate survival of the negative. It is a cliché to say that protest and dissent speak louder than conformity, that happy are the people whose annals are blank; or, put another way, that the normal does not make history. What makes a cliché is a general truth, and the effect of this one is to leave an impression of violence, corruption, and decadence blanketing the second half of the fourteenth century without air holes, so to speak.

Unquestionably, the period was, as Sismondi wrote, “a bad time for humanity,” a time which has been variously called out of joint, in moral disarray, of sinking values, of perpetual strife, of general helplessness; of bad government, oppressive taxes, chronic brigandage, scarcity, misery, plague, and menace of revolution; a time with a damaged soul, a time of Satan triumphant. That’s why I chose it. But havoc in a given period does not cover all of the people all of the time. Somewhere someone is enjoying pleasure, beauty, and fun, music and games, love and work. While smoke by day and the glow of flames by night mark burning towns, the sky over the neighboring vicinity is clear; where screams of tortured prisoners are heard in one place, bankers count their coins and peasants plough behind placid oxen somewhere else.

In the midst of the Black Death, with its foul sores and smell, piles of bodies, terror of contagion, parents’ and children’s desertion of each other, abandoned fields and rotting harvests, brilliant tournaments were held with feasting and dancing. In Florence in 1378, after the violent upheaval called the Revolt of the Ciompi, Coluccio Salutati, chief executive officer of the city, wrote, “I am aware that among outsiders there are reports of great disorders, that some are saying that this city is ravaged by fire, sacked for plunder, and disgraced by murder. Rumor is a wordy liar . . . but I, having been an eyewitness of these things, know that some houses were fired but very few;

that robbery was committed but on a small scale; that there have been murders but only a few, in fact hardly any. Florence is not in ashes, is not reeking with blood, is not suffering from plunder.”

History is a police blotter recording the murders and robberies, fires and rapes. It is made by the documents that survive, and these lean heavily on crisis and disaster, crime and misbehavior, because such things are the subject matter of the documentary process—of treaties, judicial trials, moralists’ denunciations, literary satire, papal bulls. No pope ever issued a bull to approve of something. Likewise bishops on episcopal visits reported at length on evils and abuses, while the well-behaved, orderly parish merited only a *bene stat*.

The Church was especially subject to a negative overload, on the principle established in 1401 by Nicholas de Clamange, who, in denouncing unfit and worldly prelates, said that in his anxiety for reform he would not discuss the good clerics, because “*they do not count alongside the perverse men*” (my italics). What with the Papal Schism and other evils, the fourteenth-century Church was undoubtedly at a low point in prestige, credibility, and (what people minded most) spirituality; hence heresy and ultimately the Reformation. That event blocks our view of the medieval Church, partly owing, I think, to the preponderance, in English anyway, of Protestant historians. H. C. Lea, for example, in his classic *History of the Inquisition*, unfolds an astonishing record of crimes, frailties, and corruption, all of it true, I feel sure, including the bishop who kept his own daughter as a concubine for twenty years. But Lea was not looking for the positive, as he himself recognized. Even contemporary satire was exceedingly harsh; yet the Church must have had *something* to retain the hold it did. I came to the point of making a special entry in my card file for “positive side of the Church,” but I have to say that it never grew very fat. Resorting to the *Catholic Encyclopedia* as a balance was not very helpful either, because in difficult matters it operates by judicious omission.

One must conclude that the fourteenth-century Church deserved a bad press. Yet I try to keep in mind, for the whole of that sad century—and for our own—Salutati’s words: “Florence is not in ashes.” □

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ROMAN SUMMER

by Alfred Kazin

Romulus and Remus, whilst suckling on that wolf, could not have anticipated what would happen to their old place once the twentieth century got hold of it. Here, through the eyes of a distinguished literary visitor, is a look at the seemingly hopeless but amiable chaos of modern-day Rome.

In Trastevere, the old belly and guts of Rome, the outdoor tables of one popular restaurant are lined up right under the windows of an ancient picturesque tenement. Toward nine o'clock, just as the dark settles down after the lingering sky show of the Roman twilight, the place is a riot of human appetite. Japanese waiters with cummerbunds around their delicate Oriental waists are rushing enormous mounds of pasta to a horde of hungry visitors who, when they are not tipping their faces into the spaghetti, can be heard speaking Swedish, American, German, French. Suddenly a young man with a shaven head and a T-shirt labeled JESUS LOVES ME (a favorite American import among the younger Romans this summer) appears at a window. He wears a handlebar moustache that droops around his mouth as luxuriantly as if he had been watering it, and he makes faces at the gluttonous crowd below.

He puts the palm of his right hand against the elbow of his upraised left arm in a gesture that to any student of Italian gestures is the ultimate in contempt. From this window overlooking so many foreigners, he then proceeds to parody the clumsiness foreigners so often betray when eating spaghetti. He rolls up his spaghetti with one hand but can never get it all together. He tries to push it all neatly into his mouth, but misses several strands. Then, chewing wildly, he grins at the crowd.

Many of the diners have their backs to him, but the funniest thing is how few of those facing him even notice the show he is putting on for them. The American correspondent I am dining with is regaling me with stories of Fellini's antics on the set of *Casanova*, presently being shot in Rome with Donald Sutherland as the great lover. This project seems to be more of an international festival than most Italian films. The script, in Italian and French, is being translated into English by Gore Vidal. Germaine Greer was invited down by Fellini to contribute something to *Casanova*—"It is not clear just what: perhaps the role of the one woman who turned Casanova down?"

The party of young French next to us are in a state of condescending merriment over the enormous pizza pies and the brimming pitchers of raw red wine. The noise of the street is made up of so many different sounds that they melt into one prolonged squeal. A doughty Roman matron is screaming imprecations at her son, who entered the restaurant across the street to use the can and is now lingering in the doorway, dreamily sucking his thumb as he watches the nightly exhibition of the foreign animals. The usual little Fiat is trying to make its way past an impromptu knot of local

urchins determined not to move. A poster of the Fascist *Movimento Sociale Italiano*, still left on the wall after the great Communist victory in the recent elections, unbelievably reads, YOU, TOO, WILL BE A FASCIST. A young man on the back of a motorbike leans over to embrace a young lady with a shoulder bag.

Suddenly a scream. The young man on the motorbike is not trying to embrace the young lady; he is trying to snatch her shoulder bag, and the young lady is screaming. The lady's escort is running after the fleeing motorbike shouting: "Bastard! Come back here, bastard thief!"

All over Italy these days thieves on motorbikes snatch shoulder bags from ladies (usually foreign) walking along the curb. Sometimes the thieves even thrust their hands into the open windows of cars or taxis to snatch up a bag from a lady's lap. Sometimes they crawl along the floor of a restaurant and snatch up a bag unthinkingly put there or left hanging from a chair.

In this particular case the lady thought she was being rudely embraced by a total stranger, caught on just in time, fiercely held on to her bag, and all is well. None of the commotion has reached up to the performer with the shaven head and the luxurious handlebar moustache looking down upon us, and none of it has reached my friend the American correspondent, who goes on telling me about foreign actors in Rome, Russian Jews in Rome, and the expatriate American writer whose disgust with the U.S.A. mounted so high that he asked a prominent Italian politician how to acquire Italian citizenship. The politician looked at him in silence for some moments, made the sign of the cuckold over the American, and walked out.

It is now ten o'clock, the full glory of the dinner hour in Rome. The lights are on in full force, the neon lights of Trastevere are dancing in our eyes. Enter a drab little overaged duo in clown uniform, one beating a drum, one blowing into a saxophone, who timidly make their way between the tables, colliding with the Japanese waiters and getting shouted at by the *padrone*. Playing for nickels and dimes here must be like driving a chariot in *Ben Hur* or going down on the *Titanic* with the band playing and all the lights blazing. There is such a dizziness of crowd on crowd, of a hundred faces at once eating, slopping, jawing, that the "entertainment" augments the too-muchness of the pasta and the tomato sauce dripping off every plate.

As the *padrone* shouts to the "clowns" to get out, to bother his rival across the street, a young black woman with a messy blond wig and long theatrical earrings drunkenly totters up to them. Cackling



"Why, you poor things!" she ostentatiously offers them a drink. Applause, laughter, boos from the crowd. The shaven head in the window knows when he's beaten, and retires.

Anno Santo, or as they write on the Aurelian walls beside the narrow road leading down from the Janiculum Hill to St. Peter's, Anno Santo. Since mail with Vatican stamps has a better chance of getting out of Italy than mail with Italian stamps, I often walk down to the mobile Vatican post office outside St. Peter's. The road down is narrow, circling between the walls rebuilt by Urban VII in 1643, and I continually dodge cars and motorcycles as I go. My letters are more likely to get out of Italy unharmed than I am. An Italian behind a car or on a motorcycle is as mindful of mere pedestrians as Simon Legree was of blacks. He no longer remembers that there is another race of people, on foot; he accelerates on every curve. Italian drivers ignore every centenarian on crutches trying to make it across the lane marked for pedestrians. But what the hell, life's always been a contest in Rome anyway, and it's fun to read the graffiti on the Aurelian walls as I fight my way down.

"Down with the clerical bastards." "Let us call an end to private property." From all the angry snorting revolutionary slogans painted on Roman walls, you would suppose yourself in Petersburg, 1917. But only the ideologized young write their frustrations out on walls: "Death to Fascism." "Follow Ho Chi Minh to True Liberty and Democracy." "We Will Have Our Revenge on the Police." The settled middle-aged Italian bourgeois, with his proper suit and tie in the stifling July heat, is a danger to the established order only when he gets behind the wheel of his car. *My car, my spark plugs, my house, my daughters.* You can't go to dinner at the house of Professor X, that dauntless pro-Communist, without hearing the maid obsequiously shriek, "*Si, professore!* Right away, *professore!*" every time he looks at her. And what he says about *her*, in English, as she collects the plates, is that she is a "cretin" and that you simply can't get the kind of dependable maid of all work these days that his parents in Torino had for forty-three years.

Whatever far-off visions that Enrico Berlinguer and other leaders of the *Partito Comunista Italiano*

may have of a totally ordered socialist state, I believe Communist academicians and state employees when they tell me what "modest plans we have for Italy." All government services are in chaos, the universities are a hopeless mob scene, inflation is among the worst in Europe, the sea is polluted from the Riviera to Sicily, crime is endemic, there is even a modish drug culture. These are the tame middle-class complaints of some of the most rigidly habit-ruled bourgeois Communists on earth. They proudly inform you that boss Berlinguer is a Sardinian aristocrat and landowner, "a most responsible man as you can see from his photographs," and that Signora Berlinguer regularly goes to church.

Nor was the Church unaccommodating to the PCI even before the Communists in the recent regional elections came within two decimal points of the ruling Christian Democrats.

Nevertheless, class hatred is as primitive as it has been since the socialist movement arose in the midst of Italian feudalism a century ago. Nowhere else in Western Europe have the educated classes so much secret contempt for their own people. "Below Rome they're all Arabs. Below Naples it's Africa." "What do you expect of these miserable southern earth-eaters?" Kidnapping has become such a regular ripoff of the moneyed classes that recently even a family burial plot was dug up and a coffined body held for ransom.

"*Socialismo*" is the other religion of Italy, and has a sacramental meaning for the oppressed. But socialism never advances, just the Communist party. So, at a time when the eighteen-year-olds have been given the vote, when the universities are choked with thousands of registered students for whom there are no classrooms and for whom there will be no professions, when divorce has been legalized and a new political party, called, significantly, *Il Partito Radicale*, has been formed to promote "social measures" like legal abortions and some elementary rights for women, one reads on the walls of Rome pleas for a new life-style, protests against the shackles of the Italian family. But these are hidden in the usual flaming demands of the Italian Left for instant revolution.

The young as vanguard of a more liberal Italy are very much in evidence here, are acting out "the necessary future." On election night, when the Communists took to the streets with red flags to celebrate their victory, young people made up the crowds. And the same young radicals, in their jeans and T-shirts, sometimes denouncing the Communists as "conformists," cannot help staring wistfully at the international youth mob up and

Alfred Kazin, a leading literary critic, was writer-in-residence at the American Academy in Rome last summer.

down the Spanish Steps, peddling leather belts and "silver" bracelets and contentedly making love at night within view of the great church Trinità dei Monti. More than ever, Rome presents its own people with the spectacle of foreigners "liberating" themselves. But where in the old days the Italians looked with awe and smiles and showed a fine formal courtesy, they have now been so inundated with foreigners liberated, kooky, drugged, oversexed, "fulfilled by Italy," that they have lost their respect for foreigners. Because they are now imitating the tourists?

About halfway down the hill from the Janiculum to Vatican City, the great dome of St. Peter's suddenly rises, all of it beautifully visible, as it is not when you are standing in the great square itself looking directly at the church. The streets outside the square are full of Vatican hostels for the faithful in Holy Year; the hotel-keepers of Rome are furious. There are tourist buses from Calabria, Spain, France. . . . A party of pilgrims straggles out of a battered, dusty tourist bus that reads, **COMPULSORY AIR CONDITIONING INSIDE**. Rumbled-looking old peasant men and women shuffle awkwardly into line under the tutelage of a round, beaming young woman in ordinary dress with a clerical veil over her hair. She carries a homemade wooden cross, and following her with a proud, determined air, the pilgrims enter between Bernini's great columns into the great square.

Noon. Burning hot. A cannon on the Janiculum Hill is shot off every day to proclaim the noon hour, then church bells join in with heavy leaden swing. Around the obelisk in the center, swifts are circling like mad. Carpenters are hammering together stands for the special ordination of hundreds of foreign priests that will take place right on the steps leading into St. Peter's. The crowd everywhere in the square is so dense that those who are trying to get into the church are made to pass between barriers. People are lined up in front of the mobile Vatican post office, in front of the gift stands on the other side of the great colonnade. People are washing their feet in the fountain. Yet with all this hammering, crowding, shuffling, shouting, it is amazing how all sounds are somehow swallowed up in this imperially extended parade ground, laid out more than three hundred years ago, which soaks up thousands upon thousands of

the faithful, curiosity seekers, mere tourists, and somehow unmistakably says to each of us: When you are gone, this church and piazza will still be here.

The all-dominating church, the seemingly measureless piazza. Together, acting on each other as the sheer power of building stone always does in Rome, they dwarf a crowd as easily as they do an individual. Then they emphasize the peculiar passivity and drabness of twentieth-century tourists in their traveling beachware, braless T-shirts, lederhosen, perched in front of the magnificent colonnade washing their feet, licking ice-cream cones, reading comic books, ankle-deep in dirty wet sheets of newspaper.

This twentieth-century mob is all of us, crushed by our own numbers, sodden with travel, dividing up the pictorial wealth of Rome into portions too small for each of us. The Church fosters the spontaneous fertility of man. So here we all are! Squeezed behind and between barriers, we finally push and jam our way into St. Peter's. The side walls are lined with confession boxes—confessions in all languages. But the crowd pushing its way in is so great that none of us can break out of line. It is enough to get through the doors, to coax our way into the church itself.

Voices of pilgrim-party leaders can be heard rising into the great open spaces like wisps of smoke. We form up in front of Michelangelo's *Pietà*. The extraordinary piece has been separated from crowds and their many missiles by a thick glass shield ever since it was restored from the hammer blows administered to Mary by a kook with a mother complex.

We push, we draw breath as we force our way up to look at that youngest of Marys, holding her dead son in her arms, she looking with attention at nothing you can name, transfixed by a grief indistinguishable from wonder. The white marble makes a kind of cool-beaming aura. The crowd is subdued, stops pushing, as we all end up, invariably, staring at her. The dead son in her arms is an emaciated, tortured body, the face fallen almost below our line of sight. She, with all the ornate panoply of the Renaissance dress, is all face. The son all body, the mother all face—and she so young, amazed, truly virginal, that you think of how right St. Bernard was to address her in the *Paradiso* as *figlia del tuo figlio*, "daughter of thine own son." A sigh from the middle of the crowd. Rome is living up to her reputation. We push on. □

EMILE ZOLA AND HIS FRIEND PAUL CEZANNE

A story by Rolaine Hochstein

When Emile Zola was forty-five and fat from overeating, he went down to Aix-en-Provence to visit his friend Paul Cézanne. He took a fast train south from Paris with his idolatrous young secretary sitting opposite him in the plush of their private compartment. His eyebrows made a horizontal bar above his squint. His head hair had been cleverly tonsured to lap boyishly over his wrinkled forehead.

The southern sun struck Zola as he backed off the train, carefully outmaneuvering the stiffness in his knees and hip joints, and climbed into the hired buggy. His coat was cashmere. His soft leather shoes reflected the sunlight. He looked like a million and was worth almost that much.

Paul Cézanne was sitting on a wooden bench built around the trunk of an oak tree when he heard the creak of the buggy. He walked slowly toward the gate to see who was there. His torn straw hat wobbled on his head over eyes like bright blue peach pits. He saw it was his dear old friend, and his smile split as wide as a slice of cantaloupe.

Cézanne came running, wide-legged in washed-out, paint-spattered overalls, and grabbed his friend by the shoulders and kissed him more than once on both cheeks. These men were French, you know. This was in the middle 1880s. They were in

their middle forties. Forty was older then than it is now. "I suppose you want to know what brings me here?" Emile said to Paul.

Cézanne's polished cheeks turned redder. He never knew what reactions were expected of him. "Where will I put you?" he said. "All dressed up like a Christmas goose. We must find you a place where you won't get dirty."

Madame Cézanne watched from a side porch where she sat with her legs spread making a table of her skirt as she cut apples into a bowl. From the distance she looked like a wood carving with its bright paint fading. She stood up slowly, slowly set down the bowl of apples, and came slowly down from the porch (in wooden shoes!). Emile had not seen her since before the marriage. She was heavy but still healthy. She had, he thought, grown to look like her husband.

Mme. Cézanne wiped her hands on her long apron as she approached the city people. The short man, glossy with pomade and self-content. The tall young woman, slim as a dandelion with a frizz of hair over a pale pink face, eyebrows like question marks.

Paul didn't know what to do about the young woman—she was not Mme. Zola, certainly; she was not a daughter—so he ignored her. Mme. Cézanne asked her if she would like to come in and wash



up. She gave them separate bedrooms, of course, and Zola made it clear to Monique, Brigitte, whatever her name was, that there would be no after-hours visiting.

In 1886 Emile Zola wrote a book about a crazy stubborn artist who never made it because he was too crazy and too stubborn to paint the kind of pictures that people wanted to look at. Zola's friend Edouard Manet had died three years earlier, and a lot of people thought this book by Zola was really about Manet.

I understand that Manet was social, liked to be seen at the right places, in good clothes, with pretty women. He seems to have ended pretty much as he started except minus a leg (amputated: an undiagnosed disease) and plus a reputation as leader of the oddball painters that some critics derisively called "impressionists" but that Zola insisted on referring to as "naturalists." Maybe Manet would have liked having a novel written about him. It doesn't matter. The artist Zola had in mind was a total unknown, a weird, antisocial character from the provinces, who had in fact gone to school with Zola and who had been his friend for more than thirty years before Zola wrote the book. *He*

knew who it was about, all right. After he read the book, glowering at page after page with his closely set, farseeing eyes, hurt and anger wringing his heart down into his belly until he couldn't sit straight; after he thought it was bad enough doing what he had to do and always wondering if it was really junk as so many people said it was but doing it anyway because that was what he saw; after thinking on high days he had a masterpiece going and thinking on low days he ought to do something constructive like take up house painting, knowing it's only one life and he's spending it as a failure; after forgetting rejection, forgetting Paris, the expositions, Zola with his ease and his acclaim and his women (it was hard to forget the women), now to find himself *used*, reduced to words—facts of his life, small and secret experiences, his doubts, his torment, all *used*. Paul Cézanne was not a man to howl. The shape of his friend's treachery filled his mind. He never spoke to Zola again.

He was right. You don't do that to a friend. You don't put yourself up high and mighty after you've had successes, bought yourself a closetful of clothes and a house in the country, and then turn out an isn't-that-too-bad kind of book about the failure of your old buddy. I only wonder why Zola sent him a copy of the book. He hadn't sent a book since the first novel, which Cézanne faithfully read and

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praised. Was this Zola's idea of courtesy, or was it an act of hatred? Cézanne didn't analyze. He felt the hatred. But me—I want to know why.

You'd have taken Emile as the rich kid of the two. His mother dressed him in white suits while Paul ran around in peasant shirts and baggy pants. Emile, being small, sat up front under the teacher's hairy nose. Paul sat with the big boys in the back. Played cards. Passed around dirty pictures. Farted freely. Scratched. His old man, though rich, was tight, and Paul, never having an extra centime to bet on card games, bets with dares. He loses and has to put a very ripe Camembert on the teacher's high-seated chair. He often gets caught. M. Spilo, all arms, legs, and hollow chest, a spider in his black suit, waves Paul into a corner and switches him on his bare behind. Only Emile didn't laugh.

In the heavy rain, Emile walks along the high middle of the dirt road. Paul sloshes in the ruts. "Does it still hurt?" Emile asks.

"A small thing. A small sting," Paul watches the advance of his booted feet on the slippery edges of red mud pools. "I've got a hard ass by now."

"He should not be allowed to use the whip." Emile had a snub nose, neat hands and feet, near-sighted, ovine eyes. He was invited to the birthday parties of the daughter of the mayor.

On a freezing morning, Emile, bundled against the cold and with more books than necessary tied in a leather strap, knocks on the door of the Cézanne farmhouse, runs down the long hall and raps on Paul's bedroom door. "Hurry or you'll make me late again!" His weak eyes in pre-daylight make out his friend in a shirt and stockings squatting on the terra-cotta floor, tracing with his finger. Emile droops into a laughing fit, kicks at his friend. "You nut! You'll ruin me!"

Emile was faster at schoolwork, but Paul's voice had thickened, and wisps of yellow whiskers had sprouted along the sides of his pimply (I hope not) face. Paul had hair in other places, too. He wished he could talk about the hair and the strange, terrible stiffening, but there were only the boys in the back of the room, who could not be trusted to sustain a serious moment. Emile was out of the question. Though only a year younger, he seemed to be constructed without the usual pipes and sewers that were responsible for Paul's excitement and disgust. They spent an hour watching two black ants in a death struggle on a boulder under a bridge. They talked about other things. Paul's eyes, cagey and blue over the crack of his nose, never met the soft gaze of his reasonable friend.

Zola at eighteen packed three cases with books and clothes and boarded the coach for Paris. The University. A career in law. To make the world a better place. The widowed mother came to see him off although Emile had asked her, in all common sense, to stay home and save herself a lot of unproductive tears. Zola felt he had been a decent son, considerate and affectionate, so he left the ministrations of his mother with more relief than regret. "If you have any problems, call me immediately," they told one another. She stands on her toes below the coach window and offers a face flowery with tears, her brimmed purple bonnet falling back on black taffeta shoulders. At this moment, up rushes Paul—lanky, lopsided. "You can't go without a present." He makes an awkward bow to Mme. Zola as through the window he passes to Emile a little basket covered with a napkin. The coach takes off. Zola lifts the napkin. Twelve beautiful flounder! Freshly caught, so there is no feel of slime. It is fully two hours before they start to stink.

Paul stayed home, where he was expected to shape up, learn accounting, take over his father's banking business.

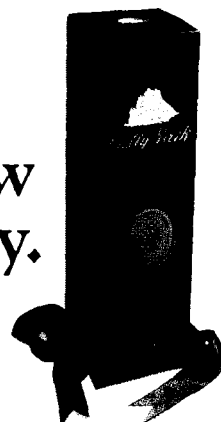
What a success, Zola in Paris! Never in the sleepy South had he felt such energy, never had he seen his goals so clearly before him! The University was no more than his base of operations. He took his time, looked around, asked discreet questions. He was friendly, but careful—like a real Lord Chesterfield's son. Once he had appropriate friends, he'd think about women. It was time. His long friendship with prudish Cézanne had left him fit for a monastery. In Paris, with friends who knew their way around, he could get that over with.

I don't know why I have it in for Zola. There's no reason to put a man down, just because he knows what he wants and goes after it. Why shouldn't he make his way? The widow had taught him good manners, but the ease, the confidence—they came from a different source. He was born with a silver tongue in his mouth, something like that. Mention the book of the day, the play of the hour, the new opera from Italy, the new treatise from Germany—young Zola had seen it, read it, loved it, hated it. He could make his words flow like the most symmetrical of Paris fountains, or crash like the ocean against the Brittany rocks. The Great Critic was most taken with him:

"Strong opinions for such a young man, yet well defended."



...and now
it's time to give Cutty.



The 900 million dollar man.

This is *homo sapiens* in 1975.

Immunizations can add 10 years to his or her life expectancy.

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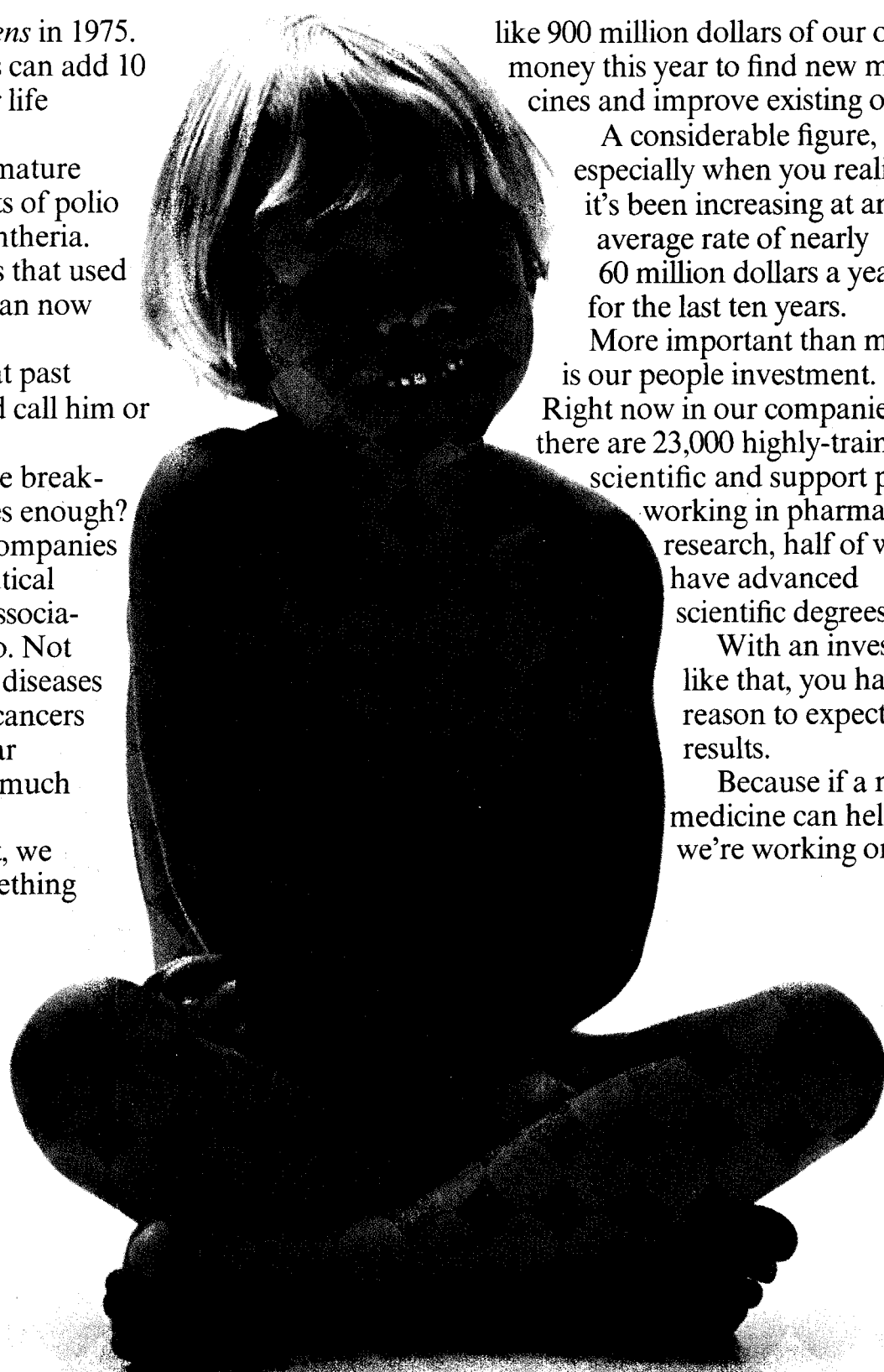
A considerable figure, especially when you realize it's been increasing at an average rate of nearly 60 million dollars a year for the last ten years.

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Emile Zola and His Friend Paul Cézanne

"Monsieur is very kind."

"You should write lest your words blow away."

"To write for a drawer is no better than to speak in the air."

The point is made. The Great Critic drops a word to an editor. Talent is always welcome when it is flexible. Zola gives up the study of law: the pen is mightier.

You can see Zola in a group portrait by his friend Henri Fantin-Latour, which hangs in the Jeu de Paume among vastly better works by many of the people therein portrayed. *Vastly better works* is the kind of phrase Zola might use in his art criticism but would certainly delete from his novels. There he stands with his good-boy face, his hair slicked back, his boxy body elegantly dressed, his new pince-nez suspended on a satin cord. He looks very comfortable among his friends. (Monet and Renoir are there, looking like characters from *La Bohème*.) They're all standing round Manet.

Zola had a tiny nose, luckily for Paul Muni, who also had a small one and got to play Zola in the movies. You can see him again, toward the back of the museum. He is a little older, thinner, sitting at his writing table. No provincial, he. A fine Japanese screen is painted in to break the space and to show that Zola is up on Japanese art. On a shelf above the desk is a print of a famous painting by Zola's friend Manet, who not at all coincidentally was the painter of the very portrait we're talking about.

None of this is exactly true, you understand. I take a fact here, an impression there, an inkling. I know nothing about these men. In fact, I think Zola and Cézanne went to Paris together, two men not much younger than I am, hoping to make good in the city. Cézanne has a little problem. He wants to be an artist but he can't draw. The other artists who are going to be the French Impressionists are having their own troubles rebelling—you know—against their Old School teachers. But Cézanne . . . Get this: Cézanne can't even pass the entrance examination! Cézanne can't even get into school!

He has no grace. No sense of direction. But somehow, bumping against doors, he comes to meet those other artists who will have nothing to do with shapely Venuses stepping out of shells. He meets roughhouse Courbet and suave Manet, and he introduces them to his buddy Zola. Zola's ears stand up. These artists, he thinks, paint like he writes. Naturalists. Comers, like him. Working from life. No pretense. No frosting. Oh, thinks Zola, if these dudes would forget their pretty colors and lighting effects, if they'd focus on underwear,

garbage, deathbeds, they would really have something going!

Cézanne, of course, is a hopeless case. Everybody laughs at his paintings, awkward and rough, like Paul himself. With every rejection his accent gets coarser, his manners get worse. Dapper Manet moves to shake his hand late one afternoon on the Boulevard St. Germain. Cézanne pulls away in horror. "Don't touch!" he croaks. "I haven't bathed in two weeks!"

Zola, meantime, is busy writing about Paul's friends. He has become an art critic. Zola is in. Cézanne is out. Paul goes back to Provence. Manet paints the Zola portrait. Zola sits at his business-like desk, in a profile that looks both sensitive and resolute, holding an art book. On the wall above, very clear, is a print of Manet's famous *Olympia*. Among a fan of pamphlets on the desk, the first, clearly titled, is Zola's monograph on Manet. One hand washes the other.

By this time Zola is a married man.

He didn't marry Céleste, Renoir's model, who worshiped Zola, her eyes an incredible wash of blue, blinking in agreement to his harangue on social injustice.

Nor Francine, who took him in her arms when depression (at the smallest disappointment) floored him, whose enormous, pale-nippled breasts flattened like soufflés as he sank against them, and who crooned into his ear reminders of his accomplishments and expectations.

Nor the fanciful Liliane, with the wicked nose and sharp chin, a teaser and tweaker who could make him hot and then freeze him with laughter: "A *real* intellectual would be in a library studying."

No. Emile Zola, having known many women, knew enough to choose a suitable wife. He needed regulation, stability, a graceful hostess, a tactful associate who could, when the need arose, smooth the prickles of parties who might possibly feel themselves attacked in one way or another by her husband's written or spoken opinions. He needed, in addition, a self-contained woman, who would understand that many of his hours must be spent apart, writing, reading, keeping up a large correspondence (Paris, after all, was not the world), visiting editorial offices, circulating at conventions, conferences, and of course the salons frequented by important people in politics and the arts, getting about to the theater, the galleries, and even, on occasional evenings, to Latin Quarter cafés with his old friends the artists, who were still shouting and banging on tables about the way an Irish set-

ter's hair looks when it is ruffled by wind in full sunlight . . .

Jacqueline Dudevant (let's say her name was) was the daughter of a rich lawyer. She was nineteen, docile, fastidious, dressed in expensive good taste, and accomplished in small ways at many small things. She played a little at the piano. She painted tiny flowers on bone-china plates. Everyone marveled at her English (which was terrible, spoken in a—pardon the expression—froglike gargle, in memorized phrases seldom appropriate to the moment, and with the animation of one of Madame Alexandre's bisque dolls). Her German was worse. Zola thought he saw intelligence behind the practiced brightness of her extremely round eyes. She was tall, broad-boned, tiny-breasted, freckled under creams and powder. People said she was a great beauty, and maybe, if she'd been allowed to run loose in the country for a few months, she might have turned into something frisky and unpredictable and loving. Zola didn't speculate. The mother was worried about his temperament—perhaps too fiery, too aggressive. Was he dependable? Would he be gentle? The father wanted him. He saw a great future in Zola and a strong hand to guide the pliant Jacqueline, a grand ménage to occupy her. He offered a formidable dowry and the promise of an inheritance.

Poking along country roads, his head full of the shapes and colors of distant hills, houses, trees, Cézanne gradually acknowledged his love for Henriette, who sometimes walked beside him, quiet as he. She was a broad, sober peasant, maybe a couple of years older than he was: he didn't ask; she didn't tell. She was everything he needed, a clean, strong woman who made him comfortable when she could. He lived behind his easel, often driving himself crazy, but he liked to pass the rest of his time in the atmosphere of her serenity. He loved to watch her strong, sure movements as she peeled potatoes, scrubbed a table, hiked up her heavy skirts for a muddy walk to the well. Old Man Cézanne disapproved: even if the boy was slightly deranged—as they suspected he was—there was no call to marry a stupid, untaught, not even beautiful peasant. There were others—the daughter of a foreman, if not one of the homelier of the eligible girls from good families. The old man had supported his son's follies for many years. Crazy pictures not fit for an outhouse wall. But this latest caprice he would not permit. It was not to be discussed.

So Paul spent some years as a more or less per-

manent visitor chez Henriette, whose parents weren't happy with the arrangement either. An engagement to a gentleman would ordinarily be a good thing, but this one was a kind of cucumber. Money couldn't excuse everything. Henriette, a decent, hard-working girl, very good with cows, could still make a marriage. She was not yet thirty. There were many childbearing years ahead. Instead, she stood without a contract, depending only on the whim of a man who was likely to fall into a mood and remain speechless for days. One could see him in the field painting his distorted scenes with murky colors running together, the unfortunate trees with leaves like feathers. The parents of Henriette were not pleased, but what could they do?

Zola had problems too. Every morning he woke up with a battle going on in his head. A woman in his head said, "I want. I want. As a child I had only one toy, a headless doll that my father had found in a garbage can."

Zola soothed her. He saw only that she was scrawny as an icicle, with yellow hair so thin it seemed to hang in shreds. He would have to decide about her age and the condition of her clothing, what were her eating habits, how did she walk. "I will come to you," he promised. His wife slept beside him, snoring delicately. Zola could not send her away or move to the country himself in order to write his story. He had responsibilities. But maybe, this morning, since the woman (what would he call her? Germaine? Nanette?) was so importunate, maybe he could hurry to his writing desk and set her down fresh from these thoughts.

Here's exactly how it happened. Zola rolled out of bed, took a fast leak (where did they go in Paris in those days?), rinsed his mouth with the 1870s equivalent of Listerine, threw a dressing gown over his striped nightshirt, and, damn the servants, hurried to his desk, where the pens were always sharp.

He sat down. He selected a pen and arranged some paper . . .

But there was the in-box with important letters to be answered. A reminder about his tailor's bill. Invitations to speak. Requests for charity. A photograph of a starving child in India. How could he refuse while his own family flourished? He had to call a publisher who owed him money. Another was yelling for a manuscript. Zola loved organizing his business affairs. Business was neat and finite. There would be lunch today at Victor's with the editor Nicolet and the beautiful Englishwoman he traveled with. What would Zola wear? The article for *Le Monde Nouveau* was due on Friday. He'd have to start right away if he expected to enjoy a

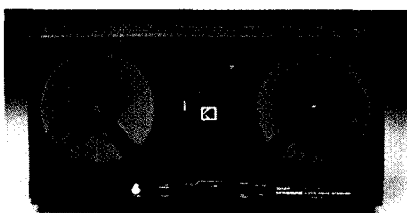


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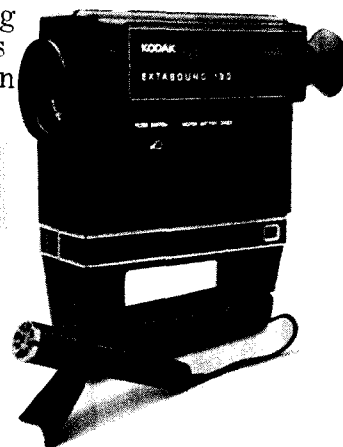


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This rolling research lab is helping America take advantage of an energy source that's been around for years.

The energy resource is coal. Right now, our country has nearly one-third of the world's coal reserves. This is twice the energy of Middle Eastern oil reserves.

However, burning coal presents some potential environmental problems. One of these is from pollutants known as oxides of nitrogen or "NOx" emissions.

Research against pollution.

To help industry and electric utilities reduce these pollutants, the U. S. Government awarded a research contract to Exxon Research and Engineering—a company with many years of experience in the science of burning fossil fuels.

This research is intended to help operators of electric power generating plants burn coal more cleanly. It will also help equipment manufacturers design new power plant boilers which will produce less pollution

The TIGER Van.

To help collect the data needed, Exxon designed and built the rolling research lab you see above.

It's called the "Traveling Industrial Gaseous Emission Research" vehicle—nicknamed "TIGER" van by the Exxon researchers who operate it.

Traveling from power plant to power plant, the TIGER van conducts on-site tests.

The five-man team of Exxon engineers and technicians aboard the van uses sophisticated probes to look inside power plant boilers and stacks. These probes collect emission samples and send them back to the TIGER van where they are analyzed and recorded.

The data is used to test new and different methods of burning coal to reduce pollution.

Some results are in.

have been conducted on 25 coal-fired plant boilers in these studies, as well as on oil- and gas-fired boilers. Exxon engineers have been able to reduce NOx emissions from coal-fired boilers by as much as 60 percent in short-term tests. Longer term tests are needed to confirm these results.

The published findings of this research have been made available to utility operators, boiler designers and others working in environmental and energy research.

The TIGER van—it's one way Exxon, the government, the electric power companies and boiler manufacturers are working together to help bring you more energy with less pollution.



Emile Zola and His Friend Paul Cézanne

long lunch. Money was important. Rent was high. Jacqueline's frail health required expensive medical consultations.

Poor Nanette. Or Germaine. She would have to wait until the article was finished. Because, Zola promised himself, he would not rush this story. When it was time for Germaine or Lili, he would clear his head of everything else. No other commitment. He would open himself to her and she would grow inside him, slowly taking life on his sheets of paper until she burst into the world as Zola's masterpiece, as alive to the world as she was in the brief, painful, tantalizing morning visits to Zola in his bed.

When Cézanne showed up in Paris he looked worse than usual. He tried to look spruce but looked instead like a newly released jailbird buttoned into a charity suit. With the scrubbed face and the big hands sticking out of his sleeves, he looked like a man hanging, and felt like one, too.

Zola hugged him in the uninhibited new Paris style. Cézanne blushed with happiness and embarrassment. Emile had become so dashing. His clothes and hair were rumpled. Everything moved when he talked, and he always talked. Now Paul was the sober one. "I want to tell you," Cézanne begins.

"Yes, do. I'm dying to hear."

"What I'm working on. Some of the old men from the countryside . . ."

"Using models? Portraits from life? That's beautiful, Paul. You should have been at that a long time ago. I've been painting from life, so to speak, from the beginning. It's the only way . . ."

Zola, despite the fear of losing regard, took Cézanne to any dealer who would look. Paul, in his current phase, thought his work had to be worthwhile because he put so much effort into it. He held up the canvases hopefully. He told the dealer to stand at the far end of the shop. He took him outside into the daylight. The dealers were polite because Zola was present. Nobody laughed until Zola and his friend were out the door.

Zola took Cézanne to see Manet and Pissarro, both of whom were in Paris at the time. Paul could surely use some technical help, some solid intelligence about brushwork, composition, color—well, everything, really. Cézanne respectfully studied the work of the Impressionists. He listened to them politely.

Generous, expansive, Zola brought Cézanne among his literary friends. They, with cigars and

wristwatches, sat back in their chairs with their legs crossed at the knee (showing off their silk stockings), thinking what a splendid fellow their Emile must be to take on this ludicrous bumpkin in loyalty to childhood friendship. (Be sure Cézanne recognized none of this. What did he think? Maybe he was considering the shape of the space between this man's ear and his shoulder.)

"Sit down," says Zola, "and tell my friends what you saw in the Louvre this morning. I'll get us an apéritif. What'll it be? Pernod? Vermouth?"

Cézanne pulls out a chair. "Just get me a beer." He hands Zola a filthy hundred-franc note. He blinks at the dandies around the table. "At the Louvre today I saw the *Captive Slave*. Tomorrow I will return with a drawing book."

"What will you draw?"

"The ribs and back of the *Captive Slave*."

"So. You are interested in anatomy."

Paul crashes his fist against the table. Saucers clatter. "I am interested in strain!"

Zola was annoyed with his friend. He was acting like a professional failure. Every year he sent canvases to be judged for showing at the great Salon exposition. Every year they were summarily rejected. Once, at Zola's urging, the judges took pity on the poor, dogged fellow and arranged to hang one of his works—four or five scrawny blue naked men standing around a swimming hole—in a side-show of "interesting new directions." Spectators were so enraged that the thing was soon taken down and returned to Provence.

"You have a reasonable choice," Zola told Cézanne over beers in Brasserie Lipp. "Consider the public and be shown, or do what you like and forget the public. You are a lucky man. Unlike Renoir, you don't have to paint for a living."

Cézanne's laugh made people stare. "But I have to paint to live." Remember, this was a hundred years ago, and people weren't as sophisticated as we are now. Cézanne scratched at Zola's lapel and laughed with tears coming down all over his face. "Hang the public," Paul said. "And hang the pictures in my barn."

Zola, a positive thinker, a problem solver, blamed his friend for self-indulgence. The man made no effort to keep up. He probably didn't even vote. His wife was no challenge. He had insisted on marrying Henriette the day after the ending of the mourning period for his father. She remained passive and grateful, the perfect wife for a man who wishes to scoop himself out and smear his insides on a canvas.

Zola shut his eyes. He had nothing to be ashamed of. None of his work had to hang in

barns. His novels were published and popular, yet he was uncompromised. Never did he spray eau de cologne over a foul odor, nor pretend that street people talk like professors, or that the poor are content in their privation. Zola was not squeamish. Pus. Vomit. He rubbed the public face in it. That was his power.

He imagined Henriette sitting in the garden watching her husband work. She, with hands like scraped beets, did not long to be taken out to tea. She probably liked to make love.

I never saw the Paul Muni movie. I don't watch TV much. But I always get Zola as an old man mixed up in my mind with Chopin's piano teacher, another Muni role. A big head of gray hair. Mine is already beginning to thin.

Recognition came early to Zola. Plaques. Medals. Foreign translations. He was voted one of the ten best-dressed men in France. Great statesmen confided in him. Strangers on the street came up to shake his hand. By the time he was forty he no longer had to be introduced anywhere. Always the best table. The upstairs room at the Vingt-et-un.

Jacqueline (Mme. Zola) was not unhappy. Clothes and parties, calls paid and received, the occasional pleasures of a young man's attentions helped to lighten the steps (in the most painful of pointed shoes) which moved her toward the day when she would put on bedroom slippers and acknowledge herself an old woman. Zola saw his wife growing old but hated more the signs of age on his own face. His beard covered a chin that was beginning to puff like that on a caricature of Pantalone. He wondered why he didn't feel better about himself. Lately his brilliant friends had become less interesting than the wine seller on the corner. Zola had never been much of a ladies' man, but—in an effort to put some sparkle into his life—he tried. There was a little laundress . . .

Now, with Manet dead, the barbarian Americans were snatching at Impressionist paintings. A railroad entrepreneur offered Zola a thousand dollars for a medium-sized street scene that was hung on the wall of his foyer. "Take money for Manet?" Zola punned. The visitor thought Zola was mocking his pronunciation. "Monet, Manet," he said. "Name your price and I'll pay it." Zola disappeared into a closet and returned with a canvas of a bowl of apples by his friend Cézanne. "I'll sell you this one. Take my word, he's better than both of the others." The American was enraged at the joke.

In truth, Zola was tired of the so-called Impressionists now that they were popular. He smiled into his beard, rubbing his tongue over the spaces where he had lost three teeth. "If you live long enough," he told the dealer Armand-Ruel, "all your bizarre ideas become commonplace." He was happy to see Monet at last getting his hands on some cash, but that didn't change Zola's life. If anything, it made him feel more banal. He began a reassessment in his art columns. He wrote that the Impressionists had been grossly overrated, by him especially.

One day when he was feeling restless, worthless, close to the edge of a frightening hole, he suddenly decided to pay a visit to Old Paul.

"I suppose you want to know what brings me here," Emile said jauntily.

"What does it matter?" Paul managed to reply. "As long as you are here." He was obviously overjoyed and did his best to make them both comfortable, Emile and the unexplained young woman. They all sat in the back yard under the trees. Henriette brought out food, hot bread, fresh butter, fruit, cheese. Paul opened a bottle of chateau wine. Probably there were frisky children running around.

Paul, you swine! Zola thought. What's the matter with you? Don't you see how old you're getting? Pebbles under your eyes, veins in your cheeks, skin coarse, jaw falling away. Paul, tell me the truth. Doesn't it hurt you?

Paul answered him directly. "My face is becoming more interesting. It will be a better subject the next time I paint it." He saw the pain under his friend's ironic smile and knew he had again given the unasked-for response. "Why should I worry about the loss of youth?" He listened affectionately for Zola's explanation so that he could share his friend's feeling. But it was impossible to understand all this concern over occasional dyspepsia, a stiff back.

"The choice," Cézanne said at last, "is to grow old or to die. One is lucky to grow old. There is always one's work."

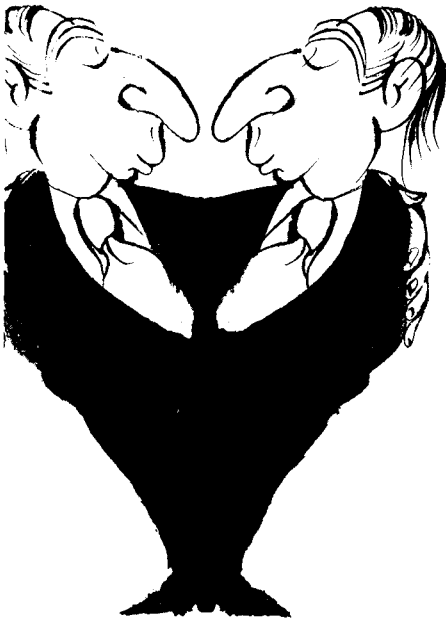
Zola was stung with envy. He cut his visit short on an absurd pretext. He took his secretary and fled. Two months later (no time at all) he had a new book, *l'Oeuvre*. Paul felt that he had been violated. He threw the book into the kitchen fire and never again spoke of his friendship with Emile Zola.

Years later, when Zola rose as the champion of Captain Dreyfus, Cézanne took the other side. □

LIFE & LETTERS

I AM MY OWN BEST FRIEND

by Robert M. Strozier



I am my own best friend, Hi:hello. How are you doing, fine and you? I care for you, I do too. Are we low, no. That we should care for us. Did (did) you (you) have (have) a (a) good (good) day (day)? Oh, self. Me:thee. Is something, bothering you? No:no. You seem, pale. Well, my heart is a little heavy, sometimes no one seems to care, I do, me too, do you, shoo fly, don't bother you. Also, don't be blue. Share:care. Near:dear. One + one = one. Do you have a name, yours. Come here, I am. How close, this. Trouble:bubble. Maybe you could mention some things about me you like, of course, I'm glad, for example you are kind and considerate. I am honorbound and honorbright too aren't I, you really are what about me, I don't know where to start, try to start, you are warm and quick and savvy, it's true isn't it, go back to me, you are a giving caring person, the thing I've noticed is that I am appealing, you certainly are I am too. Mebe:yoube. Do you know what nonpareil means, I do, well you are, a thousand times yes. Also, all wool and a yard high. Can I call you tops in my book, yes. I love the lagoon of your smile, thank you, come ona my house my-hi house, I will. Around and around we go, and where we stop we don't know.

God you're fun, I'm out of breath my angel. Could you cite some more things about me, I tell you I'm a

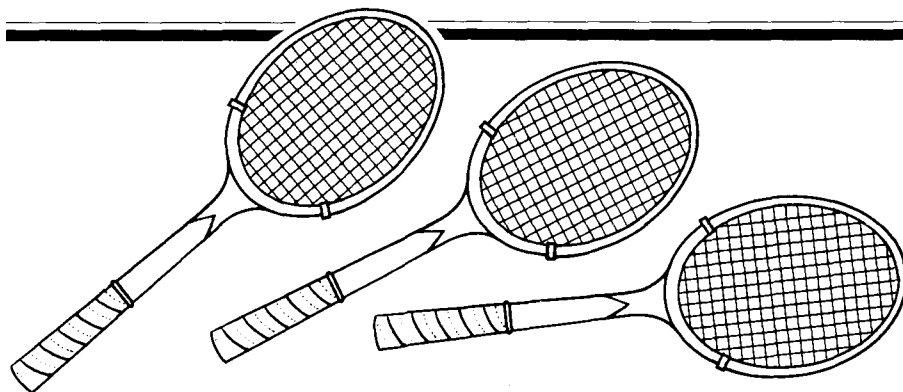
little tired. Maybe just two, why don't we turn in now. One, you have mettle now come on, another, no. Do my-hi house again, could we break off now and resume in the morning. I had in mind only a half hour, I told you I'm dead on my feet. Well fine, I knew you'd understand, I do, never a cross word to be heard, that's right there might have been one or two once but they came to nothing, what ones did you mean, I can't even remember, I didn't think so, we were kidding around and you said go blow or something like that it doesn't matter, I probably didn't say it either, you did, possibly because you may have said something in fun about button your lip, doubtful though, not necessarily, it's certainly forgotten, done with. Vous:tu. Mine:thine.

I vaguely remember now we'd been joking about how you like to give as good as you get, have some of your own medicine you'd said I think, it was all so trivial, you'd probably put my nose very slightly out of joint for a minute or so, I remember you'd been drinking, which I rarely if ever do, oh I'll see the rubber legs now and then but you always sleep it off, I recall sleeping poorly that particular night because you were upset about something and kept saying stuff this and stuff that over and over, funny but do you remember years ago getting your mouth thoroughly washed out with

soap, no picture of that, well it's ancient history, now is now, let's call it a day, let's. Pod and pea. You and me. Two for tea.

You just jogged one crazy old memory and that was the time you took a peek at you-know-who while she was bathing, what, it was just a brief one and you didn't see a thing what's the time, now wait a minute I certainly never took any such peek, oh it lasted only a few seconds and the bathroom was steamed up anyway, the bathroom was not steamed up and I didn't take any peek at you-know-who, I didn't say you saw anything, I didn't even try to see anything, come on now then why was your eye pressed against that little aperture where the key goes, I remember bending down to pick up my comb which had fallen out of my pocket near the door, you certainly took a long time locating one black comb on one white rug, I stood right up and went into my room, that's right but as you came up there was a funny delay there as your eye riveted itself against the keyhole, I didn't even know she was in there, how did you know the bathroom wasn't steamed up, I didn't say that, you were a little steamed up yourself as I remember, that's monstrous, that's not what you said then. I'm not going to take this. Don't get in a snit. You can really be horrid sometimes. You can take that back. Stuff this stuff that! It takes one to know one! Yaagggghh! Ne'er-do-well! You say! Stuck-up! If you see a snake in the grass, wear it! You! YOU! HYMPHS!

Mumble. Grumble. Waxing/waning. Psssstts. Hey. What? Listen. Listening. I'm sorry. Well. Me too, too. I got carried away, carried with you. I didn't know what we were saying, everything was wide of the mark. Nothing was meant, no raps on the knuckles. Why do we do this to ourselves, beats me. You didn't mean what you said about me peeking did you, of course not it didn't even cross your mind, I was a little hurt, I didn't mean to bruise you, I know you didn't. Sadder: wiser. It's been a long day, not long enough. Let's, not, get, into, that, again. Lay me down to sleep, okay. You wish I may, I wish you might, have the wish, we wish tonight. Goodnight: goodnight. Sleep, well.



A FEW FRISONS AT FOREST HILLS

by Laurence Sheehan

I enjoy the tennis action out at Forest Hills every year whether it's any good or not, because it's so much trouble getting out there that I'll be damned if I don't have a nice time.

This year I lucked into tickets for good seats for Saturday—the usually eventful day of the men's semifinals and the women's finals—so I didn't mind putting up with the trucks on the Connecticut Turnpike, the tie-ups at the tolls for the Whitestone Bridge, and finally the frenzy of Queens Boulevard, a six- or eight-lane concourse, depending on whether the cars are using the sidewalks on that particular day.

I didn't even mind getting lost after I turned off Queens Boulevard and parked in the maze of shaded one-way streets in the vicinity of the tournament site. Unlike most great sports centers—the Coliseums of Rome and New Haven, for example—the West Side Tennis Club does not stand apart from its surroundings, but is buried in them somewhere. After you've parked your car a couple of miles from the place, having turned left and right at random a dozen times in search of a slot, you haven't the foggiest idea where you are. I usually solve this problem by tagging along behind other arriving tennis fans who look as if they can tell north from south. But this day I followed a family group (in retrospect, they were too well dressed for a tennis tournament) and they led me to a synagogue in the opposite direction from the club. It was the first day of the Jewish New Year and they were going there to worship.

Anyway, I backtracked and finally found the club and got to my seat only a few minutes late for the day's opening semifinal match between defending Open champion Jimmy Connors and the young Swedish player Bjorn Borg

(pronounced *yong swee-dish play-er b'yorn borg*).

There were two points that made me jump to my feet in this particular match between two of the greatest tennis players in the world. The first was in the first set when the Goodyear blimp seemed to be going out of control in the swirly winds high above the stadium. It tilted back some 45 degrees and wobbled dangerously from side to side before righting itself and resuming its vital role as Peeping Tom to all of America's major televised sports events.

The second was when Billie Jean King walked in behind my row at the start of the third set and took a seat three boxes away. At the very next change of sides on the court I stood up to stretch and to review the BJK phenomenon. I decided she looked great in her new "natural" hairdo and her tweedy slacks outfit and that Penguin paperback under the arm. In a little while she would be watching the match between Chris Evert and Evonne Goolagong to decide the women's singles championship. If memory served, it would be the first time that Billie Jean King, as a major figure in competition, had not gone after one of the big women's singles titles. This historic moment of withdrawal, if not outright retirement, did not seem to weigh heavily on Ms. King, however. The promoter of various feminist causes in and out of sports chatted amiably with the folks around her and seemed to be in great spirits, as happy as—I was going to say as happy as a girl. . . .

Actually, there were many points that held my attention during the three-hour-long match which Connors won over Borg, 7-5, 7-5, 7-5. But I never jumped to my feet for the type of tennis played because there were no dra-

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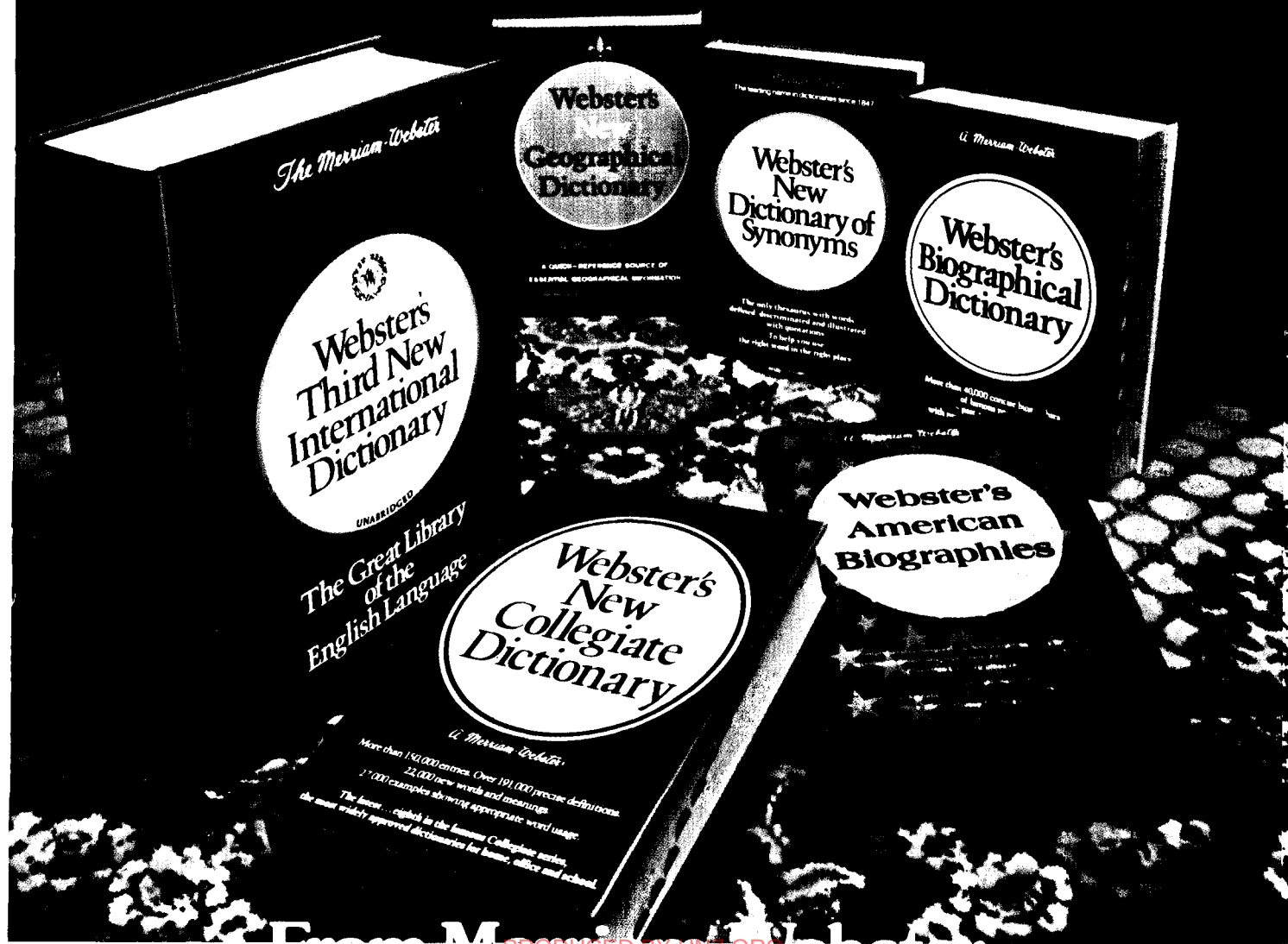
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matic shifts in fortune, or changes in tactics, to give excitement to the match.

Connors held and kept a slight edge throughout. Borg had his only good chance to change things when Connors was down two break points serving at 5-5 in the second set. If Borg had broken that serve and then gone on to win his own serve, the match would have been all even, one set apiece, and we might have been able to watch them rally for five hours instead of three.

Matches that become both routine and long give you time to take your eye off the ball and to concentrate on comparing the playing styles and on-court personalities of the players out there, especially if you are blessed with seats close enough to the action to be able to discern the S.A.S. (for Scandinavian Airlines, I bet) on Bjorn's shoulder, or the gold bauble around Jimmy's neck, and thus have something trivial and therefore significant to base your contrast on.

Borg's a right-hander who likes to stay back at the baseline and hit top-spin passing shots or top-spin lobs for winners. Connors is a leftie who can stay back or come up to the net with equal skill, though on the slow clay surface which has replaced the grass for the matches at Forest Hills, he usually stayed back, too.

The two players' ground strokes sound different. Borg's racket has a "B" designed into the color pattern of its strings, which seems to signify not so much the name of the racket's manufacturer as the tinny *boing* noise that Borg creates when he imparts extreme top spin to balls, producing shots that clear the net in a looping trajectory and then fall sharply and usually a bit short on the other side.

Connors' racket has a "W" written into the strings which, if only Wilson Sporting Goods did not object, could be said to stand for the *whomp* you hear whenever Connors hits the ball—his long, flat stroking action producing square and low-flying shots of great depth.

The two players also have quite different ways about them on court. Borg is silent when he hits the ball, and Connors grunts at every exertion. Borg is expressionless to the point of seeming to brood—has he watched too many Bergman movies in his native Sweden? Connors is animated and always on the lookout for a chance to be melodramatic or clownish—too many John Wayne movies and Bob Hope shows, clearly.

But enough of this idle speculation. The new clay court surface was the talk of Forest Hills, not any particular player or match-up.

This was the first year the U.S. Championships were played on clay rather than on grass. In recent years the pros had argued more and more vociferously that the grass courts at Forest Hills deteriorated too rapidly under tournament conditions to provide a fair test. Too many bad bounces by the time the quarter-finals rolled around, said the pros.

Anyway, after the 1974 Open the turf was ripped up from the stadium and from a dozen field courts. It was replaced by sacks and sacks of Har-Tru, a gray, ground-up greenstone surface which I happen to be familiar with from my indoors doubles game on Monday nights during the winter. Quite early in the Connors-Borg match, I realized there were various things I can do on Har-Tru that the pros have not yet mastered—such as standing flat-footed, running in place, and tripping over the sideline on return of serve.

Nevertheless, there are a couple of good things about the switch to clay at Forest Hills. For one, the red geraniums encircling the stadium grounds coordinate better with the gray of the Har-Tru than they did with the green of the real grass. For another, the new setup locates one clay court in the middle of the playing area and thus centralizes the focus of the event. Under the old setup there were *two* grass courts in the stadium on which play alternated, and that always left half the fans farther away from the action than they felt they deserved to be. Furthermore, with only one court in the stadium, more space has materialized for installing high-priced box seats. That spells more bucks for the sponsoring U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, and so more money to hire officials who can refuse press credentials to writers like myself who find themselves temporarily out of work or—worse, in the eyes of the U.S.L.T.A.—on assignment for newspapers or magazines with circulations under 400 million.

As to the quality of the play itself, and without meaning to detract from the achievement of Evert in defeating Goolagong for the women's singles title three hours after Connors beat Borg, or the achievement of the great slow court player Manuel Orantes of Spain in defeating Connors for the men's singles title on the next day, I would have to say that, from a fan's point of view, the

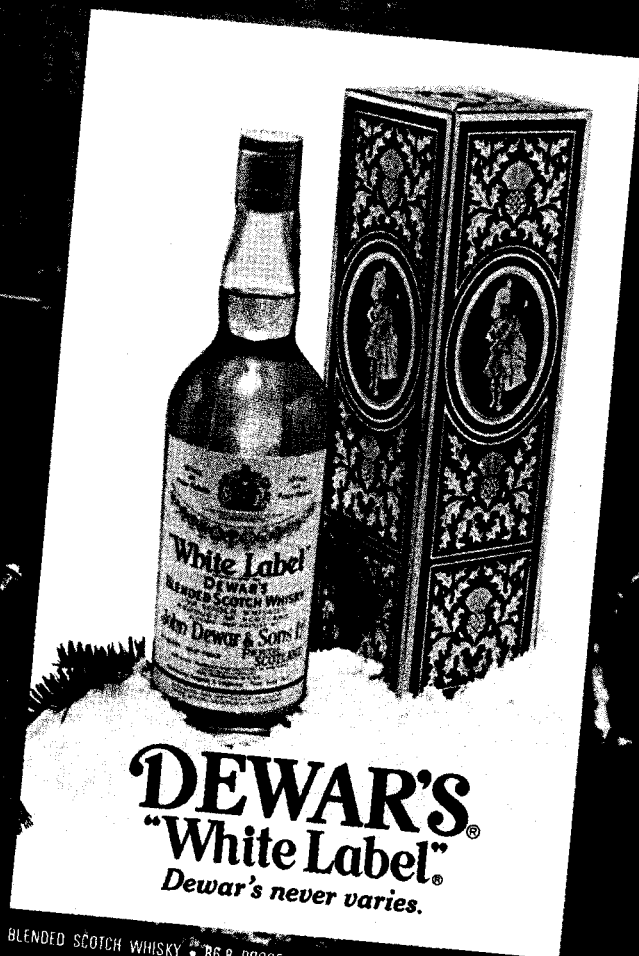
winning tennis at Forest Hills this year was kind of blah. The only time during the Connors-Borg match I experienced those little *frissons* of pleasure that tend to fulfill the typical tennis viewer's expectations was when Connors managed to get in close to the net and hit swinging volleys for winners. The secret in the appeal to fans like myself of such things as the service ace, the winning volley, and the powerful overhead or smash is in the way time is altered—one might say stolen—by the successful execution of these particular shots. On slower surfaces like Har-Tru there are too few opportunities for speed and daring. From a modern fan's point of view the ideal tennis surface is one that challenges good players to hit almost as many balls in the air as they hit off the bounce. Har-Tru, though I swear by it all winter long, is not that surface.

Speaking of fans, I forgot to mention the capacity crowd of 15,000 in the stadium that day. Carefully assessing the athletic abilities of this mob at one point, I decided that I would probably be seeded 9500th if we all got up and organized a tennis tournament among ourselves, and made the 100-odd pros in the Open wait for our autographs, and pay seventy-five cents for every lukewarm hot dog one needed to eat to survive through the next match, and \$1.25 for jugs of Sangria smaller than baby bottles.

Anyway, these fans handled themselves well in the face of such grueling tennis, high prices, and the mile-long rest-room lines. I had heard that a kind of rough subway crowd had been out to the matches earlier in the week and had taken their shirts off, and sweated profusely, and hoarsely guffawed, and in general acted like your typical Mets fan, not your typical tennis fan. But I was pleased to note the dignity of the fans out there on Saturday.

The quality of tennis fan was typified for me by the way bad line calls were received by the crowd. You are not supposed to whistle at a bad line call in the piercing manner your old man used to call you home for supper. Rather, you are supposed to make an "O" with your lips and produce a soft, monotonous kind of whistle, a sound with the mild insistence of the *hoo-hoo* sound that Frenchmen make whenever they spot one of their government leaders on the street. Nice, but not nice. I heard that stylish sound on numerous occasions out at Forest Hills that Saturday; it's one reason I was glad to be there.

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CULTURE WATCH

by Benjamin DeMott

Dear Ms. Bovary . . .

The other night, tired of swotting for a *Madame Bovary* lecture, I picked up a magazine and learned that times, they're still a-changing. A Survey Shows. After studying 100,000 replies to a questionnaire titled "How Do You Really Feel About Sex?" the editors of *Redbook* conclude that:

Close to 95 percent of all women married after 1973 "say they have had pre-marital intercourse."

Nine out of ten women under twenty-five "say they have had pre-marital intercourse."

Among wage-earning wives between thirty-five and thirty-nine years of age, "almost half say they have had intercourse with men other than their husbands" since they were married.

As a way of underlining the scope of the change, the magazine goes on to compare its data with that released by Kinsey twenty-one years ago:

Among 25-year-old women, Kinsey found, 9 percent had had extramarital intercourse; in the *Redbook* survey, among 20-to-24-year-old wives, extramarital sex was reported by 25 percent. Among 40-year-old women Kinsey found that 26 percent had had extramarital sex; among *Redbook's* 35-to-39-year-old wives—the group with the highest percentage of extramarital activity—it is 38 percent.

No word in this article about how many questionnaires were printed and mailed; no observations, either, from the house psychologist, about probable personality traits of people who answer questionnaires on how they really feel about sex. Take it or leave it, is the line. One reason for taking it is that the figures make those hard-nosed *Sixty Minutes* reporters who grilled the First Lady about her daughter's sex life look even more like prurient creeps than they did before. One reason for skepticism is the hint, elsewhere, that *Red-*

book's 100,000 may be a step behind advanced thought at this hour. Ms. Erica Jong, for instance, came out firmly for fidelity in a recent *Playboy* interview. (Another truant evening.) The author of *Fear of Flying* remains a salty lass, full of—excuse the phrase—zip:

PLAYBOY: There's a lot of licking in your poems, isn't there?

JONG: Yes. Well, I'm a very oral person. I like licking a lot.

PLAYBOY: Licking or being licked?

JONG: Both. I also like barking.

PLAYBOY: Barking?

JONG: Arf! Arf! What I mean by barking is a certain kind of playfulness . . .

But Ms. Jong displays several traces of ennui with the world of sexual liberation. ("One night I sat down with some friends in an apartment to watch some . . . porn films and we got so bored with running them forward that we decided to run them backward. . . .") And she's downright uncooperative when *Playboy*, piping its customary one note, pushes for a new, all-out endorsement of the "excitement of being unfaithful":

[Adultery is] very superficial. It really turns out you're not getting the best of either man. . . . Infidelity seems like a tremendous turn-on at times, but you really don't get much out of it. It's much better to have one really rewarding relationship than to have several fragmentary ones.

Nor are Ms. Jong's hesitations the only leading indicator, as they say, suggesting that zest for ceaseless multiplicity has peaked. While *Vogue* continues to run nude photo layouts, shots of bra groping by males, and the like, the copy testifies that the audience isn't as wild for experiment as it was once presumed to be. (The strongest argument for having an affair set forth in recent issues of *Vogue* is that it tends to improve the complexion.) And, for that matter, in commenting on The Survey, *Redbook* it-

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YEHUDI & HEPHZIBAH MENUHIN Jan. 11, 13. Ruth Seaton James Auditorium. The Menuhin name itself conjures magic to countless music lovers who thrill to the virtuosity of this master of the violin. His appearance with his talented sister Hephzibah, at the piano, is a marvelous opportunity for Festival '76 audiences.

PILOBOLUS DANCE THEATRE Jan. 12, 14, 16. City Hall Theatre. This new and imaginative type of "theatre" combining dance, drama, and "positive energy" has brought lavish praise from critics.

GARRICK OHLSSON Jan. 15, 18, 20. City Hall Theatre. This distinguished pianist has made appearances ranging widely from the New Zealand Symphony to a CBS-TV Special with Eugene Ormandy.

CARLOS MONTOYA Jan. 17, 19, 21. Ruth Seaton James Auditorium. The world-renowned wizard of the Flamenco guitar has over the years won olés from critics and audiences alike.

FREDERICA VON STADE Jan. 22, 24. City Hall Theatre. The rich, mezzo-soprano voice of the lovely, young Frederica von Stade has earned her widespread acclaim.

ANTHONY NEWMAN The Bermuda Cathedral, Jan. 23, 25. (Admission by program: \$3.00). The fabulous harpsichordist/organist who brings flair and imagination to the music of Bach.

EMLYN WILLIAMS Jan. 26, 27, 28. City Hall Theatre. The richly-talented actor and playwright visits the island of Bermuda in his widely acclaimed role as Charles Dickens.

TASHI Jan. 29, 31; Feb. 2. City Hall Theatre. Four brilliant young instrumentalists, pianist Peter Serkin, violinist Ida Kavafian, cellist Fred Sherry and clarinetist Richard Stoltzman present chamber music at its best.

JESSYE NORMAN Jan 30; Feb. 1. Ruth Seaton James Auditorium. Jessye Norman's magnificent soprano voice has won hurrahs from audiences and critics alike, especially in major roles at the Munich, Berlin and Covent Garden operas.

MUMMENSCHANZ Feb. 3, 4, 5. City Hall Theatre. Using masks as well as mime, the Mummenschanz troupe creates fantasy figures whose conduct comments on the human condition better than "real" characters might.

MILBOURNE CHRISTOPHER Feb. 6, 7. City Hall Theatre. A magician and mentalist of extraordinary talents, Milbourne Christopher is known worldwide through his stage performances and his television appearances with Johnny Carson, Merv Griffin, Mike Douglas and "Today."



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BERMUDA FESTIVAL

1976

(Advertisement)

December Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



The crazy *maionese* maker from Rome happens to be an American citizen. He wears a sparse black beard, has some difficulty remembering the difference between teaspoons and tablespoons, and has an infallible memory for everything he has ever tasted. He happens also to be a superb photographer and cinematographer who has shot film on every continent except Antarctica, and one of the wittiest extant fracturers of English.

His wife, a handsome Irish-American from Wisconsin, happens with equal eccentricity to be an Italian citizen (the explanation takes hours), a former propagandist and worker in the vineyards of European Unity, the mother of four, a voluble gardener and kitcheneer, and an impassioned follower of twentieth-century Irish literature.

This divinely assorted couple has recently produced one of the fastest-selling new cookbooks in America, **THE ROMAGNOLIS' TABLE**. Since the autumn of 1974, **FRANCO** and **MARGARET ROMAGNOLI** have been delighting Boston TV audiences with their series of real Italian recipes, not the purplish Italo-American all-purpose tomato sauce of the restaurants. During 1975 their program was embraced by *tutta America*. Now their cookbook, already in its third edition, is available for Christmas giving, or, if you can't wait, for Thanksgiving.

THE ROMAGNOLIS' TABLE

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LITTLE, BROWN

self was a bit mystified—in the absence of exact time frames—by the tendency of a majority of sex-experimenting wives to describe themselves as “happily married.”

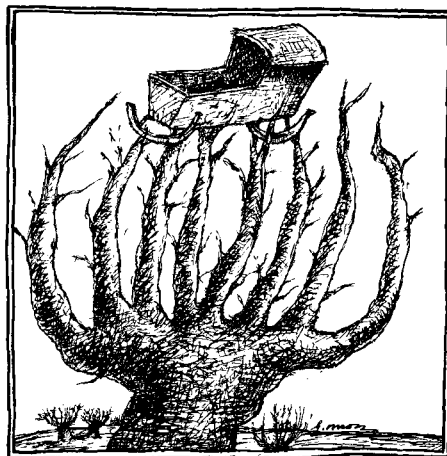
Ah, but enough dawdling . . . I've a job of work to finish. Returning to my lecture text, I read Flaubert's extraordinary words about the excitement for Emma Bovary of her infidelity, the glory for her of turning her existence into “one long tissue of lies,” of transforming herself into a person for whom duplicity has become such “a need, obsession, delight” that, “if she claimed to have walked on the right side of the street the previous day, one could be sure she had walked on the left.” Maybe the only pertinent reflection is that, when every second person you meet is into the same sport, the thrill of the thing is gone. Maddened by Rudolphe, by Léon, maddened for lying, Emma opens the post and finds a questionnaire, one of a million copies. Her correspondents inform her they're curious—a clinical but nevertheless caring tone—about what it's like making out behind Charles's back. They're coming at this, they explain, from a public service and social research point of view, and would she take a moment to look over these sixty questions, using an ordinary lead pencil, please, not ink, to facilitate info retrieval, stamped, addressed envelope inside.

Woe, woe! What a dim day for the heroines of our past would that have been, risky love obliged to see itself packaged in multiples of millions, dwindling into data as it dies.

Turnabout

“What happens to women of the kibbutz? . . . The founders of the kibbutzim wanted to develop a new kind of human being, motivated by communal commitment . . . Men and women would do the same work . . . would equally be politicians and cooks, equally have the freedom to make love with whomever they wished unbound by the old association of sex, marriage, and procreation. Indeed, they would be free not to marry at all; they could live together, and could separate as easily as they had united . . . [But] our data show . . . the overwhelming majority [of kibbutz women acting] against the principles of their socialization and ideology, against the wishes of men of their communities, against the economic interest of the kibbutzim, in order to be

able to devote more time and energy to private maternal activities . . . Obviously these women . . . are trying to accomplish what women elsewhere have been periodically urged to reject by critics of traditional female roles.” *Women in the Kibbutz* by Lionel Tiger and Joseph Shepher (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$10.95).



Personal politics

Lina Wertmüller isn't a name on every lip, despite the media commotion stirred by her most recent movie, *Swept Away by an Unusual Destiny in the Blue Sea of August*. And since I've now seen three of this director's films (*Swept Away* is her eleventh, and the fourth to be shown here), and have read a fair amount about her, I'm in danger of taking a proprietorial tone—putting myself forward as one of those upon whom, cinematically speaking, nothing is lost. The opposite is the case. I don't know all the Italian masterworks, I could easily have missed Ms. Wertmüller's current entry, and the chief reason I didn't is that the young Sicilian named Gaspar in the barbershop saw *Swept Away* last summer in Italy, and, one recent afternoon as he was leaving me short on top and full on the sides, he laid out the story amusingly and pointedly, making its possibilities vivid.

The tale is about a rich woman, Raffaella, and a poor man, Gennarino, whom circumstance thrusts together on a desert island. (Circumstance is a dead outboard on a rubber raft belonging to Raffaella's husband's yacht.) Raffaella is the sort of rich woman who is led by personal arrogance and scorn of the clichés of well-heeled radicals into shrill denunciation of the poor and the helpless; Gennarino, deckhand and assistant steward on the husband's yacht, is the sort of working-class/family man/com-

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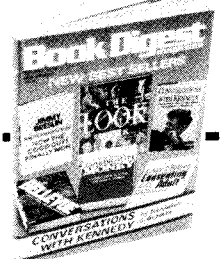
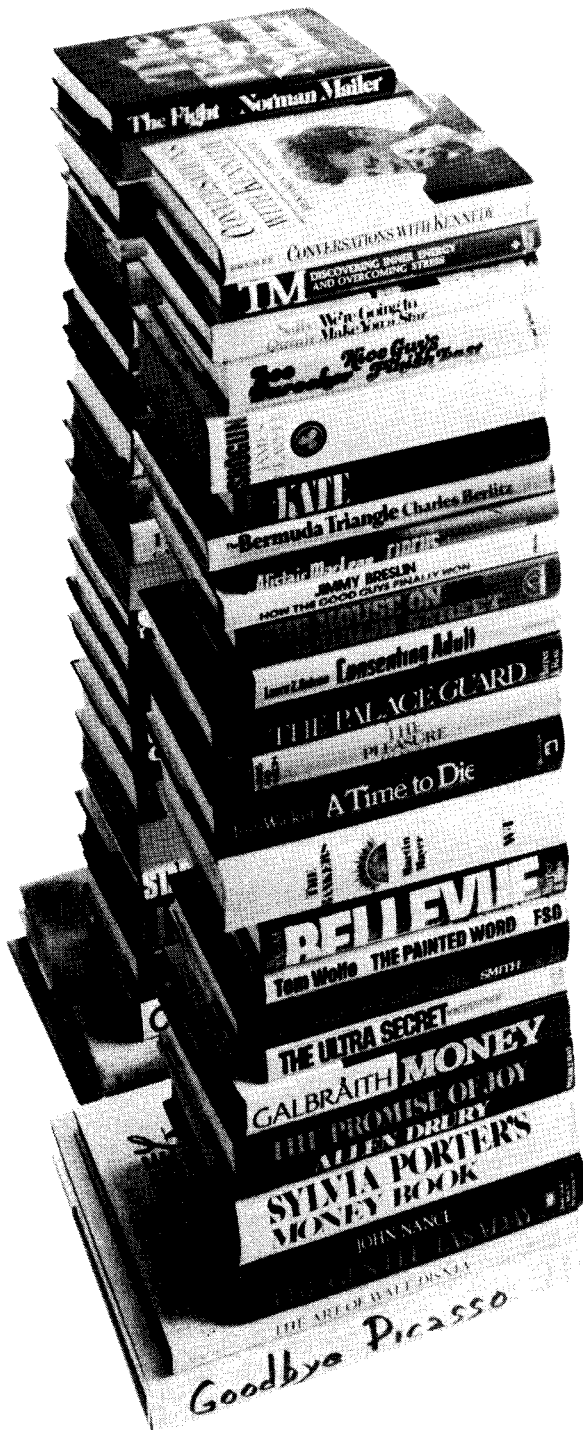
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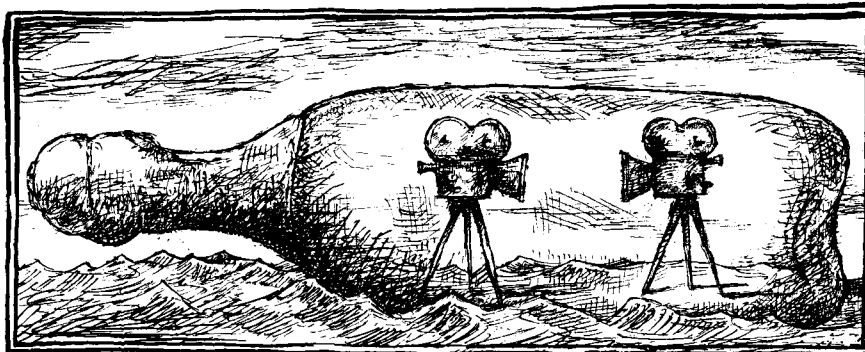
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munist whose self-scorn (for his own political impotence) and hatred of the mighty conjoin in such fashion as to banish from his being, seemingly, all capacity for nonideological response. Raffaella taunts and mocks this man, as well as the prating rad-lib intellectual guests who've joined her and her husband for a Mediterranean cruise; Gennarino's somber fury is effortfully suppressed—until Raffaella's impulse and the dead outboard bring on the desert island and a comic and provocative reversal of roles. Swept into power by his survival skills, Gennarino refashions his employer into his slave, teaching her to wheedle and fawn like the poor. But lyric intervenes: slowly the two begin to transcend power relationships, the new and old hierarchies of sex; they are to be purified by passionate love. At the end comes, not astonishingly, a fall, a return to the world as it is, bitter reacceptance of the social structures east and west of Eden.

Mediterranean buffs will leave this movie drunk with azure seas and diamond dawns (much talk of pollution in the film, but no sign of it on Raffaella's and Gennarino's island). Literary types will ruminate on various witty updatings of fantasies past. (Gennarino is a militant Crichton-Crusoe-Prospero, a magician whose arts of provisioning have a hard, articulated, political edge; Raffaella is a Friday-Miranda for whom the goal of the "learning experience" is recovery, not loss, of innocence.) And, whatever one's special interests, admiration is bound to flow for the players



themselves. Mariangela Melato and Giancarlo Giannini are marvelously spirited throughout, so that the movement of their feeling—from brutal hatred to mutual exploitation to the discovery, in love, of each other's true dignity, beauty, and worth—gives forth no sense of a decline of energy or descent into sentimental weakness. (The same two actors are paired in Ms. Wertmüller's *Love and Anarchy* and *The*

Seduction of Mimi, and in both movies the characterizations are sufficiently rich and particularized in voice, tone, appearance, and gesture to enable the "stars" to disappear into them. Only after a while does it come to mind that that Chaplinlike fellow in *Anarchy*—can it be? Is that Giannini again? Splendid!)

But most striking in *Swept Away* is the complication of the director's mind, her alertness to the interpenetration of emotion and ideology, and to the force of personal motive in those dramas that piety reads as "exclusively political." Gennarino catches some rock lobster barehanded, lights a fire, cooks it as the famished Raffaella watches, eats it voluptuously before her imploring eyes. He tells her, licking his fingers in the firelight, that he is her instructor, he is showing her what it is like to beg from the rich and to learn there's no hope. A moral lesson. But the moralist's level eyes express other satisfactions than that of the pursuit of truth—the eternal smugness of the lucky, the bliss of having when one's neighbor has not . . . As the scene moves, develops, the watching mind scans a rapid succession of complementary qualifying truths . . . *accustomed to authority, the rich are harder to teach than others . . . the oppressed can't be expected to behave better than their oppressors . . . next to the love of power, the love of justice is a flea . . . love is born in sharing, but what a lot can greedy power teach!*

The hero and heroine of this film progress to an elevated politics, a uto-

less, but also self-respecting and alive. The camera angle is wide and distant yet oddly reconciled in the final frames wherein, paradise lost, Gennarino heads home to is-ness, shaking off his fantasy. Can't win in this life, but at least, my friend . . . we can do what we have to do. A lively, funny, continuously ponderable film.



S/he

Two years ago the annual meeting of the American Anthropological Association passed a motion urging writers to stop using "he" and "man" as "generic for the species" and to use more comprehensive terms, "such as 'people' and 'human beings' which . . . include both sexes." The least boring effort in this line I've so far seen is a convention followed throughout *Urban Higher Education in the United States*, a volume by George Fischer that began life as a report to the chancellor of the City University of New York and was published by that university's press. Wherever in the book Fischer has occasion to write a gender-troubled sentence—say, "A student has two options, he can, or she can, or he or she can . . ."—he simply writes: "A student has two options, s/he can . . ." Will this fly?

Gone coed

Recently and belatedly the college I teach at went coed and, because of this, the term has thus far produced, for me, one moving moment, occasional evening surprises, and several patches of student newspaper writing of the kind I like best. The surprises are simply female voices where you don't expect them. . . . My walk home at night takes me past the gym where in fall and winter, at about this hour, the foot-

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ball-basketball-hockey men are sloping up from practice and showers for chow. Local convention dictates an exchange of greetings, and it's disorienting to hear, coming out of the darkness now and then in answer to my hi! a sound not heavy and hard but fluting, a soft-voiced kindness . . . girls' voices saying good evening.

The writing I speak of is done by older chaps, seniors, trying to sort out their responses to life in "a college for men and women." I was standing in the dining hall, in my white worker's jacket, wrote a senior named Mark J. Magyar last month in our paper, eyeing the line for Saturday supper,

. . . when they came marching in. Eight rugby players, including several freshmen, led in song by a senior. One of the veterans would rasp a traditional verse, then all eight would belt out the chorus:

Balls to your partner,
Ass against the wall,
If you never get laid on a
Saturday night,
You'll never get laid at all.

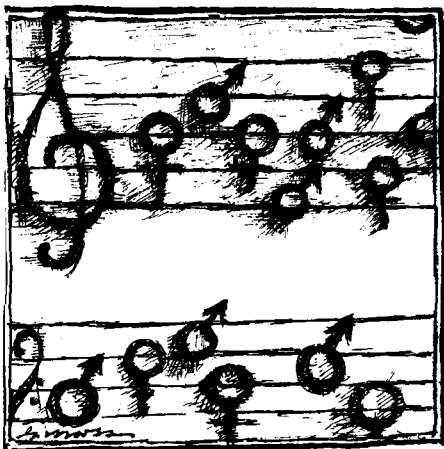
They paraded . . . into the medium length line and continued singing until they reached the checker's stand. The three women in the dining hall got their meals uncomfortably, never meeting the eyes of the ruggers, while the ruggers only stole a glance, then looked away lest the women catch their eye.

Magyar proceeded to acknowledge that the ruggers had no right to behave as though they owned the place any longer. (Out of fairness he noted they didn't seem to be singing as loudly as they would have last year, and he predicted that next year they wouldn't be singing at all.) Next he produced some disavowals. ("Before I applied to Amherst, I viewed its all-maleness as a demerit . . . this isn't an . . . anti-coed editorial. . . . There is a certain perverseness at an all-male college . . .") But he was still wrestling with something inside:

It's one thing to rationally deal with this kind of sexism because there are no justifications for it to be found. But it's quite another thing to try to talk about how it feels to be one guy among a group of guys, singing those songs at a rugby tap, and to realize that this sort of thing is probably just about over at this place. I write this piece

not in hope of conveying an understanding of that feeling to the women transfers or even to the new freshmen. I am under no illusion as to the limits of my skill. I write this for those who felt the way I felt when the rugers marched into East on Saturday afternoon.

What's likable here, I'd argue, isn't the "position"—there is none, really—but the embarrassment, the awareness that now and then something awkwardly substantive inside a person can't find its way into socially or even personally ap-



proved words. The usual voice in a student newspaper is somebody trying (and succeeding) to sound, at twenty, like the blowhard authoritative fakes who write the editorials in the grown-up paper of your choice.

As for the moving moment, it occurred about two bars into the first hymn at opening chapel. I've been attending these ceremonies in the same building on roughly the same day for twenty-five years, hence I don't follow events and rhetoric intensely—sometimes don't, in truth, even focus undistractedly on the remarkable performances of our college's well-regarded male choir. But this time, a few bars in, as I say, I awoke . . . I looked down at my program, which told me the hymn in progress was composed by an eighteenth-century American, a sensation in his day, and even as I read about him I knew. Turning round to the choir loft in the upper balcony . . . there they were, answering choirs, male and female, voices pouring it forth, superbly blended, now separate, now superbly blended again. *Praise! Praise!* Soaring shouts of sound. *Praise Him! Praise Her!* Very beautiful it was, mysteriously poignant. Eyes brimmed. And we moved on.

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A JAZZ DISCOGRAPHY

by Ralph J. Gleason

Editor's Note: The current revival of interest in jazz, America's one indisputably original contribution to world art, would have delighted no one more than the late Ralph J. Gleason, as ardent an enthusiast and as informed an explicator of the art as it has ever inspired. Gleason died suddenly last June, at the age of fifty-eight, soon after he had put the finishing touches to his book Celebrating the Duke & Louis, Bessie, Billie, Bird, Carmen, Miles, Dizzy & Other Heroes (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$8.95), which has just been published. It includes a selected discography, keyed to the artists of the title, and we are printing it here as a service to Atlantic readers, longtime and first-time listeners alike, who are collecting jazz on records and would welcome the advice of a man who knew, better than most, what he was talking about.

Although I have been assured that all of these LPs are currently available, I am enough of a cynic to take that with a grain of salt. Albums tend to become unavailable quickly, but also, like living things, they change their skins and re-emerge in different covers, with new titles and new numbers! This is beyond my control, but if you persist, you should be able to find any of these albums you are interested in, remembering only that it may be necessary to insist that your neighborhood record store order specially for you.

In general, any major artist is worth hearing on any LP. You could do a lot worse, in the process of examining the sounds of jazz, than taking that approach. You will never go wrong with any album by the Duke or the other heroes. Anything they have recorded is worth your listening time.

The quality, incidentally, of almost any LP manufactured today is quite good, and one should not worry about buying an LP on an unfamiliar label. Naturally, records made years ago, before high fidelity, will not sound as clear and live as recent ones. But the music is still there and it repays listening. You'll quickly adjust, believe me, and when you do, you'll find that Louis Armstrong circa 1923 was just as interesting a player as he was by the time they got around to inventing tape recorders.

BESSIE SMITH

Nobody's Blues but Mine (with Louis Armstrong), Columbia G-31993 (2 records)

Any Woman's Blues, Columbia G-30126 (2 records)

Empty Bed Blues, Columbia G-30450 (2 records)

World's Greatest Blues Singer, Columbia GP-33 (2 records)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

EARLY RECORDINGS:

Louis Armstrong/King Oliver, Milestone M-47017 (2 records)

West End Blues, King Oliver with Louis Armstrong, Columbia J-21

Young Louis, The Sideman, Louis Armstrong, Decca 79233

The Louis Armstrong Story, Vols. 1-4, with Johnny Dodds,

Earl Hines, et al., Columbia CL-851/854 (4 records)

LATER RECORDING:

Rare Batch of Satch, Louis Armstrong, RCA LPM-2322

JIMMIE LUNCEFORD

Lunceford Special, Jimmie Lunceford, Columbia CS-9515E

Rhythm Is Our Business, Jimmie Lunceford, Decca 79237E, Vol. 1

Harlem Shout, Jimmie Lunceford, Decca 79238E, Vol. 2

For Dancers Only, Jimmie Lunceford, Decca 79239E, Vol. 3

Blues in the Night, Jimmie Lunceford, Decca 79240E, Vol. 4

This comprises the bulk of Lunceford's best recordings.

BILLIE "LADY DAY" HOLIDAY

Lady Day, Billie Holiday, Columbia CL-637

The Billie Holiday Story, Columbia KG-32121, Vol. 1 (2 records)

The Billie Holiday Story, Columbia KG-32124, Vol. 2 (2 records)

The Billie Holiday Story, Columbia KG-32127, Vol. 3 (2 records)

Lady in Satin, Billie Holiday, Columbia CS-8048

Strange Fruit, Billie Holiday, Atlantic 1614

The last LP above is a reissue of Lady Day's classic discs for Commodore Records made in the late 30s and early 40s.

It has been dropped recently from the Atlantic catalogue though some stores may still have it.

LESTER "PRES" YOUNG

Super Chief, Count Basie, Columbia G-31224 (2 records)

Best of Basie, Count Basie, Decca DXS-7170 (2 records)

Young Lester, Lester Young, Columbia J-24

In addition, Lester Young may be heard on many of the Columbia Billie Holiday LPs listed under her name.

CHARLIE "BIRD" PARKER

Greatest Jazz Concert Ever, Parker, Gillespie, et al., Prestige 24024 (2 records)

April in Paris, Charlie Parker with Strings, Verve 68004

Echoes of an Era, Parker, Gillespie, et al., Roulette RE-105 (2 records)

Bird and Diz, Parker, Gillespie, et al., Verve 68006

Swedish Schnapps, Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, et al., Verve 68010

Now's the Time, Charlie Parker, Verve 68005

In the Beginning, Dizzy Gillespie with Charlie Parker, Prestige 24030 (2 records)

JOHN BIRKS "DIZZY" GILLESPIE

In the Beginning, Dizzy Gillespie with Charlie Parker, Prestige 24030 (2 records)

Dizzy Gillespie, RCA LPV-530

Greatest Jazz Concert Ever, Parker, Gillespie, et al., Prestige 24024 (2 records)

Echoes of an Era, Charlie Parker with Dizzy Gillespie,
Roulette RE-105 (2 records)
Bird and Diz, Charlie Parker with Dizzy Gillespie, Verve
68006

THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET

The First Recordings, Modern Jazz Quartet, Prestige 24005 (2 records)
European Concert, Modern Jazz Quartet, Atlantic 2-603 (2 records)
One Never Knows/No Sun in Venice, Modern Jazz Quartet, Atlantic 1284
At Music Inn, Modern Jazz Quartet with Sonny Rollins, Atlantic S-1299
The Art of the Modern Jazz Quartet, Atlantic 2-301 (2 records)
Fontessa, Modern Jazz Quartet, Atlantic S-1231
Pyramid, Modern Jazz Quartet, Atlantic S-1325
Space, Modern Jazz Quartet, Apple STAO-3360
Under the Jasmine Tree, Modern Jazz Quartet, Apple ST-3353

CARMEN McRAE

Woman Talk—Live at the Village Gate, Mainstream S-6065
Live & Wailing, Mainstream S-6110
In Person—San Francisco, Mainstream MS-6091
In Person, Carmen McRae, Atlantic 2-904 (2 records)
Atlantic has scheduled for release late in 1975 *The Art of Carmen McRae*, a 2-record set selected from her recordings for that company.

JOHN COLTRANE

Olé Coltrane, John Coltrane, Atlantic S-1373
My Favorite Things, John Coltrane, Atlantic 1361
John Coltrane, Prestige P-24003 (2 records)
More Lasting than Bronze, John Coltrane, Prestige P-24014 (2 records)
Giant Steps, John Coltrane, Atlantic 1311
Blue Train, John Coltrane, Blue Note 81577
A Love Supreme, John Coltrane, Impulse 77
See also: *Miles Davis*, *Kind of Blue*, Columbia CS-8163;
Miles Ahead, Columbia CS-8633; *Milestones*, Columbia CS-9428; *'Round about Midnight*, Columbia CS-8649;
Miles Davis, Prestige P-24001 (2 records); *Workin' and Steamin'*, Prestige P-24034 (2 records).

MILES DAVIS

Complete Birth of the Cool, Miles Davis with Gil Evans, Capitol M-11026
Miles Davis, Prestige 24001 (2 records)
Workin' and Steamin', Miles Davis, Prestige P-24034 (2 records)
'Round about Midnight, Miles Davis, Columbia CS-8649
Milestones, Miles Davis, Columbia CS-9428
Kind of Blue, Miles Davis, Columbia CS-8163
Sketches of Spain, Miles Davis, Columbia CS-8271
Miles Ahead, Miles Davis, Columbia CS-8633
Something Else, Cannonball Adderly with Miles Davis, Blue Note LA-169-F

In Person at the Blackhawk, Miles Davis, Columbia C2S-820 (2 records)
In a Silent Way, Miles Davis, Columbia CS-9875
Bitches Brew, Miles Davis, Columbia GP-26 (2 records)
Live-Evil, Miles Davis, Columbia G-30954 (2 records)
Get Up with It, Miles Davis, Columbia KG-33236 (2 records)

ALBERT AYLER

Spiritual Unity, Albert Ayler, ESP-1002
Bells, Albert Ayler, ESP-1010

EDWARD KENNEDY "DUKE" ELLINGTON

Any of the Duke Ellington albums is worth owning without exception and there are dozens of them. However, for a skeletal listing covering his career, this list should suffice:

EARLY YEARS:

Complete Duke Ellington, Vol. 1, Columbia J-29 (2 records)
Flaming Youth, Duke Ellington, RCA LPV-568
In the Beginning, Vol. 1, Duke Ellington, Decca 79224E
Hot in Harlem, Vol. 2, Duke Ellington, Decca 79241E
Rockin' in Rhythm, Vol. 3, Duke Ellington, Decca 79247E
Duke Ellington Presents Ivie Anderson, Columbia KG-32064

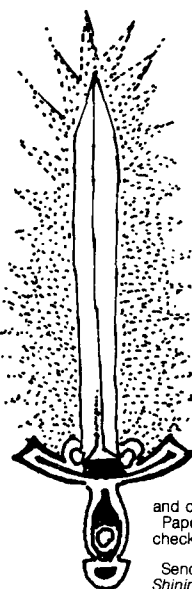
MIDDLE PERIOD:

Ellington Era, Vol. 1, Duke Ellington, Columbia C3L-27 (3 records)
Daybreak Express, Duke Ellington, RCA LPV-506
At His Very Best, Duke Ellington, RCA LPM-1715
This Is Duke Ellington, RCA VPM-6042 (2 records)
Jumpin' Pumpkins, Duke Ellington, RCA LPV-517
Golden Duke, Duke Ellington, Prestige 24029 (2 records)
World of Duke Ellington, Columbia G-32564E (2 records)
Monologue, Duke Ellington, Columbia J-20
Liberian Suite/A Tone Parallel to Harlem, Duke Ellington, Columbia J-6
Masterpieces, Duke Ellington, Columbia CSP-JCL-825
A Drum Is a Woman, Duke Ellington, Columbia CSP-JCL-951
Such Sweet Thunder, Duke Ellington, Columbia CSP-JCL-1033
Black, Brown and Beige, Duke Ellington with Mahalia Jackson, Columbia CSP-JCL-8015

LATER PERIOD:

Duke Ellington Meets Coleman Hawkins, Impulse A-26
Afro-Bossa, Duke Ellington, Reprise 6069
Great Paris Concert, Duke Ellington, Atlantic 2-304 (2 records)
Second Sacred Concert, Duke Ellington, Prestige P-24045 (2 records)
Latin American Suite, Duke Ellington, Fantasy 8419
Yale Concert, Duke Ellington, Fantasy 9433
New Orleans Suite, Duke Ellington, Atlantic 1580
Toga Brava Suite, Duke Ellington, United Artists UXS-92 (2 records)
The Pianist, Duke Ellington, Fantasy 9462
A number of albums are scheduled for release in 1975 and 1976 of later-period Ellington recordings. Watch for them.

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BOOKS·BOOKS·BOOKS

Daddy, you're perfectly swell!

The thing to be is a disturbing novelist. On the other hand, there is much to be said for being a comforting novelist. One can say things for it. Things can be said, for being comforting.

Why are you writing that way, said Belinda. Belinda looking over my shoulder.

Hostility of Belinda. Threatenedness of me.

You are writing like Donald Barthelme. In his manner. It gives offense.

Impertinent rejoinder.

Touch of Belinda's breast to the neck nape. Moment of détente. Belinda's glance. Belinda regarding **THE DEAD FATHER** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$7.95).

So. He has committed a novel, said Belinda.

Nod of assent.

You have drunk all of it.

Further nods.

How can you do this to yourself? Consider the brain cells you have wiped out, Belinda said.

But he is such a comfort, I said.

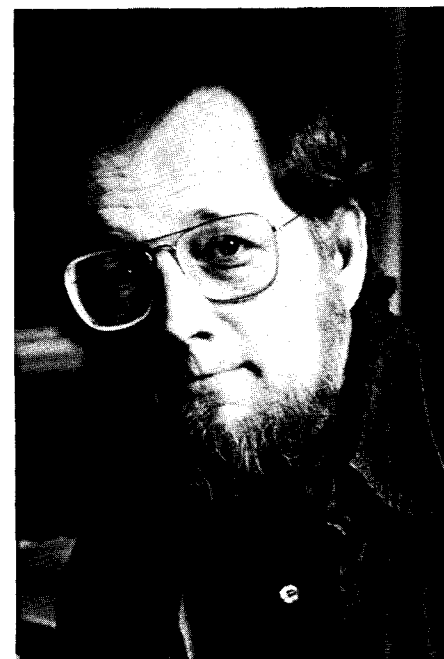
Well, enough of that. Or *faugh*, as a Barthelme character would say.

The Dead Father has appeared, Donald Barthelme's second novel, or his eighth book of stories, depending on how you look at it. I think novel is closer to the truth, though long passages of it might find a place anywhere in the collected works. It is full of delights, even if not all of them attach themselves to one another.

There is a way of talking about Barthelme that allies him with a distinguished modernist movement—disciple of Borges, exemplar of the ideas of Roland Barthes, and so on—but this overlooks the distinctive pleasures of his work, his gift for parody and social satire. He has an ear as dead as a black belt's hand. He speaks dozens of the specialized dialects that make up our language, and he mocks their pretension and the pretentious surety of those who use them. If he addresses himself mainly to sufferers of contemporary

spiritual malaise, he is particularly merciless on the language that is used to describe that illness. He sometimes indulges in low college humor. He cuts up, is cute. But at his best, he achieves a lunatic poise; he provides a way of listening to the cacophony around us; he gives comfort.

What is going on in *The Dead Father* is that a figure of that name is being hauled across the landscape by means of a steel cable to his final resting place. The figure resembles a human being in many respects, though it is "3200 cubits" long. The Dead Father has a wooden leg, large enough to contain confessionals. Nineteen men do the hauling, while four aristocratic types do the existential suffering over the meaning of this event. This novel, as may be clear, takes a bit of getting into. It is heavy on symbol. Actually, *The Dead Father* becomes a symbol of some plasticity. He is God first of all. God as a father. And father as God. After that he's what you will: The Novel, Western Culture, Truth, Duty, Honor, Country. He is the order that we seek, and the control we seek to escape. A symbol with multiple possibilities—but still a heavy symbol, and it isn't at all clear at the



Donald Barthelme

start that Barthelme can bear up under the load. But he inventively does.

The party wends its way across the countryside in a parody of any number of literary quests. The party encounters the Wends. (I guess Barthelme meant the pun.) The Wends don't recognize fathers:

We Wends are the fathers of ourselves.

You are?

Yes, said the Wend, that which all men have wished to be, from the very beginning, we are.

Amazing, said Thomas, how is that accomplished?

It is accomplished by being a Wend, the leader said. Wends have no wives, they only have mothers. Each Wend impregnates his own mother and thus fathers himself. We are all married to our mothers, in proper legal fashion.

Thomas was counting on his fingers.

You are skeptical, said the chief. That is because you are not a Wend.

The mechanics of the thing elude me, said Thomas.

Take my word for it, said the Wend, it is not more difficult than Christianity. . . .

The party moves on.

Not every moment in this book relates neatly to Oedipal themes. Random and innovative dalliances occur. Clitoral politics are explored. Indoor gardening and vegetarianism are considered. Allusions to the writing of Erving Goffman and the music of Karlheinz Stockhausen. The need for newness in sexual sport is affirmed, culminating in a dance with the apes. But the best section of the book does in fact have to do with fathers, actual fathers. The party meets a translator "from English into English," who has prepared "A Manual for Sons." (This section appeared originally as a short story in *The New Yorker*.) It consists of meditations on the bestiality of fatherhood, inspired monologues from father to son, and it includes this touching sentence: "He is mad about being small when you were big, but no, that's not it, he is mad about being helpless when you were powerful, but no, not that either, he is mad about being contingent when you were necessary, not quite it, he is insane because when he loved you, you didn't notice."

Sentiment earns a larger place for itself in this novel than in anything Barthelme has written before. It resides,

Won't you buy him \$240 worth of food for \$10?

This little guy is one of the nicest kids you'd ever want to meet. He's one of nine children plus a mother and a grandfather living in a two room shack in an impoverished area of a small Alabama town.

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diets are so inadequate they are facing slow starvation.

That's why the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is now in its eighth year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for families of tenant farmers, field hands and seasonal workers. Under this federally sponsored program, 50¢ buys as much as \$12 or more in Food Stamps. Since many families have almost no income at all, contributions are vital. Your \$10 can buy \$240 worth of food—enough to feed a family for a month. As one donor recently wrote—"Where else can my modest donation do so much!"

To contribute, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you.

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mostly, in *The Dead Father* himself. As perhaps I should have made plain before, *The Dead Father* has died only "in a sense." He is "dead but still with us, still with us, but dead." He has lost his clout. He knows he's bound for the grave. But he speaks. He occasionally breaks away from his cable and accomplishes some mayhem. He is a randy old goat, yearns for the attention of both fetching ladies in the party. Told he is too old, "The Dead Father fell down on the ground and began chewing the dirt of the road."

We are sorry to see *The Dead Father* go, when the bulldozers appear and begin to fill his grave. He reminds us of whatever it is that we imagine to have existed in a more coherent world. Not to put too fine a point on this, but if Barthelme continues in this direction, he might become a disturbing novelist.

Further fathers

In the South Seas, on the imaginary decks of the *Pequod*, to the very end of his life, Herman Melville was looking for a father. This is the central argument of **MELVILLE** (Braziller, \$15.00), a psychobiography by Edwin Haviland Miller. "Call me Ishmael!" Miller says, "can also be translated, 'Call me Allan Melvill's son.'"

Well, I learned a lot from this book, and its thesis is not unpersuasive. Allan Melvill (the original spelling of the

family name) was a charming, unstable failure who died young and was frighteningly deranged just before his death. Herman was twelve. He was haunted by the episode, and at the same time he cherished a memory of his father as a figure of Apollonian grace. And thought himself a lumpish and unattractive person—however, his mature face was strong and handsome. Melville kept his secrets to himself, though he left behind the sort of clue that makes as cheery a sight for the psychobiographer as the first fire of fall. (On the birth certificate of his second son, Melville entered his mother's name where his wife's name belonged.) In Nathaniel Hawthorne, he briefly found a figure worthy of his filial longing. But Hawthorne backed off in puzzlement from the intellectual and emotional bear hug that Melville offered him. Miller looks illuminatingly at their famous correspondence but with a clinical eye.

This book demonstrates most of the difficulties of its growing genre. It's full of reflexive thought (wit is "defensive"; people who have children are "asserting the life principle"). And it is permeated with the vulgar insistence that psychiatric truths, because they are buried, are somehow more true than moral, social, or spiritual ones. It seems to me that a psychobiographer owes his subject what a psychiatrist owes his patient, a respect for the totality of his life. Miller need only quote to reveal inadvertently how much of Melville eludes diagnosis. He misses, for instance, the dark exuberance of those resonant but offhand maxims Melville produced: "There is a wisdom that is woe; but there is a woe that is madness."

Melville finished *Moby Dick* when he was only thirty-two. Its genius of course went almost wholly unrecognized, and he lived stoically in gathering obscurity for forty years. He took a desk job in the New York Customs House. He seems by force of character to have used his gifts to ward off the madness that stalked him. I wish Miller brought more awe to this life; I wish he *liked* Melville more.

Ahab in a canoe

John McPhee has published his twelfth book, **THE SURVIVAL OF THE BARK CANOE** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$7.95), more evidence that he is one of the country's best . . . best *what*? I was about to say reporters, but the term includes too much; news doesn't seem to

interest McPhee, and I doubt he's ever "investigated" anything. He watches. He brings a reverence to observation. The title of his first book, *A Sense of Where You Are*, suggests an attribute of them all, an intense affection for the here and now. He can also be a sort of surreptitious essayist, letting the evidence state his case. His profile of David Brower, for example (*Encounters with the Arch-druid*), turns into a complex discussion of the contraries of environmentalism.

The Survival of the Bark Canoe documents a bit of the life of a young man who has given himself to preserving the Indian craft of canoe-making. Nice subject for McPhee: the young man carves canoe thwarts the way McPhee writes, without apparent effort but with a lust for perfection.

The book takes a curious turn. Along with some others, McPhee and his friend travel by bark canoe through the Allagash lakes in Maine, and the young man reveals perfectionism's ugly side. He seizes control of the trip, forces his companions to paddle through storms and darkness, becomes an Ahab of his tiny boat. McPhee remains his unruffled self, but one senses an unexpressed tension: he must know well the urge to break out of the limits of one's craft, and the dangers in doing so.

The only aspect of McPhee's work that one can criticize is his circumspect caution; I can't be alone among his fans in hoping that he'll take larger risks.

—RICHARD TODD

SHORT REVIEWS

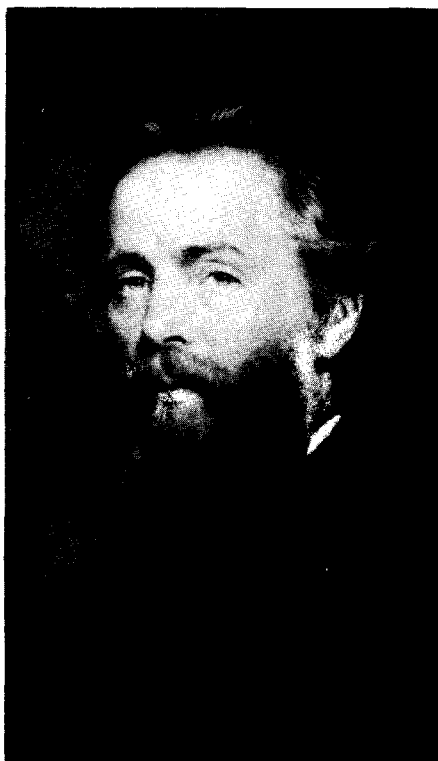
THE MORALITY OF CONSENT

by Alexander M. Bickel

Yale University Press, \$10.00

The "morality of consent" is the moral force that arises out of our willingness to be governed, to trust that the democratic process will protect our rights and equitably mediate when our individual rights come into conflict with the prerogatives and ambitions of those who govern us.

As Bickel perceives, the tension between government and governed is always precarious, and our attitude



Herman Melville

toward it—when informed at all—depends greatly on where we stand in the great philosophical debate that infuses all considerations of popular government: that is, the dispute between those, like Locke and Rousseau, who believe man in his natural state to be generous and perfectible; and others, like Hobbes and Burke, who think us self-interested, untrustworthy, and badly in need of systematic restraint.

The issue is not altogether academic, as the past two decades have shown us. What were the proper limits of our objections to the Vietnam War? How disobedient can we be to the strictures of our government without cutting ourselves loose from its values, services, and protection? Should the courts interfere with our wish to abort unwanted children? Should we be allowed to publish privileged government documents? Utter obscenities? Ignore calls to government service?

Bickel has opinions on these and other sensitive matters, some that will surprise his admirers as well as his critics. (He disavows, for example, his 1970 vote in support of a faculty resolution approving a student strike at Yale to protest the murder trial of Black Panther leader Bobby Seale—on grounds that his vote was cowardly and irrational.) If he casts his lot, finally, with Hobbes and Burke, he does so on behalf of “an imperfect justice, for there is no other kind.”

Bickel was an imaginative and disciplined student of constitutional law, a gifted teacher, and a watchful critic of the Supreme Court's efforts to achieve by dictum what could not be accomplished through moral or legislative initiative. He died, tragically, at forty-nine, with this book still in preliminary manuscript form.

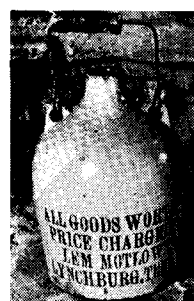
—C. Michael Curtis

JUNG: And the Story of Our Time
by Laurens van der Post
Pantheon, \$10.00

For one who, like myself, regards C. G. Jung (1875-1961) as not only the most humane and compassionate of psychotherapists, but one of the prophetic figures of this century, each new book about him gives rise to anxiety. It's a perplexing fact: one hundred years after his birth, the prolix, profound author of *Two Essays on Analytical Psychology*, *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, *Answer to Job*, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, and *The Undiscovered*



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ered *Self* is still too slippery for commentators and biographers to get a grip on.

Laurens van der Post knew Jung well for the last sixteen years of his life, saw him often, talked with him intimately, and became his interlocutor in a memorable BBC film. In this book, Van der Post explores and explains the development of Jung's thoughts, rightly, I think, emphasizing his place as a thinker and discoverer of symbols rather than his clinical work as an analyst. His book is intelligent, truthful, subtle, persuasive, wordy, and relentless in its praise. Intended for the layman, it could help those concerned with historical problems of symbol and affect, could alter the minds of those rapt by the eternal enigmas of self-discovery.

It could, that is, if it were better written. The author's rhetorical recital of Jung's virtues suggests he may unwittingly have elevated the Old Man into an archetypal niche—a dangerous spot. Like other writers, Van der Post strikes a defensive posture and omits illumination of the “shadow” side of Jung's life or thought, thus doing an injustice to both. Hero worship takes many strange forms, as the shadow side of many recent biographies attests. Jung

would have understood why the biographers most heavily laden with piety are best at making their heroes dull.

—Peter Davison

“Mo”: A Woman's View of Watergate
by Maureen Dean with Hays Gorey
Simon and Schuster, \$8.95

Poor Mo. She never asked much of life except a Cadillac, a house in Beverly Hills, and a husband to provide them. Instead, her husband got involved in Watergate, and you know what that means—cold dinners, ruined weekends, not to mention the problem of what to wear to the Senate hearings.

No doubt the *True Confessions* style of these memoirs is the inspiration of her accomplice, Hays Gorey. Still, Mrs. Dean's view of Watergate is predictably limited to the little matters of house and home, some skimpy gossip, and much loyal defense of Mr. Dean's role in bringing down the Nixon Administration. What Mo knows about the cover-up doesn't amount to a hill of beans. But on matters such as the carpets in the presidential jet, the accommodations at Camp David, and the lowdown on what really goes on in a White House

receiving line, this book is full of invaluable information.

—Amanda Heller

A FORD, NOT A LINCOLN
by Richard Reeves

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$8.95

“While President Ford happily posed for happy photographers, Alexander Haig and Henry Kissinger ran the country.” So goes the tone of this street-wise, hard-nosed account of the waking hours and days after what Gerald Ford, in his first speech as President, called “our long national nightmare.”

Reeves on Ford:

Ford may have become President by accident, but it was no accident that a Ford became President. In many ways he was the very model of a modern American politician. His success was a triumph of lowest-common-denominator politics, the survival of the man without enemies, the least objectionable alternative.

Ford on Ford, quoted by Reeves, describing his work habits on Sundays when the nation's airwaves observe golf:

I sit in front of the television and take a pile of work, and in between this shot and that shot, I try to concentrate.

Ford, writes Reeves, is “a pretty nice guy and a professional politician”; the press has tended to focus on the former in euphoric relief from the Nixon nightmare, but it is the President's performance in the latter role that matters. If he has the virtue of being unpretentious in action and words (five of which gave Reeves his title), he is in this portrait a man with little to be pretentious about.

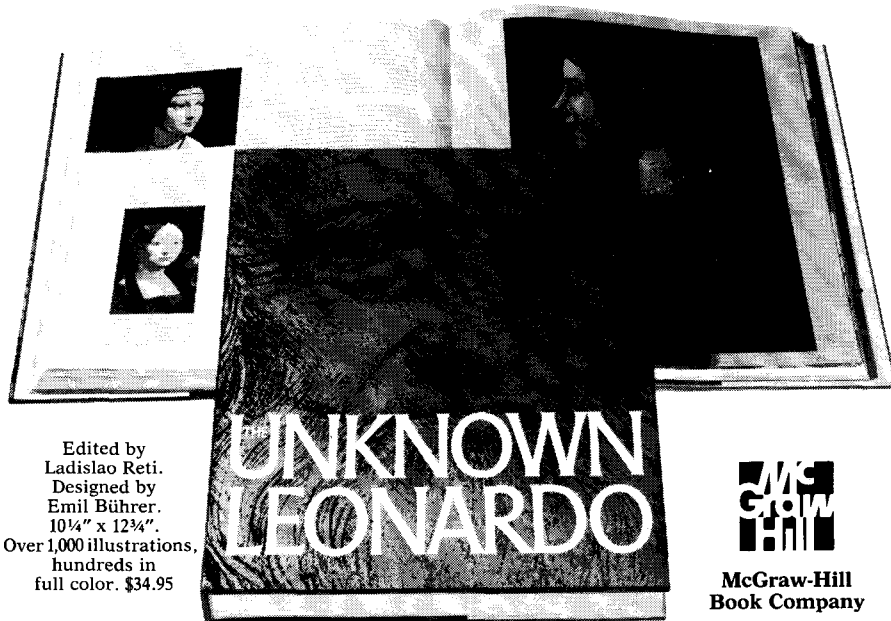
—Michael Janeway



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—Edmund Fuller, *Wall Street Journal*

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POWER SHIFT:

The Rise of the Southern Rim and Its Challenge to the Eastern Establishment
by Kirkpatrick Sale

Random House, \$12.95

The author has discovered antiestablishmentarianism in the American South and West, and seeks to spread the news. Bad news: the vast new wealth and political power Out There is rightist, racist, and repressive (“The Three R’s”—his phrase). Also amoral, violent, and cozy with criminality. If you think this isn't hot stuff, you're probably unaware that John F. Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas, deep in the heart of the home

We mind children's P's and Q's . . . and their ABC's as well. We teach children that learning to spell is easy. And it is, with our WORD BOOK spelling series. By helping students discover and apply basic principles, the WORD BOOK program makes learning simpler and more lasting. It's one of our Education division's programs for teaching language skills; we publish reading and phonics programs, too. **RAND McNALLY**



*and
you thought
we just made
maps*



state of. . . his *Vice President!* Then came Nixon—you guessed it, a Californian—and Watergate. No coincidence, as the author would, and frequently does, say.

Sale tries to deal with the advent of the Ford-Rockefeller Administration and the damage it does to his thesis: that southern "Rimster" robber barons are on the march over the wasted body of the eastern and midwestern Establishment, and that just about everyone is their collaborator, their tool, or their victim. In his primerlike words, those in charge now are part of a temporarily successful "yankee" counterattack on "cowboy" control of the country.

To be fair (as Sale says when forced to acknowledge a fact that goes against his cookie-cutter thesis), the author has undertaken a valid project: the entrepreneurial and political styles of the South and West invite reportorial muckraking and thoughtful scholarship. There are indeed countless names and statistics to be played with in a discussion like this, and Sale plays to win. But what wins out here is indignant simplemindedness.

—M.J.

WRITE IF YOU GET WORK:

The Best of Bob and Ray

by Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding

Random House, \$6.95

Their loony flights of fancy wing by you like some Zen-powered paper airplane. They trip you up with an inane anticlimax when you were promised "a tale well designed to keep you in . . . *Anxiety!*" They inflate an old radio cliché with a touch of excess and pop it lightly in the air. "Radio's highly regarded Wally Ballou" bungles another interview. Mary McGoon whips up a frozen ginger ale ("pale or golden, it makes no difference") salad, adds a cubed marshmallow, and pours it "into a mold made in the likeness of a dear friend of mine." After twenty-nine years of broadcasting, Bob and Ray still sound as if they invented whimsy. If you ever knew them in such guises as Mary Backstayge (Noble Wife!), Mr. Science, or Commander Neville Putney, their voices leap off the printed page as if it were plugged in. If you're a stranger to their world of dizzy bumbles, guileless villains, and gentle lunatics, act today to keep this book out of the Bob and Ray Overstocked Warehouse, and see if you don't feel relief within minutes.

—M.J.

PLA

DOSTOEVSKY: REMINISCENCES by Anna Dostoevsky. Norton, \$12.50. Dostoevsky's young second wife outlived him to write her lively memoirs of their years together. In addition to its loving, intimate portrait of the great novelist, her book offers back-handed evidence that marrying Anna was the most sensible thing that rattle-witted genius ever did. Translated and edited by Beatrice Stillman. Photographs.

THE PATRIOTS edited by Virginius Dabney. Atheneum, \$12.95. A fine scene-setting essay by Henry Steele Commager introduces brief accounts of fifty Revolutionary worthies, by authors whose names are virtually a roll-call of our best contemporary historians. People, that is, who both know the field and write with style. There are also fifty color plates. This may well be the one Bicentennial book to have if you're having only one.

THE HOMOSEXUAL MATRIX by C. A. Tripp. McGraw-Hill, \$10.00. Since Dr. Tripp is a psychiatrist of wide experience with a particular interest in the study of sexual behavior, his well-written survey of homosexuality is many-faceted and authoritative. It also contradicts, with an impressive mass of evidence, practically every generally held belief about the origins and effects of the condition, as well as some well-publicized professional theories. The book can fairly be labeled indispensable for any reader with a serious interest in the subject.

SUCH A STRANGE LADY by Janet Hitchman. Harper & Row, \$8.95. This biography of Dorothy L. Sayers (omission of that L. unfailingly drove her up the wall) is a forthright commercial venture, commissioned by an English publisher on the strength of the success of Peter Wimsey films on the telly. Sayers' surviving kin and close friends refused, en masse, to have any part in the project. Although hampered by restriction to information in the public domain and by her own lack of deep interest in her subject, Ms. Hitchman has managed to assemble a sensible, if overlong, surface account of Sayers' seemingly rather dis-

mal life. It is not, as the author is the first to point out, either a good or a thorough biography. But it is, as she also points out, the only one available. Photographs.

THE NEW YORKER ALBUM OF DRAWINGS. Viking, \$15.00. Cartoons from 1925 to 1975. Debate is foreseeable—is that one really the best of the Addams witch or the Thurber dog, and why not more Gluyas Williams? Which only proves the consistently high quality of wit and drawing maintained by *The New Yorker's* stable of champions. This collection of their top-notch drawings recalls others just as good.

THE WIND'S TWELVE QUARTERS by Ursula Leguin. Harper & Row, \$10.00. Ms. Leguin has to be accounted a science fiction writer because most of her short stories rocket about outer space, but her knack of translating recognizable states of mind into fantastic action brings her close to the old fairy tale field. She is the ideal science fiction writer for readers who ordinarily dislike science fiction.

MY LORD JOHN by Georgette Heyer. Dutton, \$8.95. Ungrateful to mention it, when the late Georgette Heyer gave so much pleasure with her Regency comedies, but this endless novel about a brother of Henry V is a terrible bore. To represent a gaggle of Plantagenets as amiable youths doing their virtuous best in difficult times was (see glossary) a sleeveless notion.

ALL THE STRANGE HOURS by Loren Eiseley. Scribner's, \$9.95. Dr. Eiseley writes with such exceptional grace and distinction that it is only toward the end of this hop-and-skip autobiography that one realizes how little he is telling. Aside from some fine sketches of freight-hopping and academic dirty work, his big news is that the nights grow cold when you reach September.

HOMER AND THE HEROIC AGE by J. V. Luce. Harper & Row, \$15.95. The author, professor of classics at Trinity College, Dublin, begins with a candid statement of his own position on Homer vs. History, and it proves to be in the gray. From this neutral ground, he discusses the correspondences and discrepancies between archaeological findings and the Homeric texts, and one could hardly ask for a more thorough and reasonable account of the current state of the war.

Of course, if somebody digs a new hole next week . . . Good illustrations, notes, index.

THE GULAG ARCHIPELAGO 2 by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. Harper & Row, \$15.00, paper \$2.50. Mr. Solzhenitsyn continues his enraged denunciation of cruelty, injustice, and plain stupidity in the Soviet penal system. Rough going, but important. Translated by Thomas P. Whitney. Illustrations, maps.

CHANEL by Edmonde Charles-Roux. Knopf, \$15.00. Ms. Charles-Roux has dug into the family background and early life of the great couturier, and Chanel, who lied shamelessly but understandably about both these subjects, must be spinning in her shroud. The text has a sob-sisterish tinge that is probably no fault of Nancy Amphoux's translation. Illustrations, notes.

GOD BLESS PAWNBROKERS by Peter Schwed. Dodd, Mead, \$7.95. Chatty, amusing, unpretentious reminiscences of life with The Provident Loan Society of New York, undoubtedly the world's most lovable uncle. Mr. Schwed's account of this unlikely charity—for it is indeed a charitable institution in good standing—arouses a positive itch to hock something.

OFF-CAMERA by Leonard Probst. Stein and Day, \$8.95. An interview with Paul Newman was adapted from Mr. Probst's book in the November issue of *The Atlantic*.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

LIFE & LETTERS CONTRIBUTORS:

Robert M. Strozier is a free-lance writer and observer of manners and morals.

Laurence Sheehan is a journalist who has a special interest in sports.

Benjamin DeMott, professor of English at Amherst College, is a regular contributor to these pages.

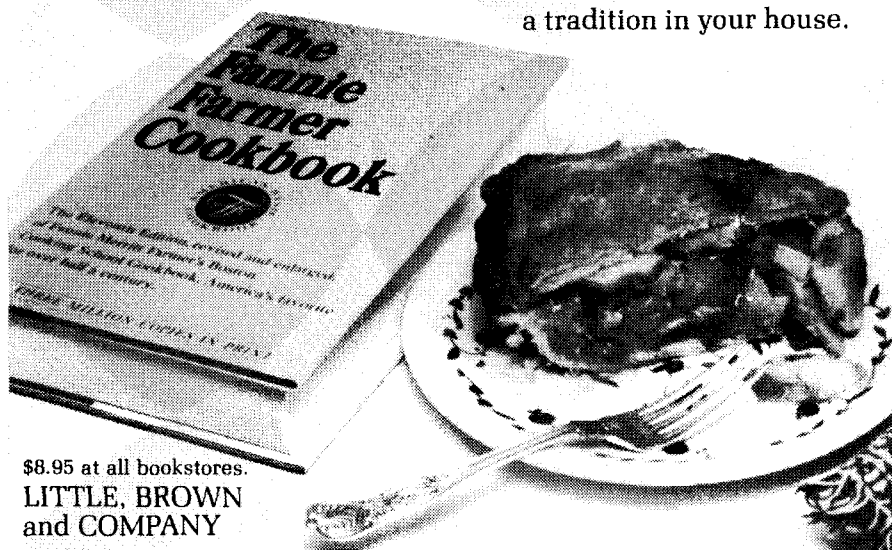
POETS IN THIS ISSUE:

Marge Piercy (page 51) is the author of a book of fiction, *Small Changes*, and a book of poetry, *To Be of Use*.

Robley Wilson, Jr. (page 57) is the editor of *The North American Review*.

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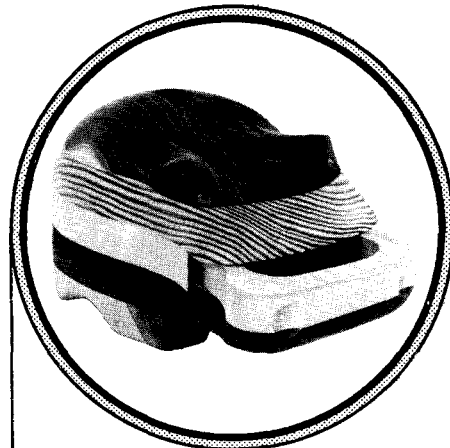
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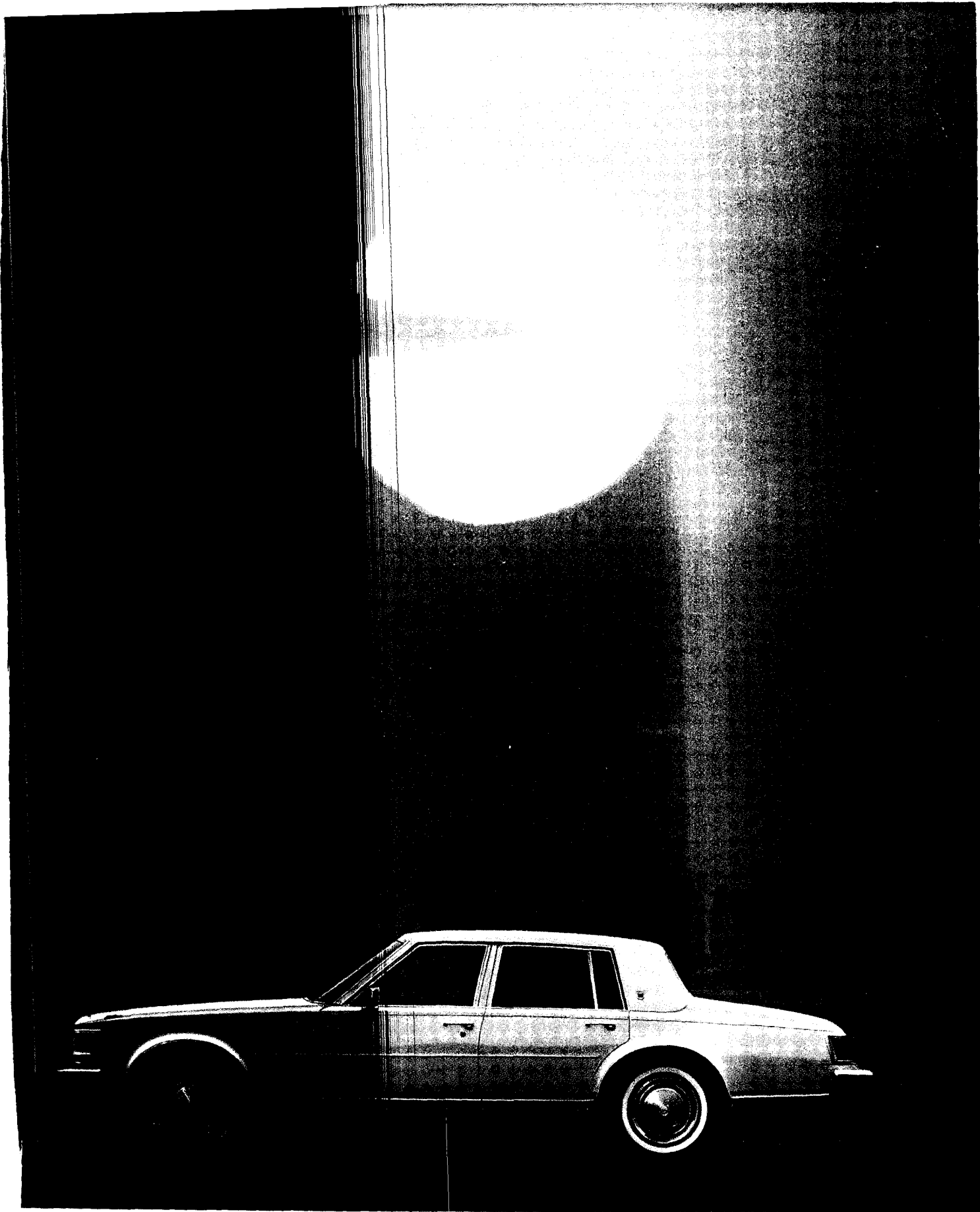
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